

A 20TH CENTURY
CINDERELLA

OR

\$20,000 REWARD

AN ANGLO-AMERICAN UP-TO-DATE REALISTIC ROMANCE

W. Y. WINTHROP



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✓ BY

W. Y. WINTHROP

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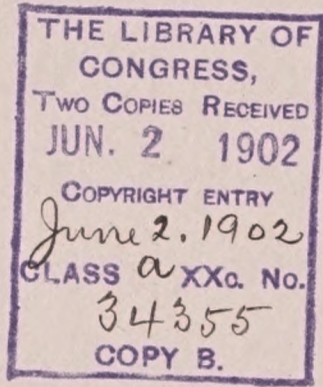
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NOTE.

This work divides itself naturally into two parts: the scene of the first is laid in the States; that of the second (to follow in due course) in England. The author aims at keeping the interest of the reader alive by a succession of realistic and exciting episodes.

The general idea is the following: A Western multi-millionnaire having equipped his only son, an eccentric but noble fellow, with a large fortune, packs him off to Europe and secure an English wife. The youth does both. The thrilling adventures of the couple form the principal subject of this volume. The underlying leit-motif is the influence for good the heroine (a formerly down-trodden orphan) has on all who come into contact with her charming personality.

TO THE READER.

A FEW introductory words may not be out of place. Though this book, I confess, is melodramatic and contains several rather startling situations, it is not my wish that it should be regarded as wholly sensational and nothing more. In the first place, I have endeavored to touch upon the hideous moral evils that a thoroughly corrupt and Godless form of municipal government promotes and fosters. Secondly, in a spirit of prophecy I have introduced into this narrative practical illustrations of some of the uses toughened aluminum (the metal of the near future) will be put to. And thirdly, I have given to the American public a specimen (in the second part of this work) of one of the many possible road tours, pleasant and instructive in an equal degree to cyclist and automobilist alike, that may be made in the old country. The fixing of the period of my story nearly a quarter of a century ahead of the present year of Grace has been of great advantage to me, the author. Besides being able to properly exploit the white metal above referred to, I am given thereby a wide latitude in the matter of describing ladies' costumes, it being impossible for the most captious critic to point out any breaks I may unwittingly have made (though I confess to having studied the subject to some extent) from the fact that M. Félix himself would be unable to foretell what the actual fashions might be twenty years or so hence. And in another direction also I am benefited through adopting the above plan. I have been compelled to use the professional appellations and titles of certain living persons. But it must be evident to these individuals, owing to this precautionary measure, that I have not in any way intended to refer to them personally.

I am myself to a great extent a citizen of the world, and consider national prejudices as narrow-minded and foolish. Knowing the two countries so well, I do not hesitate to insist on the vital necessity, not only for their mutual commercial benefit, but even for their absolute existence, of England and the United States preserving friendly relations. The destruction of the one would inevitably entail that of the other. If I have, in these pages, gently lashed manners, morals, and mistakes on this side

of the Atlantic, it must be readily conceded that I have not in these respects spared my own country.

The story itself is simple and straightforward, some people may say plotless, and merely a succession of incidents. Well, after all, real life is a good deal that way, and it is better to have too much action than too little in these hustling times. I ruthlessly ride rough-shod over the canon of Novelistic propriety, and after a brief unsatisfactory courtship, marry my hero and heroine in an early portion of the book. Why should not married life be as interesting as the incomplete and tentative period that precedes it? It is only after people have been nominally made one that the real tragedy or comedy of life commences. The happy pair have been sparring (metaphorically speaking) with big gloves during courtship. When the orange blossoms have withered, the united lovers too often resort to the three-ounce variety of hand coverings, or even discard these appendages altogether. Whether the result of tying the fatal knot be fortunate or untoward, it seems evident, that in married life the aspiring novelist possesses an almost unexplored territory abounding in bonanzas.

I have had, in order to work the machinery of my story, to introduce villains and villainesses, but I do not allow these somewhat out-of-date gentry to linger long superfluous on the stage. If permitted to live they are apt to lumber up a romance or a play. So with Shakespearean promptitude I consign them to violent deaths just as soon as they have accomplished or tried to accomplish their atrocities.

If the course of true love of my two most prominent characters proceeds smoothly after the extremely close call of being wiped out they each of them severally ran, so much the better. I hate pessimists. Novelists should above everything be virile, wholesome, and cheerful. It is the mission of a romance writer to endeavor to interest his readers, make them laugh if he can, and anyway to give his Characters a good send off, instead of consigning them, as so many modern hypochondriacal scribblers do, to untimely deaths, or to insane asylums. It is the duty of every one to be as happy as possible and to make those around them happy. This is all that there is to philosophy, Christian or otherwise.

W. Y. WINTHROP.

WOODMONT, CONN., U. S. A.

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A 20TH CENTURY CINDERELLA.

PART I.

STRAYED, WAYLAID.

There are more things in Heaven and Earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

—*Hamlet*, Act I., S. 5.

CHAPTER I.

ARRIVAL OF THE CALAIS-DOUVRE.

THERE is probably no place on the seacoast of Great Britain that the world at large is better acquainted with than Dover. In early times it was already a port of repute, and was unquestionably used by the Keltic inhabitants of the Southern and richest portion of the Island, for the purpose of carrying on with the adjacent country of Gaul an extensive commerce in cattle, wheat, and wool.

The Romans with their usual sagacity perceived and appreciated the strategic value of the place and protected it by one of their permanent camps, on the very spot on which long afterwards William the Conqueror, as part of his scheme in securing his recently subjugated kingdom, constructed a strong castle, which in its turn as a means of defense has given way to the formidable fortifications that now crown the height commanding both the land and the sea approaches.

For several centuries Dover figures (not nominally as now, but in stern reality) as one of the five maritime Burghs known even to this day "as the Cinque Ports," each of which in those

troubulous times—when absolute peace was an unknown, even an unwished-for blessing—had to furnish its quota of warships towards forming a rough and ready kind of naval militia for the double purpose of repelling sudden hostile incursions, and of carrying the war into the enemy's quarters.

These Cinque Port vessels were only a species of galleys or magnified rowboats, and would have appeared altogether insignificant alongside the great triremes and still more mighty quinqueremes that lashed the sea into foam with their 120 and 200 oars apiece, respectively, in the days when Imperial Rome bore sway. Still these same cock-boats manned by the hardy and fearless seadogs of Plantagenet and of Tudor England, amphibious heroes, half seaman, half soldier, seem to have answered their purpose, and when not employed in their legitimate business of fighting Frenchmen or Hollanders, were frequently despatched on private piratical expeditions, the plunder so acquired being equitably divided on joint stock principles among the co-adventurers. When piracy went out of fashion smuggling came in, and the latter soon constituted itself as a profitable and exciting medium of speculation among country squires and respectable citizens. Dignified Dover aldermen who as the administrators of local justice, in their gold chains and furred official robes, were in the habit of sentencing with implacable severity petty vulgar thieves to the whipping-post, to the pillory, and even to the gallows, were not ashamed to replenish their own depleted coffers by systematically defrauding the revenues of their country.

At one period Dover held equal rank with Calais (the last remnant of the extensive English possession in France) in the estimation of the public, and when that latter town was acquired by the French, through either the treachery or the supineness of its garrison, its loss is said to have hastened the death of Mary (the then Queen of England), who is currently reported to have exclaimed on hearing of the disaster: "You will find the word 'Calais' engraved on my heart." Though it is well to bear in mind that the authenticity of the dying observations of eminent persons is not always to be relied on.

Dover and Calais, as being the nearest points on the respective coasts of England and France, have ever afforded the readiest line of intercommunication between the two countries.

At the date when my story commences, two decades of the

twentieth century had nearly elapsed, but the patriotic prudence of the British Government had not yet allowed either a channel bridge or a channel tunnel to become an accomplished fact.

It was a bright and breezy day in the latter part of October, Anno Domini, 1920. The waters of the English Channel had not as yet recovered from the effects of a recent gale, and a heavy cross sea was running, combined with a nasty ground swell, a condition of things most fatal to the peace of stomach of those unfortunates whose business or pleasure compelled them to traverse that narrow ocean strait. However, for those on terra firma on this fine autumnal day the surroundings were of the pleasantest. Looking landwards to the left of one standing on the great Dover breakwater, stretches the chalk buttresses of Albion shimmering in the bright sunshine, past Folkestone pier and Hythe till far away in the distance the eye just catches the long jutting out headland of Dungeness that closes the view in that direction. The loftiest of these said buttresses, "Shakespeare's cliff," almost faces the spectator, its perpendicular sides seem to grow straight out of Father Neptune's domain, and the observer, if gifted with keen vision, can recall the famous lines in *King Lear* by detecting the samphire gatherers still pursuing their perilous avocation suspended 'twixt sea and sky, looking like beetles against the white scarped face of the ghastly precipice with the long winged screaming gulls as their sole companions. In the immediate foreground is the abbreviated Esplanade behind which the town of Dover nestles in an abrupt gorge or chasm that breaks the continuity of the precipitous coast line.

Overlooking the town appears the eminence on the summit of which frowns the ancient castle converted into a modern fortress of portentous strength, while a cluster of masts and funnels away to the right denote the presence of that great Safety Harbor which took so many years and millions to construct.

Turning seaward our spectator obtains a fine view of a portion of the English Channel. The white crested waves were chasing each other merrily in rhythmical order, and from his post at the extremity of the massive breakwater he may just discern the gleaming coast line of France.

Coming up fast before the strong southwest breeze with every rope and brace taut, every sail, stunsail, and wind-sail in its towering pyramids of canvas full and drawing, could be seen a great 6,000 ton Dundee five-masted clipper ship, doing her sixteen

knots in the homestretch of her long run from the Antipodes, laden with frozen carcasses of Australian sheep to help to feed the toiling millions of the Mother Country. Sailing ships will never go quite out of use despite what pessimists may say, and the day may be coming when, owing to the increasing cost of fuel, the primitive mode of ocean-traversing, by means of sail propulsion for long voyages and heavy non-perishable freights, may not improbably regain a partial supremacy.

There are few more inspiring objects in the world than a ship in full sail. As an almost living creature of beauty and joy we may surely rank her with those other quintescences of comeliness, a thoroughbred horse, a full-blown rose, and last in order, but first in merit, a beautiful girl, in fashioning whom one might almost suppose (if it could be said without blaspheming) that the master skill of the Supreme Designer had at last reached its limit, and certainly one of these miracles of creative evolution was standing on this particular day side by side with two female companions close to the landing stage of the aforesaid breakwater, the six eyes of the trio being riveted, not on the sailing ship, but on the Dover and Calais steamer that could be seen rapidly approaching, giving every now and then, when struck amidships by a heavy sea, one of those sickening, wriggling squirms, an intricate combination of a roll, a pitch, and a stagger that causes those of her passengers who are not gifted with the stomachs of Cossacks or of Esquimaux to feel as if they were on the point of leaving behind in the tumbling billows of the main their precious immortal souls.

The girl to whom I have alluded was apparently just out of her teens, and was of a decided blond type, as the massy coils of her glorious golden chestnut hair, her pink and white complexion and soft large violet eyes plainly showed her to be. Blond women possess the unfortunate reputation of being vacuous and doll-like, and to be more sensuous than sensible. If such is the case, then the lady whose appearance I am endeavoring to outline proved the truth of the rule by being a most brilliant exception to it. The smart breeze had blown her 'Tam-o'-Shanter half off her head, and a phrenologist would have had no difficulty in pointing out by a glance at her intellectual forehead the outward signs of the possession of such qualities as logic, causality, memory, number, music, and decision of character, combined with love of justice.

She stood fully five feet eight inches in height, and her imperfectly fitting costume of dark blue serge, evidently the work of a clumsy provincial dressmaker, failed altogether to conceal the graceful proportions of her exquisitely moulded figure. Though a native of the county of Kent, she was no hop pole, and tipped the scale at something nearer 150 than 140 pounds. The tapering fingers of her well-shaped gloveless hands, and the arched instep of her small symmetrical feet, proved her to be what she indeed was, a thoroughbred.

Her two companions were each several inches shorter than herself, and though as well, as she was badly dressed, looked only commonplace beside her. By themselves they were doubtless esteemed good looking. But the worst of mediocrity is that it is always liable to be completely thrown into the shade in the presence of transcendent merit, as surely as the pale glory of the moon is eclipsed at dawn by the effulgence of the rising sun.

"How I wish I could travel," said the shabbily dressed beauty, with a deep sigh. "How awfully jolly it must be visiting new countries and observing the manners and customs of other nations."

"You had better marry a millionaire, Dora, and then you will be able to travel *en luxe* to your heart's content," replied the elder of her two companions.

"A mighty lot of chance I shall ever have of marrying at all," replied Dora, bitterly. "You, Rachel, Agatha, and Annie go to all the society functions, and have nice frocks and everything you want, while I have to put up with any old thing in the shape of clothes, and so cannot go to any parties, even if I were allowed to. Look at me now, did you ever see such a cheap guy? I am ashamed to be seen out of doors. I haven't a decent frock to my name."

"I am quite shocked at you," exclaimed Agatha. "How ungrateful, after all that papa has done for you, a poor penniless orphan, left to the mercy of the world."

This cruel speech brought tears into poor Dora's eyes. Her cousin's words stabbed her (figuratively speaking) like so many stilettos. The coldness of Christian charity is proverbial, but the begrudged charity of a relative is away below the zero of the spiritual thermometer.

"You are perfectly right, Agatha," said Rachel, sharply. "Dora must be made to feel her true position. She ought now

to be earning her bread as a nursery governess or a school teacher, and she does not seem to appreciate papa's kindness in allowing her to remain at home doing nothing."

"How wicked of you to say so," said Dora. "I would do anything to get away and earn my bread if uncle would allow me."

"Don't be so fierce, Dora," said Agatha, "or you will attract people's attention to us. Rachel is wrong; we do not wish to get rid of you, but still you must allow that you are a cuckoo in our family nest. A very good-looking cuckoo, I frankly admit. If you were homely, of course, it would be entirely different; but we girls are not going to have our chances spoiled by you. When we do take you anywhere the men all congregate about you like flies round a pot of honey and we are left in the cold."

"If that is so," said Dora, with a ghost of a smile on her fair face, in spite of her lacerated feelings, "I should have supposed that all of you would be only too eager to do everything in your power to get me married and out of your way."

"And have you triumph over and patronize us? That would not suit our book at all, I assure you, would it, Agatha?" said Rachel, appealing to her sister.

"Not quite," replied that young lady. "Dora must learn to keep her place and be thankful for small mercies. Some day, perhaps, her turn may come, who knows."

Dora sighed again, but remained silent. There is something dreadfully galling to a proud spirit like hers to feel that she is a tolerated dependent, a mere nuisance, a superfluous burden, a chopping-block for the sarcasm of her female relatives. Some women when they have the power can be dreadfully cruel to those of their own sex whom they hate and envy, especially if the objects of their malice are not in a position to return scorn for scorn. The spiteful innuendo and the cutting sneer are the weapons these she-bullies have frequent recourse to, and they are apt to give moral wounds that are harder to bear and slower to cicatrize and heal than those fleshly injuries inflicted by blow of fist or lash of whip.

Meanwhile the Channel steamer having plowed its way through the short chopping waves had arrived within the shelter of the great breakwater and was soon moored alongside the landing stage with a full complement of passengers, most of whom appeared to be more or less the worse for their spell of tossing.

Many a traveler who has crossed and recrossed again and again the broad Atlantic in magnificent ocean liners with impunity succumbs to the sudden attack of that pitiless demon *mal-de-mer* in traversing that miserable little ditch, the English Channel. It is one of the principal pleasures of the well-to-do inhabitants of Dover to repair to the breakwater in order to witness the arrival of the Channel boats, especially when there is a bit of a lip on the sea. There really seems to be inherent in human nature a capacity for taking secret pleasure in witnessing or hearing of the sufferings or misfortunes of others.

Of course, we should be ashamed to confess to such a piece of malignant egoism, or of experiencing feelings of relief and of satisfaction at having escaped the ills that flesh is heir to, and which are afflicting our neighbors; but though we may strive to suppress them, these feelings do really exist nevertheless, and the lucky ones in our midst are perpetually congratulating themselves that they are not continually (metaphorically speaking) barking their shins and tearing their clothes against the sharp stones and thorns of financial and other troubles that always seem to be besetting the life paths of their less fortunate acquaintances. Human nature is a very distorted affair; but the worst of it is that we are told in the writings of that Apostle, the best beloved of his Divine Master of all the twelve (I refer to the Revelations of St. John, in which it is said), that one of the pleasures of the saved will be in company of the Holy Angels witnessing the torments of the damned. In the face of such transcendent authority we must not blame too censoriously the crowd of idle folk (among whom were the three young ladies above referred to), who assembled on this fine October morning to see the Calais boat come in. Among her passengers standing near the gangway ready to land was a stalwart looking young man, who seemed totally unaffected by the short sea tumbling he had just experienced. He was clad in a suit of Scotch tweed with a Norfolk jacket and Fedora hat, and as the steamboat came alongside the landing place was engaged in surveying the throng on the breakwater through a pair of large field-glasses. He had the air of a traveler who had been in many climes and was, in slang parlance, a globe-trotter. He might even have been taken for a British army officer returning from India via Brindisi, if it had not been for certain patent characteristics that undoubtedly stamped him as a citizen of the great North American Republic.

The three young ladies I have referred to were posted near the gangway, up which the travelers, many of them looking very cheap and woe-begone, were passing in single file from the deck of the steamer. These were mostly tourists who had been wandering for purposes of health, rest, or pleasure over the sunny plains of France, or the beautiful mountain passes of Switzerland, and the Tyrol, along the picturesque valleys of the Rhine and the Danube, or through the quaint old cities of Germany and Holland. Though in their several ways these voyagers may have enjoyed themselves or fostered the fond belief that they had done so, still I have no doubt that there were few persons in that long procession but in their heart of hearts were very content, whether English or American (and there were quite a number of the latter), that they were once more setting their feet on a land where perfect freedom reigns supreme, where nearly every one speaks plain English (very plain and ungrammatical at times) and where they can indulge in food and drink congenial to their Anglo-Saxon tastes to replace the Gallic provender that so many of them had just consigned to the vasty deep. They seemed naturally eager to hustle ashore and escape the rude staring looks and invidious criticism of the unfeeling spectators.

As the young American in his turn landed on British soil he gazed around him with a half smiling, half defiant look on his tanned resolute face that seemed to say: "Here I am, you Britishers, with never a qualm of sea-sickness, you bet." His eyes met those of Dora and he was manifestly attracted, as when he had passed, he turned round twice and scrutinized her in a very marked manner, which caused her to blush and cast down her man-killing organs of vision.

"Dora, you have made a conquest," said Agatha, in a low voice.

"It is a clear case," exclaimed Rachel, laughing merrily. "He is certainly a Yankee, perhaps a millionaire pork packer's son doing Europe. He is hit pretty hard. See, Agatha, he is looking back once more."

Poor Dora sighed, but did not vouchsafe any reply to the badinage of her two cousins. There was something about the young man that appealed to her susceptibilities, and an indefinable longing to see him again arose in the girl's heart. She instinctively realized that here was a real live man, and not a mere flirting, idling, cigarette-smoking tailor's dummy. Those few swift

mutual glances had exchanged as if by a species of wireless telepathic telegraphy a volume of messages, and perhaps ineffaceable impressions had been established on both sides. Anyway, Dora was distrait and silent as she and her cousins strolled slowly back to the railway station, and she did not exchange half a dozen perfunctory sentences with either of her companions all the way to their destination, which was the ancient Cathedral city of Canterbury, where she resided with her uncle, aunt, and three cousins.

CHAPTER II.

DORA STARTS A BIBLE CLASS.

DORA LEIGHTON was, as mentioned in the previous chapter, an orphan. Her father had been a Major in an English Infantry regiment. When he had just obtained his company he had run away with and married the youngest daughter of a poor but aristocratically connected family, whose residence was in the neighborhood of York, at which city the battalion to which he belonged was quartered, when he met and fell in love with the young lady at a hunt ball. She was at the time of her marriage to Captain Leighton engaged to an old but very rich retired manufacturer. Mrs. Leighton's relatives, who were hoping to mend their somewhat broken fortunes by her making a wealthy alliance, were profoundly indignant and refused to see her, or, in fact, to hold any further communication with her. Misfortune seemed to dog the steps of the imprudent couple, and the Captain managed soon after the marriage to lose nearly all the remnant of his patrimony that had survived his ante-nuptial extravagance, in an unlucky speculation. Still, in spite of this sad reverse, they managed to jog along somehow and to be very happy considering all things, and their domestic horizon seemed to be brightening all around when the Captain gained his regimental majority, but soon after this auspicious event, like a bolt from the blue, the cup of happiness was rudely dashed from his lips. His extremely beautiful wife contracted typhoid fever, and, to her adoring husband's infinite sorrow, died after a short illness. She left one child, a little girl, the heroine of this story. Major Leighton, heart-broken at his loss, and wishing to make some provision for his daughter, three years after his wife's death, exchanged into an Indian native regiment and was immediately sent to the frontier, where he met with a hero's death in leading an attack on a hill fort.

On his departure for the East he left his young daughter to

the care of his only brother, a clergyman in prosperous circumstances who had taken as much pains in husbanding his private fortune as his soldier brother had in squandering his. The parson, who several years previous to the time when my story begins had been made a Canon of Canterbury Cathedral, received his niece, little Dora, into his family circle with considerable reluctance. But he hoped that his profligate relative would find both fame and fortune in the Indies and return home to relieve him of the cost of the child's maintenance. The news, therefore, of the Major's death was a sad blow to the parsimonious cleric, who, finding that the deceased warrior had left nothing but an honorable name and his blessing to his poor child, was confronted with the necessity of adopting, feeding, clothing, and educating the little orphan girl.

Dora was made to feel every day of her life that she was practically subsisting on charity. As time went on and she grew more and more to be a beautiful replica of her dead mother, her uncle's feelings gradually softened towards her, and he hoped that she might retrieve matters by making a brilliant match. Not so the Canon's wife, and certainly two of his daughters. The former harbored a bitter resentment against her niece by marriage for throwing (by her extreme beauty) her own daughters into the shade, and the daughters themselves became dreadfully jealous of their lovely cousin, and kept her in the background as much as they possibly could, and seeing that their male parent was inclined to be more kind and considerate to poor Dora, did all they could to place her in as bad a light as possible in his presence, and to abuse her openly to his face. The consequence was that the unfortunate girl generally got hold of the wrong end of the stick, and was really nothing but a Cinderella.

It must in common justice be said that Annie, the youngest Miss Leighton, did not support her sisters and mother in their systematic persecution of the poor girl, and sometimes even went so far as to take her part, but generally she assumed an entirely neutral position and left Dora to fight her own battles. The Reverend Arthur Leighton was what may be called (using an ecclesiastical term) a pluralist, since in addition to his Canonry he was the incumbent of an important living in the ancient city of Canterbury, the capital of the fair county of Kent, which is famous for the excellence of its hops, cherries and the superlative beauty of its women.

Dora had been brought up within the shadow (so to speak) of the Cathedral, which is so majestic, so historic, and so replete with multitudinous human interest. It stands on the site of the old-time Minster, built by the pious Ethelbert, Saxon king of Kent, the first to receive the holy rite of baptism from the hands of Saint Augustine when that renowned missionary and his little band of pioneer monks bravely risked their lives among the savage conquerors of the Britons and laid the foundations of that English Church which, like a goodly tree, has since spread its luxuriant branches into the most distant lands and of which the Episcopal Church of the United States of America is a well-favored offshoot.

Mr. Leighton, as an influential member of the Cathedral chapter, an eloquent preacher, and an ardent, if somewhat shallow, controversialist, wielded considerable authority within the circle in which he moved. The society of an English cathedral city is invariably separated into three distinct divisions distinguished by well defined gradations.

The Cathedral set is composed of the greater church dignitaries to which are allied the leading county families. These two subsections are on an equal social footing. Then come the lesser clergy and the inferior local gentry, and below these again rank the superior city merchants and tradesmen. Through these three strata, which constitute a social filtering bed, sink down the stories of local gossip and local scandal, which in a semi-somnolent, easy-going community with not too much to do, and less to think about, constitute an ephemeral excitement, which, while forming a common bond of union between the classes, prevents an unhealthy stagnation of ideas. Mr. Leighton was well off financially, and, though very close, not to say stingy, lived in fair style. He was technically speaking, religious, and though a broad churchman, was an uncompromising puritan, and consequently was deficient in that spirit of boundless charity which was one of the most distinguishing characteristics of his Divine Master. He ruled his household with a rod of iron; was a big burly man with a loud strident voice, that grated on the ear like the sound of a blunt buzz-saw that is minus some of its teeth. He was fairly good natured, but inclined to be a bully, peace reigned within his walls, but it was the fallacious calm of suppressed individuality. His timid little will-less wife obeyed him like an automation. His three daughters (he had no son) tried to exhaust their fettered

energies in perfunctory visits to the poor, in ineffably dull tea-parties, in elaborating useless articles of wood, or wool work, for sale at church fairs, and in the most invertebrate featureless flirtings with the officers of the neighboring cavalry camp. The only one of his household who occasionally showed that she possessed an independent soul of her own was his niece Dora, who, though snubbed and brow-beaten on every available occasion, had yet a latent will of her own and showed it occasionally. I don't say that her comparatively plain cousins actually ill-treated her, but nevertheless they systematically sat upon and tried to extinguish her in turn. They took as of their right all the loaves and fishes, though the former might be unleavened and the latter not bigger than minnows. In other words, they went to all the balls and parties, such as they were, and poor Dora stayed at home and pined like a caged bird for liberty, and had to alter her relatives' old dresses to fit her more shapely figure. Her cousins dreaded Dora's competition and noticed with consternation how easily she attracted in shoals to her side the eligible young men on the last occasion she was allowed to appear in public during the annual cricket festival. The two elder sisters had become somewhat soured from want of matrimonial success, and their parents' well-meant efforts to find them suitable partners had seemed hitherto only to prove abortive failures. This stunted life made Dora (who read and thought a great deal) long to taste of the innocent pleasures of the great world. She spent a deal of time either in her bed-room, in the cloisters, or in the Cathedral itself; she loved history, not the dry skeleton, the bones of which are composed of uncertain dates and of barren statistics; no, she tried to think of the great epoch-making men and women, as live creatures like herself, with the same impulses, failings, and aspirations. One day, early in the fall of the year in which my story begins, and about a week after the event described in the last chapter, she was strolling aimlessly down the glorious nave of the Cathedral, when she encountered a gentleman who was gazing at the splendid designs of the West Rose window. She recognized him as the young man she had seen at Dover. He raised his hat and immediately with the utmost *sang-froid* started a conversation.

"Pardon me, miss, speaking to you, I saw you last week as I landed from the steamer. I guess those pictures in that window are taken from the Bible, but I never read the Bible. I was raised

out West, we had to hustle, I can tell you, and hadn't much time for education or frills of that sort."

How dreadful, thought Dora, to whom the idea of any decent person growing to maturity without having had any religious instruction seemed to her to be an impossible state of things, but she replied:

"Perhaps you lost your mother when very young, sir?"

"No, miss; my mother lived till I was quite old. But you see she was cooking, sewing, washing, or mending our clothes all the time. We lived on a ranch in California, on the Sacramento River, and pa made us all work like white niggers. I had two brothers, but Huck got corpsed in a mix-up with a bar, and Joe didn't pull his gun quick enough in a poker game in Sante Fé City. They were a deal older than me; my pa is a dead game sport, I can tell you, but I like coming to see a big church like this. It's a bully place and no mistake. I never was a church member, but the preachers must have an elegant time of it and must rake in a pretty powerful pile of dollars I guess."

Dora looked at her companion in astonishment, she could only surmise the meaning of some of his language. He was a fine athletic looking young fellow, almost handsome, well dressed and shapely, apparently about thirty years of age, with that free independent air men acquire who live in a spacious country, and have had to make their own way untrammelled by the inherited prejudices of a hoary civilization. But somehow she felt attracted, just as she had been the day she first set eyes on him. In her narrow and restricted existence there was so little novelty and so little variety, life to her had been hitherto so dull and commonplace, that any break in its monotony, however trifling, was as welcome as the flowers in the spring. She said rather timidly: "I live close by here, sir, and know every stone in the place; would you allow me to show you round? I might be of service in pointing out some of the interesting spots and relics of a bygone age."

He signified his complete satisfaction in having found so pretty and charming a guide, so he followed her about and she showed to the young American the grooves in the stone steps, worn by the knees of countless medieval pilgrims to the shrine of St. Thomas á Becket, and she told him all about that bold, turbulent, yet patriotic prelate, and she pointed out too the rusty suit of armor that was worn (so tradition say) by Edward the

Black Prince at the battle of Poitiers, and the altar on the steps of which Becket was murdered by De Tracy and his companions; the beautiful Lady Chapel, the Saxon Church in the crypt; the Chapter House, and many interesting tombs of Crusaders. And she gave him lots of information about architecture and Archbishops, and finished up by saying that Canterbury was the second longest cathedral in England, Norwich being the first.

"Great snakes," exclaimed the American, "you are clean stuffed full of learning; my pa would be a kind of chirpy and have a swelled head if I knew only a little bit of what you do. Here is my card, miss, I am staying at the Fleur de Lis Hotel, may I meet you here to-morrow at the same time?"

"Oh, yes," replied Dora, "I shall be very glad to and you can tell me all about the great West, and I will talk to you about England."

"You are the nicest girl I guess I have met with on this side," replied the Californian. "I only came over here for a little vacation and am quite poor."

Dora thought it was rather strange if he were quite poor that he could afford to be passing his time in travel, still that was not her business. When he was gone she looked at the visiting card he had given her. On this was engraved, "Mr. James Fletcher, San Francisco, California, U. S. A."

When Dora had returned home she related her encounter with the young stranger.

"He is some low adventurer," said her eldest cousin, "and I am sure is no fit acquaintance for a young lady. Don't you agree with me, pa?"

"You are quite right, Rachel," replied her father. "The young man must be a perfect Godless pagan; it is awful to think that there are men like him in a civilized country—in a worse spiritual condition than the poor Heathen. I forbid you, Dora, to speak to that man again."

Dora was sorry she had mentioned anything about him, but determined not to tamely yield without a fight, so she said:

"It may be, uncle, that this poor benighted young savage has been thrown in my way in order that I may be the means, under God, of leading him to the light of the Gospel."

"You had better join the Salvation Army and become a Hallelujah lass," sneered Agatha, her second cousin. "It is a danger-

ous thing for a young woman like you to usurp the prerogatives of a minister, and endeavor to convert hardened men," said the Canon. "Many a girl's virtue and happiness have been irretrievably ruined in such quixotic attempts; beware, my child, of unprincipled, designing profligates, who go about like wolves in sheep's clothing, seeking innocents like you to devour."

"I think it is a shame and most uncharitable to call any one unprincipled without proof," replied Dora defiantly. She felt more than ever inclined to champion the young American.

"Surely a man must be unprincipled who has never even read the Bible," said Agatha, a very devout hysterical young lady.

"Were Socrates, Plato, Seneca, Cato, Marcus Aurelius, and all the virtuous ancients unprincipled? They never saw the Bible," retorted Dora quite fiercely. She had turned to bay at last and was confronting her hard, unsympathetic uncle and her two nagging, jealous cousins (Annie was not present).

"Where did you get such ideas from?" said the Canon, indignantly. "Not under my roof, I am sure; I am quite shocked at such sentiments."

The worthy man was obliged to have recourse to vague generalities and frothy reproof, as he felt quite unable to refute what Dora had just stated.

"I respect and reverence the Bible as much as you do, uncle," said Dora, firmly, "but I cannot help feeling that it is a very dangerous book to place in the hands of ignorant or prejudiced persons. Look at all the ancient schisms in the Church. See how the pages of history are stained with the blood of innocents, slain by conscientious interpreters of the Bible. Think of the horrors of the Spanish Inquisition and of the Scotch Kirk, and lastly, think of the thousands of poor wretches who have been burnt at the stake as witches in the name of the Gospel, all on account of a saying in Leviticus, attributed to Moses, which no one can prove he ever wrote or uttered."

There was silence in the room for a few moments, every one was so taken aback by this sudden uprising of the hitherto quiet and unobtrusive girl. Dora expected a storm, and her cousins were waiting to hear the thunder of ecclesiastical anathema poured on the devoted head of the heretic. They were much surprised, therefore, to hear their awful parent quietly observe:

"You had better go to your room and calm yourself, you are over-excited. As for that young man, if you meet him again you

can invite him here, and I will endeavor to point out to him the error of his ways."

The bully was beaten, and the reason he had bullied so long was because he had encountered no opposition. He felt that he was no match for Dora in argument. He also secretly sympathized with her outspoken opinions. When Dora had left the room the Canon very sarcastically observed:

"I was obliged to get rid of her for fear of injury to your weak minds. The fact is, Dora is as superior to either of you two girls in brains as she is in beauty."

It is useless to try to depict the deep-seated sense of injury and of impotent rage engendered in the minds of the sisters by this cynical, but true, remark of their father's, but from that moment they entered silently into an offensive and defensive alliance against their unfortunate cousin. I have detailed the above passage of tongues, because it formed a distinct epoch in Dora's life, and each day she was made to feel more acutely that her home was becoming unbearable for her. Strange to say, her uncle now rather sided with her against her malicious cousins, and it seemed that he was only just beginning to appreciate her worth. Dora kept her appointment with the young American and took him home and introduced him to her family. Though Mr. Fletcher's education had been neglected, he was evidently very shrewd and well versed in the ways of the world. He came frequently to the vicarage. Dora's cousins made themselves agreeable to him, as they wished him to marry her and to take her away as soon as possible. The Canon, on the contrary, was afraid of throwing his beautiful niece away on a mere unknown stranger, as he had begun to regard her in the light of a hitherto hidden treasure. He sounded the religious convictions of young Fletcher and found that he possessed none to speak of, though the Californian acknowledged to having read of the fish story, as he called the sacred anecdote of Jonah and the whale, in a New York Sunday paper, and also of having heard of several other remarkable Old Testament miracles, which he pronounced to be rather slim. So the Canon abandoned the task of Christianizing this wild Westerner in despair. But meanwhile Dora was beginning to have a vast influence for good on the young man's character: he came regularly to the Cathedral service every Sunday morning, and in the afternoon Dora and he actually fixed up a little private Sunday-school, in which the former was the teacher and the latter the soli-

tary scholar, and Dora reported to her uncle the satisfactory progress her pupil was making in religious knowledge. Young Fletcher came in and out of the vicarage of his own free will and was looked upon by the family as Dora's young man. In fact, matters at length came to a crisis; as the couple were walking one fine afternoon in the cloisters, he abruptly asked her to be his wife, and was promptly accepted. But there were several unexplained mysteries about Mr. Fletcher which the Canon naturally required to be cleared up before he could sanction the engagement. The first one was that Fletcher's mail was forwarded to him under cover from London; again, he always represented himself as very poor, but he sometimes seemed to forget his protestations of poverty as he occasionally deluged Dora and her cousins with quite valuable presents, but he always evaded the Canon's inquiries concerning the extent of his means. Also he never referred to his relatives in California. The Canon plainly told him (as it was his duty to do) that everything must be aboveboard; that he, Fletcher, must make an adequate marriage settlement on his (the Canon's) niece and be open and frank about himself. But though he appeared to be deeply attached to Dora, he did not seem in a hurry to set himself right in the eyes of her uncle, though entreated by him to do so, when an event occurred that brought matters to a violent and unlooked-for conclusion, and this event shall form the subject of the next chapter.

CHAPTER III.

LEFT BEHIND.

TIME does not stand still ; some of us who are on the downward grade of life sometimes wish it did, but it rolls on relentlessly with disgusting regularity. He had not stood still with our two lovers, who found themselves on the second Saturday of the New Year involved in a winter picnic party the Leightons had got up for the purpose of crossing over to La Belle France, and making (as the saying is) a day of it. The weather was bright and fine at first, and the crowd arrived in high spirits at Calais on board one of the fast Channel boats that ply between that French town and Dover. The party got separated in exploring the curious old place that used in olden times to be one of the brightest jewels in the English crown. Fletcher and Dora, engrossed in each other's society, lost count of the passage of time, and when they returned to the jetty they found, to their horror, that the steamer with the party on board had left for Dover. Their absence had not been noticed, Dora's cousins supposing that she and Fletcher were somewhere about the boat. By this time a strong northeast wind had arisen, and it gave prospect of being a very dirty night. Dora was dreadfully distressed and Fletcher, in his anxiety, made all sorts of extravagant offers to fishermen to obtain a boat to sail across the Channel, but in vain. The rough Frenchman hardly understood him, as neither he nor Dora knew much French, and they thought he was crazy. By this time it was dark and a big sea was running. As a last resource Fletcher tried to persuade with a large bribe the commander of a French torpedo boat to run him and Dora across. The French officer said that the rules of the service forbade him, but was deeply sorry that he could not oblige the American.

"Well, darling," said Fletcher, "I guess we are in a tight place."

Poor Dora hereupon burst into tears, and said :

"What shall I do, dear Jim? My horrid relatives will say that we missed the boat on purpose."

The American coolly replied: "Wal, I guess the best thing for us to do is to go right on to Paris by the night train and get married soon."

After another burst of tears, she said: "I am yours, darling. I trust myself in your hands, do as you think proper. It is quite certain that my folks will give me no mercy if we go back home."

They took the night train to Paris, and Dora wired to her uncle next morning that they had been married. But this was not true. Fletcher asked her as an immense favor to allow the ceremony to stand over till they arrived in New York, as he said he had a great desire to have it performed in Old Trinity Church, Broadway, where some of his ancestors used to worship. He confided to her that Fletcher was an assumed name, and that he would not tell her his real one till the day they were legally united. He admitted it was only a crank idea of his, but beseeched her to humor him thus far. Poor Dora was so completely in his power that she had to give her consent, with many tears and much fear and trembling to this foolish and, as it might be to her, most dangerous scheme, but she had perfect confidence in her lover's honor and fidelity, and after all it was only a very short time to wait before they would be legally man and wife. On their arrival in Paris they went to the Hotel Normandie, a quiet but good house, where they were not likely to meet acquaintances. Next day while seated at a very substantial breakfast (in France this is a midday meal), which the two lovers were thoroughly enjoying, a look of horror overspread Dora's face as she exclaimed, "How much money have you got, darling?" at the same time feverishly searching her little purse, producing a half sovereign, two shillings and a sixpence, which she laid on the table and looked in her lover's face with an anxious expression.

"Oh, about fifty francs," replied Fletcher carelessly, helping himself as he spoke from a *ragoût aux truffes* opposite to him. "This is precious good stuff, let me give you some, darling. What do they call these little brown things? I always forget."

"They are truffles, I believe," replied Dora. "They hunt for them with pigs in Périgord, as I learnt at school. But, darling, you haven't answered my question; what are we to do with no money, or next to none?"

"Don't alarm yourself, pet," replied Jim, laughing. "Have you

never heard of letters of credit? We will go to Rothschilds' after breakfast and do a little business there. They call a man a millionaire here who has a beggarly million francs. I will just get that sum from them and let you handle it for fun."

"A million francs, dear?" replied Dora with astonishment; "what an enormous sum!" And to her with her modest little annual allowance of twenty pounds—or one hundred dollars a year—which her uncle had been in the habit of giving her, and on which she had to dress and try to look nice, such a sum as \$200,000 seemed a limitless fortune. Continuing, she said:

"And you told me you were so poor, and I hated to receive presents from you. Of course, I loved you to give them, darling, but I, and we all for the matter of that, thought you could not afford to pay for them, and now you talk of a million francs as if it were nothing."

Fletcher smiled and said: "I will tell you now the reason I had for concealing my name and pretending to be poor. I had made up my mind to marry an English girl and one who loved me for my own self. I did not want some one to marry me for my dollars, so you see, my pet, my scheme has panned out admirably well. I am an absurdly lucky fellow, and have won as my own the very sweetest and loveliest girl in that foggy little island across the Channel."

"You are quite a modern Haroun Al Raschid, dear," replied Dora, with a loving glance at her Jim, "but now, my noble American prince, please tell your handmaiden your real name, now that you are assured of her love."

"Trust me a little longer, dear," replied he. "But that reminds me that after our visit to the Hebrew financiers we will make tracks for Worth's, and get you rigged out right up to G, and change Cinderella into a first-class princess."

"Oh, won't that be lovely," said Dora, clapping her hands in ecstasy. "I never had a really nice frock in my life, and had sometimes to wear my cousins' old ones. I wonder you took a fancy to me, Jim, in my shabby clothes. I am quite ashamed to be seen at all in this wretched apology for a dress that I have on."

"You would look lovely in sackcloth and ashes, darling, but you will be quite too too when rigged up to the nines in silks and velvets. I confess I love to see a handsome woman well dressed," replied Jim.

Soon after they sallied out and took a cab and drove to the

sequestered office of Messrs. Rothschild—I say sequestered, as the great Paris firm carry on their vast business in an old-fashioned house, in the courtyard of which large plane trees spread their cool, shadowing branches, and in the center splashes the water of an antique fountain. When they had entered the courtyard Jim alighted at the door of the bank and told Dora to wait in the cab, as he had some private business to do first. After about twenty minutes had elapsed he returned and conducted Dora upstairs to a private room, furnished in a plain and solid manner. They were shortly joined by a fine handsome looking man of middle age, and of a decided Jewish caste of countenance, to whom Jim introduced Dora as his wife, Mrs. Fletcher. Then Jim handed to Dora a wad of bank bills, saying as he did so, “You have now in your hands, darling, one million francs, which belong to you, but I dare say you do not want to carry around with you so large a sum, so you had better give them back to this gentleman, who is one of the firm of Messrs. Rothschild. I have to-day deposited in your name, Dora Fletcher, the sum of five million francs, or one million dollars. This gentleman will require your signature.”

Hardly knowing what she was doing, Dora handed back the wad of bills to the banker, and then wrote the name Dora Fletcher in a large book. Mon. Rothschild produced and handed to her check and bank books. On the first page of the latter, on the credit side, appeared the figures 5,000,000 francs. “Now, dear,” said Jim, “you can draw a check for say a thousand francs; that is as much as you will want as pocket money while you are in Paris, as I shall, of course, pay for everything. This is just to give you a lesson in check drawing.”

Dora had never drawn a check before, and had to be shown the way to do it. When she had completed filling in the document and had signed her name, the banker handed her a bill for 1,000 francs of the Bank of France. Having completed the business, the financier courteously bade his clients adieu, and Dora took Jim’s arm and descended the old carved oak staircase and emerged into the courtyard, and were in time once more landed at their hotel. Dora felt still in a dream as she sank overcome with mental exhaustion into an armchair. “Now,” said Jim, “my darling, I feel a little more easy. In case I should die before we are married in New York, you, at least, will be provided for in a sort of fashion.”

"A sort of fashion, Jim; why, you have given me a huge fortune, but it is too much, I never could want so much money. Beside, my dear, you are not going to die."

"But, my pet," replied Jim, "it is just as well to provide against accidents, life is uncertain, and now I shall feel much more comfortable, though I have not done a quarter what I intend to do for you. I have no mother, brother, or sister, only an old aunt and a father, one of the best a man ever had. He gave me ten million dollars before I left for Europe, as he said he wished me to be independent of him. I have only given you, my darling, one million of those dollars, so I haven't really done much, and will do a whole pile more when we are spliced. Besides this, Dora, it is only right I should trust you right along as you have done me. This money is absolutely yours; you could leave me if you wished and return to your friends, but you have trusted me and I shall trust you in return, that's a square deal."

"Oh, Jim," cried the sweet girl, springing up and throwing her arms round his neck, "I could never leave you as long as life lasts. If you abandon me I shall kill myself."

"Then I calculate, my beauty, we are pretty well froze together, and now, pet, it is time we started for Worth's to get you a proper outfit."

"I am quite ashamed to go dressed as I am," said Dora nervously.

"That need not trouble you, darling; I shall say that we have just come from a journey. Besides, you look just what you are, thoroughbred all over."

Several (to Dora) delightful hours were spent that afternoon at the celebrated Parisian modiste's, and a gorgeous trousseau, fit for a princess, was ordered and several ready-made costumes that had been returned by customers, and fitted Dora pretty well, were sent to the hotel for her immediate use, with a magnificent collection of costly lingerie, besides a plentiful supply of hats, gloves, shoes, etc., and then a move was made to a jeweler, to get a small quantity of ornaments, though Dora refused to accept any very valuable presents in this line till after the marriage had taken place. When they had got through with the jeweler, they returned to the hotel and Dora wrote to her uncle to tell him how happy she was, but added that they were starting immediately for the States, as her husband had important business there, and so she was afraid that they would be unable to visit Canterbury, but she

hoped that when they had been to San Francisco and had seen Jim's father that they would shortly after revisit Old England. Dora got Jim also to write a letter to her uncle which she dictated, explaining how the Calais contretemps had occurred, and affirming that it was a pure accident, and that he loved his dear, sweet wife devotedly, and that his one aim would be to make her the best of husbands, concluding by saying that he was very wealthy and begging to enclose a check for four thousand pounds; one thousand was to be for the Canon's church, and the balance to be divided equally among his three daughters.

"That check will smooth matters," said Dora, which it did most effectually, as both she and Jim received the most pleasant replies of congratulation and profuse thanks from the various members of Dora's family—such is the magical power of money. I may add that Jim had wired that morning to Canterbury to have all his things sent to the Hotel Normandie.

The happy pair spent a delightful time in Paris. Dora had never been there, and what more charming place to while away the first part of a honeymoon in? Still, they only lingered by the banks of the Seine until all Dora's clothes were ready, and then they hied them for a few days to the metropolis of the British Empire. While there they stayed at Claridge's Hotel. Jim invested in a choice selection of furs, some jewelry, and knickknacks for Dora, and then it was time to make for Liverpool, to board the White Star liner, "The Gigantic," *en route* for the West. Each day the pair became more and more deeply attached to each other, and Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher excited the liveliest interest among the rest of the saloon passengers as a devoted married couple on their honeymoon trip. Dora's extreme beauty, now embellished by its appropriate setting of handsome clothes, combined with her native grace and charm of manner, made her *par excellence* the queen of the boat, and when at the ship's concert she sang with exquisite taste and good execution (considering that her fine mezzo soprano voice was to a great extent uncultivated), Molloy's pathetic ballad, Darby and Joan, the song was twice encored and the fair singer cheered to the echo. Even a hardened old professional gambler, who had won a considerable sum from Jim Fletcher at poker during the voyage, was touched to the heart, repented, and subscribed one hundred dollars of his plunder to the concert fund. Fletcher's love and admiration for his Dora increased to the verge of idolatry, and it was always with a troubled and guilty conscience that he

left her in the ship's drawing-room, for an hour or so a day, while he indulged in his favorite game of poker, for to what true Western American hasn't the national card game an invincible attraction? Dora tried hard to persuade him to quit playing, and he promised solemnly that he would do so directly they were married, and with this assurance she was obliged to be content. She felt certain that he would keep his word. Amid all the roughness, eccentricities, and crudities engendered by the wild life he had led on the plains, she was beginning to discover the sterling traits in his character. It required a moral cyanide process like a whole-hearted love to extract the pure gold from the dross of his character. He was the soul of honor, brave as a lion, at the same time as gentle as a lamb, at least to her, and Dora felt that it would be her grateful task to use her influence with him to smooth the inequalities of his untrained disposition, and to supply the deficiencies of his education. The refining effect that the intimate society with a true lady will have on a man is very remarkable if the seed falls on good kindly soil, and already Fletcher began to feel disgust at merely listening to the indecent and ribald language of gamblers and saloon birds. Neither Dora nor her husband found any of their friends nor acquaintances on board; it was not likely that she would encounter any; and before taking the tickets he had artfully examined the list of saloon passengers, as he did not wish to run across any pals while he was traveling with Dora under an assumed name; but it made him uncomfortable, and he regretted that he had not, while in London, thrown off all disguises and boldly been married in his true name. He realized he was endangering his darling's reputation for an absurd selfish craze of his own, but he determined to lose no time in making reparation, and worked out a scheme which met with Dora's approval. They would, on arriving at New York, proceed at once to one of the best up-town hotels, the Netherland, 60th Street East, Fifth Avenue, Central Park. The next day he would obtain a special license, and the day following they would be married quietly at Old Trinity Church, Broadway, and the same day leave for the West.

"I will wire from New York to have my pa's private train sent from 'Frisco to Buffalo, where we will stay two or three days to await its arrival, and give you a chance of seeing Niagara in its winter garb. That's pretty slick, isn't it, darling?" said Fletcher.

"It's all right, Jim dear. But do tell me your real name, there's a darling."

"No, pet," said he, laughing, though he could hardly resist her sweet pleading. "I am afraid you might let the cat out of the bag; let me have my bit of fun. It is only a few days more to wait."

"Very well, dear," said she, with a sigh, kissing him affectionately, "have it as you will."

After (considering the time of the year) a most favorable voyage the "Gigantic" sighted Sandy Hook, and as she passed up the magnificent harbor of New York, Fletcher and Dora stood together on the deck. He was pointing out the various objects of interest.

"We are nearly home at last, darling," said he. "There's the statue of Liberty, and there is the old Battery, and there are the giant buildings of New York, all in a bunch. In a few days we shall be steaming out West for 'Frisco."

Man proposes but God disposes, is the old proverb, and fortunately for us we none of us can dive into the secrets of the future, and foresee the dangers, difficulties, and it may be horrors, that await us. If we could, I think there would be many of us who would flinch from the ordeal. Bright and beaming, with joy in her heart and love in her eyes, resplendent in her new furs, Dora scanned the glorious scene. Little did she think that clad in the same furs a few weeks hence she would be surveying the same scene, sick with doubt and anguish, weary of an existence she felt prompted to end. Life to the great majority of us is a stern reality, a part that must be played with more or less of forced resignation, or affected gaiety, but how few there are even of that select throng, the fortunate, who can honestly say they would like to live their lives over again, act by act, thought by thought, and sensation by sensation. To the average individual the very idea would be insupportable, an earthly realization of hell. The most prosperous of all the Arab Caliphs, who ruled at Cordova in Spain, and who was counted the happiest of mankind, was asked towards the close of a long and exceptionally favored life, how many perfectly happy days he could count. After considerable reflection he answered fourteen, and he had been gifted in superfluous abundance with everything that could make life pleasant and agreeable. Still in spite of their rarity let us strive to live happy days and say with old Horace, "*Carpe diem, quam minimum*

credulo postulo " (live to-day, trust not to-morrow). As the darkest hour of the night is that preceding the dawn, so the brightest and most peaceful period of the day is that when the landscape is illumined by the setting sun. I think it can be truly said that Dora during the short voyage had been very nearly perfectly happy, and she had good grounds for looking forward with confidence to the future. She felt like a slave released from servitude. Her early life had been so cribbed and confined, so dull and somber in its colorings, so objectless and uninteresting. She had really had a hard unsympathetic time, envied, crushed down, snubbed, laughed at and misunderstood. How royal was her present existence compared with her former one, worshiped, loved, petted, and caressed, every whim gratified by a man whose idol she was. If she had not possessed such a noble nature and such a loyal soul, she would have stood a great chance of being spoiled by the very intoxicating exuberance of the change. Then there is, too, the charm of travel under agreeable auspices. Everything was fresh and new to this young girl, whose wanderings had been limited to an occasional visit to London, or to an annual autumnal trip to the seaside. But let not the reader suppose that Dora was sent to the great metropolis to partake of its delights. There were no balls, garden parties, picnics, coach drives, Ascots, or Henley regattas for her. Oh, dear no! Dora was always supposed to make herself useful, to be a lady maid-of-all-work wherever she might be. Her Londonizing consisted entirely of visits to a deaf old aunt at Clapham, from whom the Canon expected some money if he outlived her, which was doubtful, seeing that maiden aunts possess a tenacity of life only exceeded by the cat, the parrot, and the tortoise, numerous specimens of which creatures, alive and stuffed, pervaded every corner and nook of the sleepy little suburban villa, arousing the ire and exciting the disgust of infrequent visitors. Why old ladies should surround themselves with animals, birds and reptiles lowest in the scale of intelligence, seems to me to merit a place in the list of the world's unsolved problems. On these necessary, but penitential, visits poor Dora's time was chiefly occupied in conversing with her aunt through an ear trumpet, supplying the numerous cats with cream, the three parrots (two gray and one green) with Brazil nuts, and walking beside her aunt's bath chair on diurnal visits to the common, which peregrinations rivaled those of the tortoise for slowness and monotony. The old crank took a great fancy to Dora, and wished her to come and live with

her, and Dora would have done so (as in spite of the old lady's oddities, she was at heart a kind old soul) if it had not been for her uncle's determined opposition, because he was afraid lest his sister should make his lovely niece her sole legatee, and so that he might find himself left altogether.

CHAPTER IV.

DOUBT AND DESPAIR.

FLETCHER had registered himself on board ship as a British subject, and Dora could not help admiring the audacity, though she pretended to disapprove of the unscrupulousness with which he corrupted the custom house officials at the dock, and by the timely expenditure of a comparatively modest amount of cash avoided increasing the revenue of the United States by some thousands of dollars, of which he would otherwise have been mulcted in payment of the duties on Dora's rich and costly trousseaux and valuables. It pained her to see the half-dozen trunks of a youthful bride she (Dora) had been very friendly with during the voyage, emptied of their expensive contents on the dirty quay, owing to her thick-headed, bully snob of an English husband neglecting to address the custom officers with proper courtesy, and to bridge the gulf of official suspicion with paper currency. At last Jim and Dora were clear of the dock, and having consigned most of their luggage to the care of an express agent, the happy couple were soon rolling in an auto cab through the great city of New York. Manhattan Island is so long and narrow that the distance to be traversed in getting up-town from the steamer docks is considerable. Dora was much struck with that noble thoroughfare, Broadway, and by the imposing buildings they passed. Madison Square impressed her immensely, and she also greatly admired Fifth Avenue with its magnificent palaces, more especially those of them built of that handsome but perishable material, brown stone; also those grand structures, the Holland House the best, and the Waldorf-Astoria, the most wonderful hotel in the world, and St. Patrick's Cathedral, which without question is the finest ecclesiastical edifice of modern times. She was also delighted with the beauty of the site where the Plaza Hotel is located, which will compare favorably with Hyde Park corner in London.

Fletcher had cabled to secure a suite of apartments at the Netherland Hotel. Till they were actually married he thought it better that Dora should not be seen about with him down-town, and directly the ceremony was performed they would get out West. The whole scheme of going under assumed names is generally wrong and foolish, but in their case it was a most particularly bad break, as a lady of Dora's distinguished appearance is noticed at once, and it is impossible to say who might or might not inquire at the hotel office about her. Fletcher was so proud of his prize that he induced Dora to dine with him that evening in the hotel restaurant. She wore one of her splendid Paris gowns, one in royal blue velvet with costly point lace; the dress was cut low in the European style. It is needless to say that she created quite a furore and every one was asking who this very beautiful lady was. The next day the happy pair went for a drive through Central Park and down the Speedway and round by the noble Riverside, past the Grant monument, from where so fine a view can be obtained of the Palisades and the sweep of the glorious Hudson. They lunched together on their return, then took a stroll in the Central Park and watched the skaters on the artificial waters.

"Oh, I should like to have a skate," said Dora, "and wear that lovely costume in brown velvet trimmed with sable you got me in Paris, dear."

"I should love to see you in it," said the enamored Jim. "We will have a glide on the steel blades to-morrow morning before we go down to get married, and you will have an opportunity of showing off your new frills at Buffalo, and we can also stop off a couple of days at Chicago, where there are some nice rinks."

When they had returned to the hotel Jim said: "Now, love, I must hurry off down-town to get the license, or I shall find the office closed up. I may meet a few friends and have a quiet celebration, as is customary the night before a man is married, so if I am not back in time for dinner, have it by yourself in our private room. I shall be sure to return before ten o'clock in any case."

"Don't be late, Jim, darling," said she, "I hate to be alone in a strange city, but I will excuse you this once; it is a special occasion as I fully admit. Now don't kiss me all to pieces, dear. I shall go and sit in the drawing-room during the evening. There are some nice quiet-looking women in the hotel."

"*Au revoir*, sweet one," said the gallant Jim. "To-morrow we shall be legally united and the happiest couple in this exten-

sive country, I guess. You can bet on that, and won't my daddy have a swelled head just when he sees what a daughter-in-law he has got. He will throw some bouquets at you, my darling, I reckon."

"I sincerely hope that he will do nothing of the kind," replied Dora, laughing. "He might hurt me. My uncle has often talked of the time when it was the fashion to throw large bouquets to stage favorites; sometimes they, the bouquets (not the stage favorites), were of such a size that a prima donna at the opera was once actually knocked down by a huge stack of flowers, and several leading actresses at various times were scratched and bruised, and so the foolish custom was discontinued."

"We mean in this country compliments by bouquets," replied Fletcher.

"Oh, I don't object to your father, or even you," she said archly, "throwing those at me."

Dora was not prepared to see her Jim before 10 P. M., so she had her dinner quietly in their private apartments, and afterwards went into the drawing-room, where she got into conversation with two very nice ladies, and the time passed pleasantly. She retired to her apartments at ten o'clock, expecting Jim back shortly. She did not feel anxious even when eleven struck. She sat down in an armchair and lighted a cigarette (Jim had taught her to smoke), and began thinking of all the events of the last few weeks. After a time she began to feel drowsy, and tried to read a novel to keep herself awake, but could not fix her attention upon the letterpress, and so ended very naturally by falling asleep. She woke up feeling very cold. She had not turned on the steam heat; for though she had had a very brief experience of that method of warming she did not like it, and said when Jim showed her in the morning how to turn it on and off, "that it was so stuffy and gave her a headache." But now she was really cold and was glad to avail herself of it. She looked at her watch, a dainty little affair all inlaid with precious stones, Jim had bought for her at Percy Edwards', of Piccadilly, London. It was past two o'clock and Jim had not returned. What on earth had happened, thought she. He is so strong and self-reliant, and always carries a pistol, and said he was a dead shot. Oh, there surely could not be anything the matter. With a sinking heart she undressed and crept shivering to bed, not before she had knelt down and offered a little piteous prayer to the Great Lord of the Universe to watch over

and protect her dear Jim. She felt so exhausted that she fell asleep and did not wake until nine o'clock next morning. She crept out of bed hoping against hope to find him asleep in the dressing-room, that was on the other side of the bath-room, supposing that he had come in late and was afraid of waking her. She gave a little shriek when she found that the bed had not been touched. She crept back and cried as if her heart would break. A frightful notion entered her head which chilled her very heart and seemed to freeze the blood in her body. "Had he deserted her? Oh, he couldn't, it would be too cruel, and on the night, too, before their marriage. It couldn't be, he was incapable of such a horrible, dastardly act," and she repelled the terrible thought almost as soon as she had conceived it, and was ashamed of herself for ever harboring such an unworthy suspicion. "He must be ill, perhaps dead. Oh, no," she cried to herself, "he is so strong and brave, who would kill him?" That seemed now a worse thought than the one of his deserting her. Then her good old English courage came to her assistance. She must brace up and show herself what she was, a true English lady. So she dressed and went down to breakfast, and began to be more hopeful. Perhaps he had gone to a friend's house outside of the city and would return that day, but in that case, why had he not sent her a wire or a telephone message? The day wore on and no news of Jim Fletcher came to hand, and she thought with agony that this was to have been her wedding day. O God! what an awful change a few short hours had brought about. What havoc had been wrought in her young life's happiness! What ought she to do? She had no friends to go to in all that vast city. She had no one of her own sex in whom she could confide. She had not brought a maid from England, as she would have done if she had been married there, since she did not wish any one to even guess about her liaison. What a terrible net of misery deception weaves about us. It is true she wore a wedding ring, but she had no right to it. She did not know who Jim's people were, because she did not know their names, and even if she had how could she appeal to them when she was not Jim's lawful wife. Besides they were further away in San Francisco than her own folk were in England, and from them she was sundered by a gulf that only marriage could bridge. Then she accused herself of cowardice for thinking of herself and not of Jim. Just imagine what a dreadful appalling position for a beautiful young lady to be placed

in, in a strange country with no friends, in an awful state of uncertainty about the man who was to have been her husband. It is true she was rich with the fortune Jim had bestowed on her in Paris, but that weighed as nothing in her mind in the balance compared with the loss of the man who had endowed her with it. If she could only find out that he was safe and well she felt she could pardon him his base infidelity, such is the angelic unselfishness of a woman who really loves, but she would have staked her chance of eternal salvation upon the certainty of his loyalty to her. What other conclusion could she come to but that her darling Jim was dead, or was in the hands of villains, who had kidnapped him and were holding him for ransom? Such crimes were possible and instances of them occur in every great city. One can only faintly picture the agony of mind she suffered as day after day went by with no tidings of Jim. She told the clerk in the office that her husband had been suddenly obliged to go West on business. She took the hotel detective into her confidence, making him swear to secrecy; she gave him \$500 to begin with, and promised him a very large reward if he should be able to privately ascertain the whereabouts of Mr. Fletcher, and out of hope of gaining the big reward, and also from pity (for a man is not obliged to have a heart of stone because he follows the somewhat disagreeable occupation of a sleuth) for the poor young desolate lady. He quietly put in operation all the vast resources of the New York police. Every inquiry was made at the railway depôts and the steamer wharfs, and strict searches were made in the city morgues, etc., but the problem appeared to be insoluble. It was impossible for Dora to conceal her poignant grief and anxiety. The bloom began to disappear from her cheeks. Her awful overwhelming calamity was gnawing with relentless fangs at her heart. Every one in the hotel was very sorry for the poor young lady, to whom it was evident had come a most sore affliction, though only the detective knew for certain what the calamity was. Dora was not without ready cash. In addition to the fortune standing to her account at Rothschilds' in Paris, she was surprised to find a sum of \$5,000 in Jim's traveling bag, and he had given her \$2,000 for pocket money. Her little stock of jewelry was fully worth another \$10,000, and she had a valuable wardrobe of clothes. So far as the needful went she was very well provided, indeed. She compelled herself to eat sufficient food to keep up her strength

for the work she had to do to try and find Jim. She spent several hours of each day in secluded spots of the Central Park, and she blessed Jim's forethought in taking her to such a quiet, select, and beautiful hotel as the Netherland. The weather was cold and a hard, steady frost prevailed. One day as she was sitting watching the skaters on the piece of ornamental water near the Plaza and 59th Street, a gentleman, of apparently about sixty years of age, whom she had noticed in the hotel during the last two or three days, approached her, and, taking off his hat and bowing ceremoniously, said:

"Madam, you must excuse my speaking to you, but I have remarked that you seem to be in distress. Can I be of any assistance to you?"

There was a ring of genuine sympathy in his voice and a kindly look in his eye, and something in his appearance which attracted poor Dora; she was so lonely that she was glad to speak to anybody, and she somehow felt that she could trust this man. She replied in a melancholy voice, "I thank you, sir, immensely, but I fear you cannot help me."

Seeing that she did not actually repel him, the gentleman took his seat beside her, and continued by saying: "I know I am a rough customer. I am a Westerner, 'Frisco is my home. I am just here for a few days on business, and am expecting a son back from Europe soon. He has been traveling there, and I guess the boy has been having a bully time. He is a fine lad, and is my only one, and I am mighty proud of him, I can tell you. He has either married or is going to marry an English girl. Yes, my boy is all grit. He shot a highwayman on sight who tried to hold up the coach he was on and killed a grizzly."

"What, killed a grizzly bear?" gasped Dora.

"Yes, madam, I guess he did, and I have the critter's hide at home in my house at 'Frisco."

"Was your son's first name James, sir?" said Dora tearfully.

"You have guessed right, by Gosh, madam. Well, if that isn't curious. Beats chicken fighting. Do you know my son, madam?"

"It is only a strange coincidence, sir," she said, in a faltering voice, "for my husband's Christian name is, or was, Jim." She had a strange presentiment that this man might be her Jim's father. If she were only married she thought. Ah, if, but situated as she was she felt she dare not discover herself to him, and

poor Dora, completely overcome, burst into an hysterical fit of weeping. At length she got better, and confided to her new friend her great trouble, but only saying that she and her husband had recently arrived in New York from the other side, and that he had gone out one evening and had never returned.

"And has the scoundrel deserted you?" said the Californian excitedly.

"My Jim would never desert me," replied Dora, "but I fear that he is dead," and her tears began to flow afresh.

"By Gosh, madam, I wish my son instead of this rascally or unfortunate man had run across your trail and married you."

"Jim must have been unfortunate, but he could not be rascally, so please do not apply that epithet to him, sir," said Dora passionately.

"I apologize, madam, but now to business. I feel that I cannot leave you here in this dreadful fix. My name is Joshua Clark, of San Francisco. They call me the aluminum king, because I own the patent rights of a process for making that metal as cheap and as hard as steel. Well, madam, I have made more than one hundred million dollars, and my royalties amount to at least fifteen million dollars a year. I am about the richest man out West, I mean in California, and I am a widower and have only one son. Now, dear madam, from the first time I set eyes on you four days ago, I took a great fancy to you. I never saw a woman whose looks I liked better. I am sixty-two years of age, and young at that. Now then, madam, will you promise to be my wife, if you find your Jim is wiped out, which I guess he is? I expect he got in a mix in some tough joint over a deck of cards, and one of the other men got the drop on him. That is the way it pans out I guess. Wal, I say, provided your Jim is gone up, if you will have me I will run over in my private train from 'Frisco and we will get married right away and quit this tarnation great place and get out West. While you are here I will donate you twenty thousand dollars a month for your expenses, and if you want a house, will buy you one on Fifth Avenue, or I will buy you the Netherland Hotel, or any old thing, and will settle on you ten million dollars when we are married. Is it a square deal? Here is my card, madam, with my name and address in 'Frisco. Wire me any time and I will start in my special train like a shell from a twelve-inch gun. I can cross this almighty great continent in less than three days. I tell you

I am a hustler, there are no flies on me. But I love you, by the tarnal, I do."

During the recital of this extraordinary proposal, which was repeated in a measured sort of way, as if it were a matter of every-day occurrence, Dora sat staring at Mr. Clark with astonishment. She thought at first that he was crazy, talking of millions as if they were trifling sums, and of buying first-class hotels and palaces on Fifth Avenue as if they were frame shanties in a Michigan lumber village. But there was nothing to justify her in supposing that this well-dressed, calm, sedate, though seemingly eccentric gentleman by her side was out of his mind. She gasped out, "I am greatly flattered by your splendid offer, sir, but my husband may still be living while we are speaking. I cannot, however, thank you sufficiently for what you have said."

"Then you don't absolutely refuse me," replied Mr. Clark. "You will allow me to be your friend, and assist you till matters are cleaned up about your husband. May I write to you?"

"I have plenty of money, sir," replied Dora, "and you must perceive that I could not possibly receive pecuniary assistance from a stranger, but I should be very glad to hear from you, as I have no friends here."

She said this in so plaintive a voice that a big lump rose in the throat of the hardy old Westerner, and a tear dropped out of each of his eyes onto the silk lapels of his overcoat. He coughed down his emotion, and gallantly raised Dora's little gloved hand to his lips, and then said:

"Will you allow me, madam, to be your friend?"

Dora replied, "You are very kind, sir, I will, if you like."

Mr. Clark conducted Dora back to the hotel, and did not see her again till just as he was leaving next day, and then he only said: "Good-by, madam, you will hear from me." He had a short interview with the manager of the hotel, during which he said: "I am greatly interested in that lady, Mrs. Fletcher. Here are \$10,000 in bills, make some excuse and change her quarters into the very best suite you have facing the Park. Tell her that her husband left some money in your charge, but don't state the amount, and inform her that he said he wished her to have it. Let her have any sum she wants. Here is my check for a further \$50,000. Wire or 'phone me if she wants more, and also keep me posted about anything of the slightest importance that may happen to her, and mind, treat her like a princess, and look

here, Mr., I believe her husband is dead, and I want to marry her myself. On the day I do I will donate to you \$100,000. Now keep your head shut and don't let her know what I have done for her." The manager bowed obsequiously to the multimillionaire as he received these instructions."

"Great Scot, if the old man isn't just dead stuck paralyzed on the lady," he soliloquized to himself. The manager waited on Dora that afternoon, and informed her that the suite she occupied had unfortunately been rented by mistake to some other parties, but added that he had given her another one, and asked her to come and see if it would do. Dora accompanied him and was astonished at its magnificence, and said:

"I am afraid, sir, this may be beyond my means."

"But I shall not charge you any more for it than the suite you occupied before," said the manager. "Besides, Mr. Fletcher on his arrival left in our charge a large sum of money, and said you were at liberty to draw as much of it as you like."

Dora could detect by the rather nervous manner of the manager that he wasn't speaking the truth, but she only replied: "I am surprised that Mr. Fletcher did this, as we originally only intended to stop two nights here." She felt certain in her own mind that this was the doing of the Californian millionaire, Mr. Clark, and admired the delicacy he had displayed. She felt very much drawn towards him on account of his chivalrous conduct. Fancy if he turns out to be Jim's father, she said to herself, when the manager had left her, what a strange thing it would be. She could not get over his proposing so suddenly to her, after only a few minutes' conversation, but as poor Jim said, "They lose no time in the States, for they are hustlers."

The manager obeyed Mr. Clark's commands to the letter, and certainly did treat Dora like a princess, and each morning he called to see if she wanted anything particular, and a magnificent bouquet of the rarest hothouse flowers that had cost quite \$20 was placed on the breakfast table in her private parlor each day. A fine, well-appointed carriage and pair was at her disposal, and as she generally dined alone in her apartments, the head waiter attended on her with a menu each evening. An English maid, too, appeared, specially hired by the management to wait on her; in fact, nothing was left undone to promote her comfort and happiness, and every one she came in contact with was very kind, thoughtful, and sympathetic.

A letter from Mr. Clark arrived regularly every day. The first one was dated Chicago, the next one Ogden, and then came an epistle written from San Francisco. These letters were full of tender inquiries and true affection, roughly, but genuinely, expressed. But in spite of this miraculous windfall in the shape of a multi-millionaire friend and would-be husband, and of all the kindness she experienced, she began unconsciously to fall into a very abyss of despair. Want of occupation, combined with brooding over Jim's disappearance and her own extraordinary position, was rapidly bringing her within hail of insanity. But suddenly she seemed to brighten up, and she put on her best gowns and came down to the restaurant for her meals. The manager duly sent Mr. Clark daily 'phone messages about her. This astute person was thinking all the time of Mrs. Fletcher and of his chance of raking in a young fortune. Dora began to entertain in her half-crazed condition the idea that her husband had gone over to England and would return on the sister ship to the one they had crossed over in, namely, the "Titanic." She found out the day the vessel was due, and determined to go quietly down by herself to the dock to meet him. What put this strange idea into her head it is difficult to say. It is impossible to account for the vagaries of a disordered brain. Having obtained an order to admit her to the dock, she dressed herself in her smartest street clothes in order to look as nice as possible when he arrived. She remembered what he said in regard to the new skating costume, and took care to put it on. She also wore a good deal of costly jewelry, which was hidden by her long seal coat. Without saying a word to a soul as to where she was going, she slipped out as if to take a walk according to her wont in the Central Park, but she left the park by one of the entrances on 59th Street, and made her way to the rapid transit underground railroad and in a short time arrived at the station which she was told to get out at for the dock. She did not take a cab, as she thought it might be followed. People on the street in this, what may be termed the French-Latin quarter of New York, stopped and stared at the richly dressed lady, her handsome clothes contrasting strangely with the somewhat sordid and shabby appearance of the population that inhabited the streets she had to traverse, in order to reach the dock of the White Star Steamship Company. By dint of asking her way several times she at length succeeded in reaching her destination.

CHAPTER V.

A DOWN TOWN SPORTING JOINT.

THERE was the usual orderly bustle consequent on the expected arrival of an ocean liner. Dora made her way to the small pier outside the dock, where was collected a group of people, chiefly composed of relatives or friends of passengers on the approaching steamship which had some time previously been signaled as having passed Sandy Hook. In this knot of individuals were some idlers and sightseers whom mere curiosity always attracts to such places on like occasions. But these latter were few in number, as the White Star and the majority of the great ocean steamship companies now require intending visitors to their docks to obtain orders of admission. The absurd and tyrannous rule introduced by the United States Custom House authorities in the first year of the century of excluding the friends of passengers altogether from the dock of a homeward bound vessel was tried, found wanting, and speedily discontinued, as it raised such a howl among the wealthy and influential classes of the community.

The concourse was slimmer than usual, owing to the pronounced inclemency of the weather. Naturally, Dora's distinguished appearance excited a certain amount of speculative attention. But of this she was insensible, as filled with the hallucination that possessed her, all her faculties were concentrated on the approaching liner, which could now be just faintly perceived making her way slowly up the harbor, though every minute it was becoming more and more difficult to see anything clearly, owing to the big feathery flakes of snow that were beginning to descend in ever-increasing numbers.

Among those who surrounded Dora was a tall, gaunt-looking woman in a long cloth cloak and a black poke bonnet. This person seemed to take more interest in the handsome richly dressed lady at her side than in the expected steamer. She had

gradually sidled up to Dora unperceived by her, for the poor girl's eyes were mournfully turned either eastward in order to try and catch a glimpse of the ship on whose deck her disordered mind had convinced her that Jim was standing at that moment, or else employed in gazing downwards with looks of anguish and despair on the noble Hudson's eddying stream, which was bearing past on its wide swirling surface jagged masses of ice, that kept rolling and colliding with each other on their way to oceanic dissolution. She was thinking how this same dark river may have laved in its grim embrace the poor dead body of her beloved Jim, and how, in a short time, too, it might be performing the same somber office for her own inanimate corpse. Her gloomy reverie was dispelled by a voice close beside her. It proceeded from the woman whom we have just alluded to.

"Pardon my speaking to you, madam, but I see you are in distress. Are you expecting any one by this steamer?"

"Yes, my husband," replied Dora, shortly.

"But your eyes are full of tears. Are you sure that he will come?" again interrogated the woman.

"I trust in God he will," replied Dora.

"I hope so, too, for your sake," said the woman. "I suppose he gave you those splendid furs. They are, indeed, magnificent. No wonder you love a man who makes you such presents." And the woman eyed greedily Dora's fine sealskin coat and Russian sables. However, she spoke no more at present, and left Dora to resume the train of her melancholy reflections.

Thicker and thicker fell the snow, and most of those on the pier sought the shelter of the dock, but Dora still persisted in maintaining her post, oblivious of the weather. It was apparent that the east wind was bringing with it from the Banks masses of vapor that threatened to envelop the city of Greater New York, before the lapse of many hours, in a dense fog. Moreover, the damp cold grew rapidly more bitter and piercing—pity for those poor homeless creatures without food or shelter that night. At last through the increasing gloom and snow eddies emerged the hull of the liner, slowly making her way to her temporary resting place like a great white ghost. As she crept alongside her dock Dora's eyes eagerly scanned her decks to catch a sight of a well-known form, but she saw him not, and then when the "Titanic" had been securely moored with the promptitude and skill invariably displayed by those in charge of these huge trans-

atlantic vessels, as the passengers descended the gangways, with sinking heart Dora scrutinized each male figure, enveloped in fur-trimmed coat or warm ulster, until the last had left the ship, and then, in sheer desperation, she boldly went on board, descended the companion to the saloon, where she hurriedly inquired of a passing steward if there had been a Mr. Fletcher on the ship that voyage. The functionary recognizing in Dora a countrywoman of his own, as he supposed (judging by her appearance), of high social rank, replied very deferentially:

"I think not, my lady."

He soon obtained a list of the saloon passengers, and Dora's eyes ran along the scanty columns of names with sickening apprehension. The examination was soon completed; the winter complement of ocean travelers is small to what it is in summer; only those whose avocations compel them to do so, cross the Atlantic in the stormy season of the year. With a deep heart-broken sigh she let fall the card on the table, and drew from her muff Jim's pocketbook containing the \$5,000, as well as over \$1,000 of her own. She had brought it down, poor thing, with the idea that Jim might want some money when he arrived. She extracted a bill for \$20 and handed it to the astonished steward, thanked him, and proceeded to gain the deck and from thence the shore.

Alas! Alas! a deep, all-mastering sense of utter desolation seemed like a funeral pall to shut out the light of hope from her soul. She left the dock and wandered aimlessly along, keeping by the riverside,—she had resigned herself to her fate.

"Soon I shall be where he is," she said to herself. "The great river will claim me as another victim."

She determined to wait till it was quite dark, and then she would get on a ferry-boat and drop quietly overboard.

"It will soon be over," thought she. "The water must be so cold. God forgive me," and she shuddered at the thought of her young life going out all alone into the darkness. From her breast a few deep sobs of self-pity burst forth involuntarily. She hadn't perceived that, like a persistent shadow, the tall form of the woman that had accosted her in the dock was following her. In the desperate mental condition she was in she felt no apprehension; if she had been in her right frame of mind she would never have ventured down into such a locality by herself, but as it was she had nothing to fear, the bitterness of death had passed away. She seemed to have bade adieu to life with all its natural sensa-

tions. The woman glided up to Dora's side, like a fell pirate about to board a richly-laden merchantman.

"Your husband has not come, then, by the boat, madam?" said she.

"He has been murdered here in New York, I feel sure," replied Dora, "or he would have come back to me."

"What was he like?" said the woman quickly, as if an idea had suddenly struck her. Dora described Jim's appearance. The woman's question and evident eagerness inspired her with a hope she had thought was forever dead.

"Why, heavens!" replied the woman, with well simulated amazement, "I have surely seen him. In fact, I know where he is at this moment. He is lying ill in bed with brain fever at a private hotel kept by Madame Rachel Lemaire."

"Oh, take me to him wherever he may be," cried poor Dora, in a tone of heartrending entreaty, "and I will give you everything I have got. I have \$6,000 here with me; they shall all be yours if you will only conduct me to his bedside."

"Have you really got so much money as that with you, my dear?" said the woman incredulously. "Seeing is believing, show me the stuff."

Without hesitation Dora took Jim's pocketbook out of her muff and handed it to the harpy, who seized on and opened it with feverish haste. Her dark eyes almost started out of her head as she handled and examined the bills by the fast fading light. For a moment she thought of decamping with her splendid booty, then she reflected that it would be absurd to leave those grand furs and probably a quantity of valuable jewelry on the lady's person, to be picked up by some other land-shark, or be altogether lost in the waters of the Hudson, when they were as good as hers, so she said obsequiously:

"You are quite right about the money, madam, but it will be safer in my pocket than in your muff. I will only keep \$1,000, and return the rest when I have brought you to your dear husband."

"If you bring me to him you can keep it all," said Dora impetuously.

"Follow me then, madam," said the woman.

Dora obeyed without another word. Through the fast deepening gloom and the now rapidly falling snow did this ill-assorted pair pursue their devious way up one dingy street and down an-

other till they stopped before a shabby looking house. Dora's conductress rang the bell and a middle-aged woman appeared. She looked what she was, an Americanized French procuress, a human hyena. Not only was her face destitute of the least trace of refinement or intelligence, it was absolutely revolting in its sheer animality, soulless ferocity, and brutish cunning. Such faces as hers may have been seen among the Pétroleuses during the reign of the French Commune in Paris. To Madame Lemaire, innocence and beauty were only merchantable commodities, and it is wretches like her who keep a market (that is never glutted) supplied, and who pander to the debauched propensities of depraved men with wicked hearts and long purses.

When Madame Lemaire saw poor Dora, a wolfish expression wreathed her face in a death's head grin that wrinkled into many folds, the dry, yellow parchment-like skin of her thin, lank cheeks, and exposed to view two or three projecting discolored fangs, or tusks, which looked more like weapons of offense than instruments for the purpose of mastication.

"Please enter, Madame Brown, and the beautiful lady, too, and ascend the stairs with me. *Il fait horriblement froid.*" (It is horribly cold.)

She led the way to a back room on the first floor, quickly turned on the steam heat, and then proceeded to light the gas, which showed that they were in a kind of parlor, fairly well, but gaudily furnished. Mrs. Brown then said:

"Madam, just hurry and get us something warm, for we are quite perished with cold, while I help the lady off with her furs and make her comfortable. She has come to see her husband."

As Madame Lemaire was leaving the room to execute the order, Mrs. Brown whispered several sentences in her ear which elicited another diabolical grin from the Frenchwoman's face, as well as several nods of the head, and a horrid kind of suppressed chuckle, very bad to hear.

Ah, poor Dora, you are in a sad case now, for you are in the clutches of two of the most relentless fiends in New York City, and the house that harbors you is one of the most notorious in that low down-town Tenderloin district. God help you, sweet, innocent girl, for you seem, indeed, to be beyond the reach of mortal assistance.

Mrs. Brown officiously assisted in divesting Dora of the coveted furs.

"How much did they cost?" inquired the woman.

"Over a thousand pounds," replied Dora. "My husband bought them in London," as she withdrew her arms from the splendid long Alaska sealskin coat that reached nearly to her feet and was powdered with half-melted snow.

"I have never seen finer. This coat seems quite new, and what a grand sable cape and muff!" soliloquized Mrs. Brown, adding mentally, "And it will be the last time you put them on, my beauty."

At that instant madam entered the room with two steaming glasses of punch.

"This is yours, Mrs. Brown, and this for the lady," said she, with a very leary wink at her confederate.

"*Mais quelle jolie robe de velour!*" (What a beautiful velvet dress), said she, reverting as she generally did when excited to her native French. "Ah, *quelles magnifiques dentelles!*" (Ah, what magnificent laces), continued she, raising the velvet dress with its sable tail trimming, and contemplating with gleaming eyes the gorgeous underskirt of rich pale blue satin covered with the most valuable rose point lace. While the woman was thus employed Mrs. Brown had handed poor Dora the punch, which, it is perhaps needless to say, was heavily drugged. She obediently drank it down, to Mrs. Brown's intense satisfaction.

"Now take me to him," cried the hapless lady. "You said you would. I am sure you are too good to deceive a poor heart-broken girl," and she raised her two hands in an attitude of supplication, so sadly pathetic, that no male ruffian, however hardened or cruel, could have withstood the sight of this sweet distressed beauty; but woman, who in angelic goodness seems capable of rising far above coarser and baser man, can also sink, when unsexed and degraded, far beneath him and the hearts of these two fiends in the semblance of women had been rendered as hard as adamant by the continuous exercise of their hideous avocation, and what is worse, as is nearly always the case, the procuresses were confirmed inebriates. A male drunkard generally evinces traces (however faint) of a disfigured manhood, a warped humanity, or a maudlin generosity that may serve to remind one of a lost nobility of soul. An habitually sottish woman, on the other hand, becomes a loathsome beast, foul enough to excite disgust in the very devils themselves, and devoid of pity as a ravening ground shark.

"Sit quietly a little longer, my dear," said Mrs. Brown, "and when you are thoroughly warmed and rested I will take you to him." But the drug seemed to take long in acting, very likely owing to the insomnia poor Dora had been afflicted with. At length Mrs. Brown, impatiently throwing off all disguise, said loud enough for Dora to hear:

"You did not put enough stuff in the drink, Frenchy."

"I put a double dose in, anyway," replied Lemaire. "I can't understand why it does not work."

"Well, I can't wait any longer," replied her companion. "Now, madam, I will fix you up for the night, and take off your fine clothes. What a grand jeweled gold belt that is!" said she, unfastening it. "And look, Rachel, at the splendid watch and chain and diamond brooch," and the horrid creature proceeded to annex these articles of jewelry, and then she and her companion each seized one of Dora's arms and unclasped her costly bracelets, removed her gloves, and eagerly tore off the numerous valuable rings which covered her fingers. When it was too late, poor Dora, half stupefied as she was, seemed to wake to consciousness that she had been deceived and enticed into this place for the sole purpose of being robbed. She made a great effort to rise, but the potion was beginning to act, and Mrs. Brown easily pushed her back into the chair again.

"You said you would take me to him!" gasped Dora. "Let me go to him and you can keep all my clothes and jewels if you like, but for God's sake let me go to my husband." Half maddened with apprehension, and feeling the dire effect of the drug stealing over her senses, she made one last desperate effort to throw off the influence of the deadly narcotic and to free herself from the clutches of the vile harridans, and it was as much as the two women could do to master their struggling victim.

Poor Dora was endowed like so many of her English sisters of the same class with considerable physical strength which despair had temporarily increased. She shook herself free from the encircling arms of the Frenchwoman and sprang into an erect position, only to be felled again by the muscular Mrs. Brown. Dora managed to keep off her assailants for a few moments with her hands and feet, at the same time commencing to shriek for aid, but Lemaire from behind fixed her claw-like talons in the massive coils of the English lady's glorious hair, and in so doing ruthlessly demolished the work that the tonsorial artist of the

Netherland Hotel had performed with such loving skill that very morning, and roughly pulling back Dora's head with a jerk that threatened to dislocate her neck, stifled her cries by stuffing a handkerchief into her mouth, and with Mrs. Brown's assistance succeeded in forcing and holding her arms behind her.

Dora was game to the last, continued to kick with considerable vigor the shins of the last named woman, who, furious with pain and irritated besides by the unexpected fight the lady was putting up, cried out:

"Hold her tight, Rachel!" and forthwith knelt down and gripped with a firm hold Dora's right leg (receiving as she did so a nasty kick in the face from her left foot) and unbuttoned the smart new high patent leather kid boot, and grasping it by its heel, drew it off, and then turned her attention to its fellow, which also quickly shared the same fate.

"Now you can kick as high as you please, my beauty!" said the ogress with the shrill laugh of a maniac in a padded room.

While Mrs. Brown was thus busied in removing the unfortunate lady's elegant footwear, her associate in crime (in spite of her struggles, which were momentarily becoming fainter as the fell knockout drops began to take their desired effect) pinioned both of poor Dora's arms behind her back with one hand and with the other unfastened the diamond-studded gold buttons of her gorgeous pale blue brocade waistcoat and drew it together with the handsome velvet fur embellished bodice from off her white rounded shoulders. Just as Mrs. Brown was rising to her feet, having disarmed her fair antagonist, and then like as when a hideous bloated spider having entrapped in its craftily spun web a bright many-hued butterfly, twines round its quivering legs and fluttering wings the fatal gossamer filament and prepares to batten on the life blood of its beautiful prey, so these two human vampires, having first reduced their innocent victim to a state of helpless stupor, made ready to complete their hellish work of spoliation.

Mrs. Brown, perceiving that the operation of the drug had simplified the remainder of her task, grasped with her two hands the luxuriant chevelure of the now unconscious girl, brutally dragged her face downwards upon the carpet and proceeded to roughly pull over her head the rich gold brown velvet skirt with its deep flounce of Russian sable, and after that the blue satin, lace-trimmed petticoat which in its turn had been previously un-

hooked by the lissome fingers of the watchful French procuress.

Poor Dora now lay prone on the floor, and the two horrible harpies stooped over their unconscious victim in order to complete their detestable work of spoliation. Their unholy greed was still unsatisfied, and they gazed avariciously at the dainty satin corsets and silk under petticoat, both of pale blue color, each trimmed with very costly point de Venise lace. Lemaire hastily left the room and quickly returned with a bundle of old dirty clothes that had belonged to a domestic drudge. Then Mrs. Brown seized the thick masses of poor Dora's hair and savagely jerked back the head of the senseless lady with no more consideration than is shown by a pork butcher for a dead hog in the great Chicago slaughter-houses, or by an Indian brave for a defunct foe he is on the point of scalping.

"Now, my dear," said the procuress, "comes the turn of those grand corsets."

"Frenchy, you take off that extra swell petticoat and the silk stockings. We must get this job finished as soon as possible."

Just as she was speaking came three distinct rings at the outside electric bell, followed at an interval by a fourth.

"*Mow Dieu*, but here is Captain O'Hara!" cried Lemaire, "that is the private signal. Perhaps he comes to warn me of danger of being pulled by some of those devils of the Vice Committee. Anyway, we must take the lady into the bedroom and all her clothes. I should not like even the Captain, tough as he is, to know of this work. You can finish stripping her, Mrs. Brown, in the next room and dress her in these old togs. Now lend me a hand. My word, but she is heavy. What you call one fine woman."

The two women speedily conveyed, not only Dora, but her clothes and jewels into the bedroom, though several articles of apparel, including Dora's velvet picture hat, her gloves, and a diamond bracelet, fell on the floor near the couch, unnoticed in the hurry. When this was accomplished Madame Lemaire went down to open the outer door and soon returned with a big, stout man with a bloated sensual look on his coarse face. He evidently, by his uniform and badge of rank, occupied the responsible position of police district captain. His coat and helmet were thickly powdered with snow, which he partially shook off before flinging himself into a large, easy chair.

"Begorra, but it's a bad night. My honey, get me a drap of the craytur, I'm about half frozen."

"Certainly, Captain," replied Madame Lemaire, going to a cupboard and taking out a bottle of brandy almost full and a couple of glasses, also a box of cigars. O'Hara takes a cigar and lights it and filled a tumbler half full with the brandy, which he drinks right off.

"Ah," said he, "that is the right ticket. It warms the cockles of one's heart. None of that muck you get in saloons, and this is a proper kind of weed. I always get well treated in this house."

"The brandy is the best from France, *ma belle* France, and the cigars are real Havanas," replied Lemaire.

"Smuggled, of course," said O'Hara, grinning.

"Well, that's none of your business, Captain," says Lemaire. "But what do you suppose Mrs. Brown goes down to the docks for? Not for her health, I guess." Madam indulges in a laugh, in which she is joined by the Captain.

"Now, Froggy, to business," said the Captain. "I have great difficulty in preventing your house being pulled by the Committee for Suppression of Vice, the members of which are infernally active just now. You know, Froggy, your place is getting a very bad name. Now, I can't go on protecting it unless I receive something extra."

"But, Captain, *mon cher!*" replied the procuress, "I am paying you a terrible price for protection, \$1,000 a year. I shall be *tout a fait décaquée*, what you call 'dead broke.'"

"Dead broke, be damned!" said O'Hara. "I should just like to know how many thousand dollars you have stowed away in snug investments in real estate and stocks, and besides, you know my bosses of Tammany Hall collar most of the cash I collect. That's how some of them can afford to run studs of racehorses and keep up fine estates in England. But, Froggy, darling, you will have to shell out an extra \$500 or I shall not be able to guarantee your house from being pulled."

"Oh, have mercy on me, Captain. I am a poor lone woman who is struggling to make a bare livelihood. I don't know how I can spare the money. You are one hard man, Cap."

"You will find it hard in the Penitentiary, Frenchy, and it's there you will get unless you cash up pretty smart, too. Hallo, to whom do these belong? I suppose to some fair dame in there"

(nodding in the direction of the bedroom). "A real slick Paris hat, a pair of gloves, and a diamond bracelet. Well, as to the last" (putting it in his pocket) "you will have to tell her it's lost. But I can see that you fly at high game. That means skinning the dudes. So pay up, Frenchy, and look cheerful."

"It will take nearly all I have by me, Cap, but I am in your hands." She produces a pocketbook and takes a number of bills from it and counts a pile of them, and hands them over to O'Hara, who also counts them and places them in the breast pocket of his coat, and then pours out some more brandy; lastly, stuffs a couple of handfuls of the cigars in his pocket, and says:

"Here's to your health, madam, and good luck to you. May you always have plenty of fools and fairies in your joint." He drinks the brandy at a gulp with gusto. "Just what I needed this filthy night. I don't get such booze as this at other houses in the Tenderloin. Well, I must get a move on. I have to visit several protected houses and collect my dues, at least they imagine that they are protected and pay through the nose for being so, but I can tell you, Froggy, for your own satisfaction, whoever has to go to the wall, I will see that you are safe, anyway, for you have always treated me bully."

"Thank you, Captain," said Lemaire, "I feel sure that you will stand by me. Take care how you go down the stairs, it's pretty dark."

When the Captain was gone she soliloquized as follows:

"They call these Tammany Hall people tigers; I call them sharks. The Captain is one big thief stealing the bracelet so coolly, though in this case it is true it doesn't matter so much, but if it had belonged to a client, she would have raised Cain."

Here Mrs. Brown entered, carrying all poor Dora's clothes and ornaments. She throws the former on the floor and places the latter on the table, and says:

"There, that's done at any rate. I finished stripping our beauty, dressed her in the old togs, and laid her on the bed, where she looks like a pretty drunken slavey. You had a regular jaw with O'Hara, Frenchy. The conversation interested me considerable."

"*Sacré!*" replied Lemaire, "I am \$500 poorer by his visit. He is one rascal."

"He does bleed you to a tune," said Mrs. Brown, "but it shows that he knows where the dollars are."

"O'Hara is a thief. He stole one of the lady's bracelets worth quite \$1,000. I must have dropped it."

"I wonder," said Mrs. Brown, "that he did not take the hat, too, for his best girl. I will wear it myself, anyway" (she puts it on). "How do I look, Frenchy?"

"It makes you look even more homely than you really are," replied Lemaire. "I will keep it myself as a souvenir of my charming Paris."

"All right, Frenchy," said Mrs. Brown, "anything to please you. Now we will see to the plunder. Those furs and the fine laces are worth a whole pile, and the jewelry is a small bonanza. I guess the lady will feel rather queer when she wakes up and finds that all her pretty frills are gone."

While she is talking Lemaire is examining the clothes and making enthusiastic comments.

"I guess she is a bride, Frenchy."

"More likely the mistress of some millionaire," responded the Frenchwoman.

"It doesn't matter much to us either way, but come here, Frenchy. Do you see this pocketbook? The lady gave me this because I promised to bring her to her husband." (Both women laugh loudly.) "There's \$4,000 in bills in it. You shall have half. You see I am honest, honor among thieves, that's what I say."

"*Mon Dieu!* But you are smart, Mrs. Brown. You are one great bunco steerer, as they say in the Bowery."

Mrs. Brown hands Lemaire \$2,000, which the latter eagerly grabs and counts.

"Now," continued Mrs. Brown, "let us stow away all this truck." (Pointing to the clothes and jewelry.) "It can be put for the present in that cupboard there. It's just as well to clear it away in case we have any more visitors."

The two women stow away the plunder and each pockets her share of the cash, and Lemaire gets another bottle of brandy which she puts on the table with a siphon.

"We have made a big haul, Frenchy," said Mrs. Brown, "the togs and jewels are worth at least \$5,000," filling her glass as she spoke.

"Where did you meet this 5th Avenue swell?" said Lemaire.

"Down on the White Star dock," replied the confederate.

"She seemed crazy with grief at not finding her husband or lover on the 'Titanic.'"

"But what are we going to do with her?" said the French procuress.

"We shall have to get rid of her, and pretty quick, too," replied Mrs. Brown, grinning. "The best plan will be to take her out while she is still half stupefied with the knockout drops and push her in the river. The fog is so thick and the snow is coming down so fast that no one will notice it. The big river tells no tales, and the body will be away beyond Sandy Hook in the deep Atlantic by to-morrow. But I must first cut off her lovely hair. It would be a shame to let that be washed about by the dirty Hudson, and any swell up-town barber would give \$50 for it," and the callous brute laughed like a first-class fiend.

"You shall not kill her, nor cut off her hair either," said Lemaire excitedly. "I will keep her here and make a stack of money by her. There is that great Chicago pork packer, one of my best clients. His friends call him Monsieur Spare Ribs. He will give me at least \$1,000 for an introduction, you bet."

"You are clean off your chump or crazy, as they say here, Frenchy. Why, she is some awful swell. Her friends will be searching high and low for her, and if she is tracked to this house our lives would not be worth five minutes' purchase. We should be shot down like wolves."

"I have special police protection. No one dare search my house without Captain O'Hara's leave."

"Don't you be too certain of that!" replied Mrs. Brown. "If it suited their book, Tammany Hall would fold their hands, look pious, betray us, and chuck us over like so much rotten rubbish. You can never trust wild animals, especially when they happen to be tigers; but we will settle this matter later on. Let us have a good drink now, so fill up, Frenchy, drink hearty. With a few more good slices of luck we shall be able to retire and live respectable." The two women fill their glasses and drink to each other. "By the way, Frenchy," continued the practical Mrs. Brown, "have you a gun? We may as well have one handy in case she wakes and tries to get out."

Lemaire opens a drawer and places a loaded revolver on the table, and the witches' frolic soon waxes fast and furious. The two vampires laughed, sang, and even danced in the frantic excess of their hideous mirth, till overcome by the frequency and

strength of their potations, they both sank back dead drunk and stupefied into their respective chairs.

The garish radiance from the gas lights shed its rays, rendered dim by the fog that had entered the room, over this hellish scene worthy of the brush of a Hogarth. There were the two vile women, themselves as helpless now as their ill-starred victim in the adjoining room; the one with her face leaning against the edge of the table, the other sprawling over one arm of her chair, her head and arms hanging limply down. But for their labored stertorous breathings and occasional muttered oaths and obscenities one might have supposed that the two wretches had ceased to exist.

On the table before them stood the brandy bottles, dumb agents of their downfall, and the pistol.

Several hours elapsed, and of the three senseless women Dora was the first to recover consciousness. Her constitution was sound and vigorous and the drug had had really a beneficial effect on her, as it had afforded her much needed rest. Her cerebral disorder had been caused as much by continued insomnia as by anything else. When she opened her eyes she could not at first remember where she was, but little by little the fearful truth dawned upon her as recollection came to her assistance. The room she was in was darkened, but the door leading into the parlor was ajar. She arose and made her way into the parlor.

She then realized her awful position. Her despoilers were helpless, the tables were turned, and she might have avenged herself, but she had only one idea, and this was to quit this fearful place as speedily as possible. Better to die on the streets than remain in this ante-chamber to hell. She spied the pistol and seized it, determined to use it if any one tried to intercept her flight, and then she crept down-stairs and unfastened the street door, and was once more a free woman. But whither could she go? Not back to the Netherland. No, she never more could face the world without her Jim. She imagined herself to be disgraced and *declassée*. The snow was falling in masses, the fog seemed almost impenetrable. She was facing almost certain death to venture out, miserably clad as she was, on the pitiless streets in such weather. But death had lost its terrors for her, though the suicidal feeling had in great measure departed. The effect of the drug had not quite subsided, and she stag-

gered as she flung away the pistol, and hurried at random through the now almost deserted streets.

Four inches of snow had fallen, and it was rapidly deepening. The few people she encountered thought she was some poor unfortunate who had been driven from her home. Once or twice she was molested by low drunken profligates, but she escaped each time from their uncertain grasp and blindly pursued her career, not knowing and not caring to what quarter she directed her footsteps.

At last she could go no farther. She saw dimly looming up before her through the snow whirls the outlines of a great building. She stumbled heavily against some steps and uttering despairingly the cry:

“My Jim! My darling Jim, I come to you!”

She shuddered and sank down exhausted in front of the very church, Old Trinity, Broadway, where she was to have been married two short weeks before.

CHAPTER VI.

THE NEW YORK MERCY HOUSE.

SILENTLY fell the snow, gently covering in its pure white mantle the poor lost wanderer, whose wanderings, unless help came, and that right speedily, would end forever here. The numbing cold would soon weigh down those eyelids, heavy with the sleep of death, and glaze those glorious eyes, which so short a time before had been lit with the light of love as they fondly gazed into those of her dear one. Was she destined to perish thus miserably? And was this lovely creature, the object of so much solicitude, to lie in a public morgue, stared at by the careless vulgar? She had lain where she had fallen perhaps twenty minutes, when the church door opened and a tall man, apparently about forty years of age, in a storm coat, came out, and shut and locked the door behind him. In descending the steps the man stumbled and nearly fell against Dora's prostrate snow-covered body.

"Heavens," he exclaimed, in tones of pity. "Here is some poor creature out here on this dreadful night." He knelt down and raised her up, her red golden tresses, powdered with shining particles of frozen snow, falling in masses over his arm. "Poor thing, poor thing. How lovely, how forlorn. I must take her in out of the cold, perhaps she is not dead. Hi, policeman, come here."

A big Irishman, lantern in hand, approached, one of a type, for all the members of the New York police seem to the stranger to be exactly alike, burly, tall, with red faces and fierce still redder mustaches. They look like men who cannot be trifled with, nor, indeed, can they, but they do their work thoroughly, and have for the most part brave, kind hearts in those great Keltic bodies of theirs. He raised up Dora in his strong arms.

"You open the door, rector, and I will bring her in," said he. "What a beauty the poor girl is, from the old country I guess."

Just then a sister of mercy, enveloped in a long cloak, provided with an ample Capuchin hood, white with snow, emerged from out the gloom. The rector, as he was unlocking the church door, looked behind him to see if the police officer was following, and caught sight of the hooded figure. He seemed at once to recognize her, for he cried: "Sister Agnes, just in the nick of time. Come and help us to revive this poor creature, whom I found right here; in fact, I nearly fell over her body."

The big policeman carried the unconscious girl into the vestry and laid her on a couch, and stood by with pity written on the features of his broad, honest face.

"I must go back now to my beat, rector," said he, "but shall be close by, within hail in case you should need me."

"All right, Pat," said the cheery cleric, turning on the steam heat, "but I wish to God I had some brandy," continued he, opening a cupboard. "What is this? A bottle of Scotch whisky. Gee whizz, I wonder who is the owner of it? Precious good, too," said he, taking out the cork and tasting it. "That won't do anyone any harm a night like this, I suppose it belongs to that old tippler, the verger, and that reminds me, he is a Scotchman from the land o' cakes." As the worthy rector was thus soliloquizing he poured out some of the spirit into a glass and handed it to the sister, who was taking the usual means of restoring suspended animation. She managed to force a little of the whisky between the teeth of the senseless girl, who soon gave a deep sigh.

"That's right, dear," said the good sister, "you will soon be better."

After two or three more long gasps Dora seemed to breathe more freely, opened her big violet eyes, and stared wildly around her, and then, as if she were speaking in accents of terror and supplication to some person, or persons, she seemed to see, she cried piteously: "Oh, keep my jewels, keep my clothes if you will, but for pity's sake take me to him."

"Rector, there has been foul play here," said the sister. "Look at her hands and her beautiful features, this is no common woman, she has been lured into some den, and has been robbed."

"You are right, Sister Agnes," replied the rector in a voice husky with emotion. "What hellish fiends to so cruelly maltreat so fair a creature, hearts of flint, minds of devils. Oh, God," cried he, "in this city of New York there must be people worse

than devils. May Thy fiercest wrath burn forever and ever these miscreants; for such, at least, I trust there is a hell."

It was no ordinary cause that wrung these tremendous words from so charitable and kind-hearted a man as the rector of Trinity.

"Give her a little more whisky, Sister," said he, "the poor dear is rapidly reviving, and you must take her to your hospital. Pat can perhaps get a cab."

The rector went to the church door and summoned the policeman, and after some time a carriage was procured. It was as much as the two horses could do to drag it through the deep drifting snow.

"I know you haven't much money, Sister Agnes. Here is a five dollar bill. The cabby will ask for a big fare a night like this, though the distance is not great," said the noble-hearted clergyman.

"Thank you, rector. He who giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord; cast thy bread upon the waters and it shall return unto thee after many days," replied Sister Agnes, who had a great regard for the excellent pastor, though he was a Protestant and she a rigid ultramontane Catholic. Practical Christian people like these realize what infinitely small barriers differences in religious dogma raise between those who are engaged in the Christ-like work of alleviating the woes of a common humanity.

"Give her my coat, Sister," said the rector, commencing to divest himself of his over-garment.

"No, no, yours is a valuable life and you know you haven't a strong chest," replied the sister. "We nuns of St. Ursula are sworn to die if need be in the service of the Blessed Virgin, and of our Holy Patroness," and she piously crossed herself and repeated an Ave Maria, as she unfastened her big cloak and wrapped it round her charge. "Besides, rector," said Sister Agnes, smiling, "you must remember that I am a Canadian woman from Manitoba. You New Yorkers don't know what cold is. Why, on my father's farm I have often gone out before it was light to our barn in order to milk the cows, with a temperature thirty below zero, with not so much clothing on as I have now. No, rector, make your mind easy about me, I am a hardy Canuck," and the good sister, aided by the policeman, got the half revived girl into the cab. The rector stood for a moment watching the retreating vehicle, and with a sigh he said to himself: "Ah,

Sister Agnes, you are, indeed, a brave true-hearted little woman. Saints like you are the real salt of the earth, which would go rotten with moral putrefaction if it were not for the bright example set by your unselfish, self-denying lives. What meaningless Shibboleths creeds are after all; the great distinction between men of all religious denominations is, not what they think they believe, but what are the vital governing principles of their lives. Have creeds ever made men more Christ-like? Haven't they caused endless confusion, infinite bloodshed, frightful hatreds, innumerable wickednesses, and abominable cruelties? Surely it is the height of puerility, if not of impiety, to endeavor to define the undefinable, and to try and bring the idea of an infinite power within the range of our very limited comprehensions. Men are, and ever will be, judged by their lives and actions, and not by their more or less unthinking acquiescence in the medieval phraseology of fossilized beliefs." So soliloquized the good rector, who was a practical Christian, if ever there was one, but whose theology was somewhat shaky. Bright thinkers are naturally heretical, the ranks of the orthodox are mostly recruited from the stupid and ignorant. But though the rector in his comfortable study that evening pondered a great deal on Sister Agnes and her good works, and a very little on the futility of dogmatic theology, the beautiful girl whom he was the providential means of rescuing, occupied most of his thoughts at last, to the exclusion of any others, and he was finally obliged to throw down his pen in despair and abandon, for the present, his Sunday morning's sermon uncompleted.

Meanwhile Sister Agnes conveyed in the cab the partially restored Dora to the Mercy House on Second Street and Seventh Avenue, and the poor exhausted girl was soon in a warm bed, and after having partaken of some hot soup, she sank this time into a natural refreshing, mind-saving slumber.

The next morning she awoke very nearly quite restored, after a long night's rest, wondering where she had got to. When she was duly informed, and had been also told of all the circumstances of her rescue, she was extremely grateful to Sister Agnes, for having so materially assisted in saving her life. She was kept in bed all that day, the hospital physician attended her and pronounced her perfectly well in mind and body, in spite of the very rough experience she had been subjected to. The Mother Superior visited her several times, but Dora would reveal nothing

respecting her identity or past life. All that she did was to confess that she had been enticed under false pretenses into a bad house and robbed of all that she possessed, but that she had eventually made her escape. The second day she got up, but kept her room, and so had time for reflection as to the proper course she should pursue. In the first place, she was convinced that Jim was dead; that left her in the sad position of an unlawful widow, if such a term can be used. It is true, she had abandoned all idea of suicide, but she felt so keenly her position that she altogether shrunk from going back to the Netherland Hotel and resuming her former life there. She had several reasons for so deciding, the chief one being that with Jim she had lost all initiative and pleasure in life, and the fact that she had lived with him without being legally married seemed to have the effect without him of making her lose most of her self-respect. She could not face her friends, she could not face any persons who had helped to make up her former life, and, moreover, she dared not meet Mr. Clark again, as she felt that she would be sooner or later compelled to marry him, as she would be unable to resist the iron of his persistent endeavor, and she considered, wrongly perhaps, that she was not fit to be the wife of an honest man. With Jim she could have lived comparatively happily, even as his mistress, with no prospect of ultimate matrimony, but he was dead, or at least she thought so, and she determined to consecrate her widowed affections to his memory. It is true, she knew she was rich, with the million dollars he had endowed her with, but in her present way of thinking the gift was nothing to her without the giver. It is more than probable that she would have soon changed her mind and yielded to her destiny, and would perhaps, too, have begun to sigh for the fleshpots of Egypt, in the shape of the elegant Parisian toilets that were waiting her at the Netherland Hotel, but certainly the most devout nun of the rigid order of the Carmelites could not have donned her coarse robes with a greater show of indifference than Dora evinced when she put on the ill-fitting gingham gown, tied on the coarse huckaback apron round her waist, and pinned the uncomely mob cap on the shining coils of her wonderful hair, and she thought that by doing so she was entirely concealing her identity. As well might the foolish ostrich bury his head in the sand and figure on eluding his watchful pursuers, Hers was a rare style of beauty which laughed to scorn all disguises.

To explain the reason which she had for assuming the garb of a common domestic help, or hired girl, it is necessary to state that *une Maison de la Miséricorde* (in English, Mercy House) is carried on by an organization of professed sisters, belonging to some one or other of the religious orders of the Roman Catholic Church, engaged in works of active benevolence, and what better works than that of relieving human suffering? The sisters of this particular Mercy House I am writing about belong to the great order of the Franciscans, their patroness being St. Ursula. While not so strict as the Carmelites, still the rule of life of these nuns is pretty severe. In order to become a sister, of course, not only a novitiate has to be served and the white or black veil adopted, but the novice has, in the first place, to conform to the Church of Rome.

Now, Dora was a staunch Protestant to the backbone, she had had a strict religious education and had been brought up to regard the Romish Communion as the scarlet woman of the Apocalypse. The Mother Superior, in order to provide employment for such cases as Dora's, was obliged to make the heretics do the menial work of the hospital before getting them situations elsewhere. It is true the sisters did their share of this, but their primary duties were those of nursing and attending to the sick, added to a certain amount of outside rescue work, in which last named employment Sister Agnes had been engaged when she happened most opportunely to arrive on the scene of action in time to assist in snatching our heroine from the very jaws of death. When Dora was dressed she could not help being astonished at the figure the little mirror in her bedroom reflected.

"What would poor Jim think of me now if he were alive?" sighed she, "though he did say I would look all right in sack-cloth and ashes. I wonder, by the way, where they used to wear the ashes. On their heads, I suppose, and how the cinders must have got mixed up with their hair, poor things, it couldn't have been a very gorgeous outfit, no more is mine for the matter of that."

Indeed, poor Dora was turned into a real Cinderella with a vengeance. The gingham gown (pending the making of her own uniform) had been lent her by a sister four inches shorter (compared with the majority of the nuns, Dora was a perfect giantess), and at least four inches larger than she was in zonal circumference, consequently the garment was baggy and shapeless, and

she could not help thinking for a moment with slight regret of the lovely toilets which the French artist at Worth's had taken such infinite pains in fitting to her faultless figure, and, moreover, the dress was too short, and displayed in all their native hideousness the frightful cheap cloth boots with elastic sides and patent toes, several sizes too large for her, and the coarse black thread stockings—what a difference to the elegant many-buttoned French kid bottines, and the fine silk stockings she had been lately wearing. But she put away such useless reflections from her and made her way to the apartments of the Mother Superior, to whose presence she had been summoned.

"Well, dear," said the Mother, a tall, dark woman, of about thirty-six, decidedly handsome, and most obviously a person of refined manners and of gentle birth. "I hope you slept well, are thoroughly rested, and are prepared to undertake the duties of your office. Remember, it is your own choosing, or rather, I could not give you any other position here (as you are not a Catholic), than that of a common help. You will have to perform any duty, however menial and repulsive, you are ordered to do. You will always address me as ma'am, and not talk to the sisters unless you are obliged to. Do you understand?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied Dora, putting her head under the yoke.

"I hate to have to make you work like this," continued the Mother, "but you would not tell me your name or antecedents, so I have no option. Besides, this drudgery will keep you from brooding and make you sleep at night. I shall call you Sister Incognita for the present, till I have fixed on a regular name for you. Any one with half an eye can tell in a moment that you are a born lady by the whiteness and softness of your hands, and I can also see the marks of rings on your fingers, besides your manner and general appearance betray you, my dear, so I don't think I shall retain you long in my service. I must say, whoever loaned you that gown thought it was her duty to inflict a severe penance on you. A beauty like yours, which survives and blooms in a shapeless pea-green gingham gown with yellow spots, must be, indeed, something superlative. I am afraid though that you won't be able to preserve your incognito long. Now give me a kiss, dear, and I will summon Sister Mary to instruct you in your duties. You will always find in me a kind and considerate mistress."

"Sister Mary," said the Mother to the nun as the latter entered

the room, "take Sister Incognita and show her what to do. She had better begin by cleaning the main stairway of the hospital. Now, good-by, dear, and keep up your spirits, and come here without hesitation whenever you have anything to confide in me."

So Dora was soon on her knees scrubbing away like any boarding-house hired girl, and she was comparatively happy, too; at least she was employed, and after all, idleness is the cause of a great deal of the physical and mental troubles in the world. If she had had employment to keep her mind somewhat diverted from her misfortune, when alone at the Netherland Hotel, she would not be in the present degraded condition—I say degraded only in a comparative sense, for no honest labor can possibly be degrading when looked at from the right point of view. She had been at work nearly two hours when a young man passed her. He was rushing down the stairs at a frantic rate, and almost brushed against her. She was looking on the floor at the moment and attending to the details of her occupation, and so only caught a fleeting glimpse of his back in the distance, but that momentary view somehow sent a thrill through her heart. It made her think of her lost Jim. A sister who was coming up-stairs at the time said to her:

"That's poor Mr. Smith, I guess he has gone crazy."

"How long has he been here?" said Dora, excitedly.

"Oh, about two weeks. He was brought in with a broken head and had lost his memory entirely," and the busy sister passed on up-stairs while Dora continued her work. But the thought of her lost love affected her deeply, and the tears welled up in her eyes (though she tried hard to restrain them) and dropped one by one onto the hard stone stairs she was cleaning. While Dora was scrubbing the stairway of the Mercy House messages concerning her were being flashed along a score of wires, the utmost consternation prevailed at the Netherland Hotel, when it was found that Mrs. Fletcher had not returned. The manager was frantic, all the police districts were called up on the 'phone, and Dora's description as last seen was forwarded everywhere.

As the day wore on it became the universal opinion that poor Mrs. Fletcher had made away with herself. The manager of the Netherland felt constrained to 'phone the news of Dora's disappearance, couched in very ambiguous phraseology, to San Francisco. The powers of the telephone had been immensely increased at the time I am writing about.

CHAPTER VII.

SLOCUM WRITES AN AD.

WHEN James Fletcher bade his darling Dora gaily *au revoir* at the Netherland Hotel to go down-town to get the marriage license, he little anticipated any trouble, and hoped to surprise her by returning far earlier than he had told her he probably would. He settled the business of the license and then journeyed to the Knickerbocker Trust Corporation and drew out \$15,000, which, with the \$5,000 he had left in his traveling bag, he thought would be amply sufficient to meet any of his or Dora's possible wants till they reached 'Frisco.

Strolling back up Broadway he encountered three Western friends and was somewhat easily persuaded to dine with them, and then what more natural than to adjourn to a club and then a second edition of the celebration took place. At last one of the party proposed a visit to a notorious faro bank on 23d Street. Jim somewhat kicked at this, as he wanted to get back to his darling, who would be waiting up for him, but his celebration of the end of his bachelor days had been a trifle too sumptuous, libations of champagne followed by numerous Scotch whiskies, cocktails, and *pousse cafés*, had obscured the lucidity of his judgment and had hardened the tenderness of his conscience. So the party adjourned to the gambling hell. Jim was very lucky and won considerable money. At last his friends thought it time for him and them to get out. He went away with them, and after divers drinks at the Gilsey House he bade them good night, but prompted by the devil returned to the faro bank, where he lost his winnings and a couple of thousand dollars besides. He there got in with a precious bad crowd, who persuaded him to accompany them down-town. They entered a villainously tough joint and started playing at poker. At first Fletcher held his own, as the confederates allowed him to win, but then his luck deserted him, and he lost heavily. As he was taking the remainder of his

pile from his pocket, he detected one of the gang cheating. Just as the offending party was raking in the proceeds of the jack-pot, Fletcher snatched out his gun in a hurry and held the swindler up and claimed the pool. The gamblers were in a tight place, when one of their number quietly came behind Jim and struck him an awful blow on the back of the head with a loaded club, knocking him completely senseless. Without hardly saying a word the confederates divided the cash, went through Fletcher's clothes, annexed his watch, chain, rings, and diamond breastpin, turned out the electric light, and decamped with their booty, having first given the proprietor of the joint his share of the plunder. The said proprietor coolly stripped the still senseless Jim, and finding that he still lived, dressed him in some old clothes of his own and took him in a cab to the Mercy House on Second Street, which was near at hand, and left him there with one of Jim's own \$100 bills, saying that he had found the unfortunate man on the sidewalk. It was not the first accident of the kind that had happened in that tough joint, nor the first half-corpsed wretch, the victim of that ring of professional gamblers, who had been brought to the Mercy House with the same old story, "found on the sidewalk." The good sisters were not connected with the police, besides it was not their business to detect crime, but to relieve the victims of criminals, so nothing ever transpired and no questions were asked. Little good would have ensued if the Mother Superior had communicated with the police authorities, there was merely the victim's word as to where he had been maltreated, and in most cases he would have been too paralyzed with drink to have remembered where the joint was situated, and if he did happen to recollect, all traces of the villainy would have disappeared and the proprietor of the joint would indignantly have denied ever having seen the party before, and the victim's story would be treated as the hallucination of a drunken bum. But what more effectually blinded the tracks of the criminals was that the owners of these dens of infamy were virtually in league with the police, having to pay blackmail to Tammany Hall for the privilege of carrying on their nefarious trade.

To return. For a whole week Fletcher lay in a state of semi-unconsciousness, hovering on the confines of the great unknown, but the care of the good sisters, and the wonderful vitality of the ex-cowboy and Western bear hunter, pulled him through. His hard skull had been nearly cracked, but not quite. Directly he

was convalescent he began to mend at a marvelous rate, and was soon able to renew his strength with big porterhouse steaks and libations of Bass' ale. But all this time his memory remained a complete blank, he could not remember a single incident of his past life, till one day, the very one on which Dora, in the same hospital, was pronounced strong enough to commence the drudgery of a help, Fletcher was sitting in the room set apart for convalescents, dreamily looking out of the window on to the dreary street, wondering to himself how he had managed to have lost his own identity, when one of the sisters entered the room with a bottle of Guinness' stout that he had asked for. While she was pouring out the tonic refreshment, another of the nuns looked in at the door, and said:

"Sister Dora, the Mother Superior wants to see you." Now Dora is a somewhat common name, and there was nothing remarkable in this particular sister being so called. It was a slight coincidence, nothing more, but the hearing of that name was the right key to unlock the prison house of his memory. In a moment like a lurid flash all the facts of his past life in rapid succession rushed in upon him in one overwhelming flood. All the incidents of his meeting with his love in Canterbury, the delightful time they had spent in Paris, London, and on board the "Gigantic," his leaving her at the Netherland Hotel, and his promise to return early that evening, seemed to thunder one by one like mental explosions to his affrighted, reawakened faculties. He started to his feet, pressed his hands to his forehead, and snatching a cap from a peg, he shouted: "Dora, Dora, I come to you, if not too late, wretch that I am." And he rushed downstairs and out of the house. The sisters naturally supposed that he had suddenly gone out of his mind, but when the Mother Superior was told of it, she said:

"He is not crazy, his memory has come back, that is all. I have seen cases like it before. This is not the last we shall hear of this young man." She didn't know his name, as he had forgotten that along with the rest. When Jim had run two or three blocks, reason asserted itself, and he reflected what was best to be done. He hadn't a cent in his pocket and was dressed like the inmate of an almshouse, but his head was cool and clear now, and he made his way on foot as rapidly as he could to the great *Times* building near Broadway, went up the elevator to the eighth floor, and entered the office of his father's and of his own

New York attorney, Mr. Uriah Slocum, one of the brightest counselors-at-law of the city of New York. He was engaged when Jim entered the office, and the clerk, to whom Jim gave his name, was a new man, and, therefore, did not recognize him, and told him to wait till Mr. Slocum was at leisure, judging by the poor-ness of Jim's clothes that he was some pauper witness, who was required to go on the stand in the trial of one of the law cases the office had in hand. So Jim had to sit in the outer office biting his nails, though he was absolutely boiling over with im-patience. At last his turn came. As he entered the private office, Mr. Slocum rose from his desk and started back with astonishment.

"Mr. James Clark, is that really you? Your father has been much alarmed and has been 'phoning, wiring, and writing me about you from 'Frisco. He thinks you are still in Europe, but he has not heard from you for quite a while. But why are you dressed like this? What has happened? You look pale as if you had been ill."

Jim threw himself into an armchair and said: "Give me a cigar and a brandy and soda, or something, Slocum, and I will tell you all about it as briefly as I can, for I have not much time to spare." And Jim related to the horrified attorney his adventures.

"Poor thing, and she has been all this time at the Netherland Hotel thinking, of course, that you are dead, and she is not actually you wife you say," said the attorney.

"By God she shall be this day," exclaimed Jim, fiercely. "I meant to have married her a fortnight ago, she has been my wife in heaven's sight from that evening when we missed the boat at Calais. Now give me a check. I have over a million dollars standing to my credit at the Knickerbocker Trust Corporation. Here is a draft for \$50,000," said he, writing out and handing to his lawyer the magic piece of paper. "Get it cashed and I will call for some of it later. Have you \$1,000?"

"Yes," replied Slocum, "\$2,000 if you want it."

"No, that will do. Now I'll get a decent rig up, and then go straight to the Netherland Hotel."

"It will be simpler to telephone them first," said the attorney. "Give me the Netherland Hotel," said he, ringing up the 'phone. Having got connected, Slocum said: "Is that the Netherland?"

"Yes, who are you?"

"Slocum, counselor-at-law, *Times* Building. Is a lady named Mrs. Fletcher still with you?"

"No, she disappeared three days ago, and we cannot find any trace of her, though the police have been searching high and low through the city of New York. We fear that she has committed suicide, as she was very much depressed since the disappearance of her husband, more than two weeks ago."

"Thank you, good-by," said Slocum, who had only communicated with the Netherland for form's sake, as he had, of course, read of Mrs. Fletcher's disappearance in the papers. As he was ringing off the 'phone he heard a deep groan, and turned and saw his client seated with his face buried in his hands.

"I have killed her. I have killed her. The sweet, poor innocent darling. I wish I were dead, too." And the poor young man for about the first time in his life burst into tears. It is bad to see a man cry at any time, it seems unnatural, however acutely he may feel a blow, at least a brave man will always try and restrain his emotion in the presence of a fellow-man, but it is the more terrible when he who sheds the tears of anguish is brave and strong, as tough as steel, careless of danger, and the very personification of manhood. Mr. Slocum, hardened man of business as he was, with feelings blunted by contact with human wickedness and frailty, had yet a soft corner in his heart. He pitied his young client immensely, and felt a big lump rise up in his throat, but he let the first wild paroxysms of grief exhaust themselves, and stood looking on sympathetically while his client's strong frame shook with those terrible sobs that are only evoked by mortal agony. At last Slocum patted him kindly on the shoulder, and said:

"Cheer up, old man, you naturally feel knocked out. I should have been the same in your case, it shows that you truly love her. But now give us a specimen of the real grit I know you possess. A man who could tackle a grizzly face to face won't chuck up the sponge in any of life's trials. Don't lose hope at the outset, you shall stay with me all day, and if New York holds your wife, for wife she is virtually, we will find her. Buck up, drink this brandy and soda, and keep on smoking. Nothing like tobacco for quieting a man's nerves. I will have a cigar myself. I specially imported them from Havana, and they are in great condition." As he said this he touched a bell and his confidential clerk appeared.

"Jenkins," said he, "tell every one who comes that I am called away and cannot see a soul to-day."

"But how about that real estate business of Mr. Snook's, sir? There is an appointment in the matter," replied the clerk.

"You are a pretty considerable fool," replied his master. "I only keep you because I think you are honest. Snook can go to Texas and take his real estate with him for aught I care. When I say a thing I mean it. I am engaged with Mr. Clark all day, that's sufficient. Don't make such a break again, Mr. Jenkins, or you and I will have to part company."

The abashed clerk stammered out: "It shall not occur again, sir," and disappeared with a jerk.

"Now, my dear Clark," said the attorney, addressing his client who had by this time recovered his self-possession, "will you place yourself implicitly in my hands? I see you are a man once more, prepared to face bravely without flinching whatever fortune, good or ill, you may have to encounter. Remember, my dear fellow, there are crosses to be won in the daily conflict of life more glorious than any gained on the field of battle by the display of mere brute valor, which is often nothing more distinguished than either the result of bluntness of nerve susceptibility, or a wild impulse to conceal that natural shrinking from death and danger we brand as cowardice."

"I will obey you, Slocum, in every particular. I rely altogether on your wisdom and discretion," replied Jim Clark. "Should you be the means of finding my darling you will have placed me under an eternal obligation. I shall be taking up all your valuable time, make any charge you like, spend any sum you think proper, I never realized what dross money is when placed in competition with love until now."

"A very useful dross, by the way," replied the attorney. "I shall not forget to charge for my time and trouble you bet. Now, in the first place, I shall put an advertisement in the leading morning and evening newspapers. I will sketch it out and see how it reads," and Slocum seized a pen and a slip of paper, but said, "Before I begin I must get some information respecting Mrs. Fletcher from the hotel," so once more he 'phoned to the Netherland and asked to see the manager, and obtained from him a pretty fair description of the style Dora was dressed in when she was last seen to pass through the office. The hotel clerk, a sharp observing person, and also Dora's lady's maid, supplied all the necessary

information. Thus armed, Slocum wrote out the advertisement he intended to insert in the papers. It read as follows:

"\$20,000 Reward. The above sum will be paid to any one giving information that will lead to the restoration to her husband, alive and well, of a lady named Dora Fletcher, who left the Netherland Hotel, 60th Street East, 5th Avenue (where she had been staying), on the afternoon of February 20, and has not since been heard of. The lady is a decided blonde, about 5 feet 8 inches in height, very beautiful and distinguished looking, with red, golden hair, apparently about twenty years of age. She was dressed when last seen in a long sealskin coat, a brown velvet hat, a cape, neck fur, and muff of Russian sable.

"Information must be sent to Uriah Slocum, Counselor-at-Law, *Times* Building, Broadway."

"Now," said Slocum, "if she is alive that will unearth her. I do not believe she is dead. My theory is that she was lured to an out-of-the-way part of the city by some unscrupulous wretches under the pretense of giving information about you, and has been kept since under lock and key, in order to obtain a reward for her discovery. Such strange crimes have been committed before. There is nothing new under the sun, as the preacher saith, more especially in New York City."

"But is not the reward too small, Slocum?" said Jim. "You know my father donated me ten million dollars before I started for Europe. I would give every cent of the balance, which is about eight and a half millions, to recover my lost darling."

"I can quite understand you would, my dear fellow," replied Slocum, "but twenty thousand will do as well as one hundred thousand. It is no use wasting money, little as you seem to value it. By the way, what vastly different appraisements exist of the value of human beings," said Slocum meditatively. "You would give, we will say, eight million dollars to recover your beautiful wife. I have heard of working men in certain parts of England who have been known to sell their wives for 75 cents and a gallon of ale apiece. In Timbuctoo travelers say a very useful, though hardly according to our ideas, lovely bride can be purchased for, say \$27.50, the price fluctuating according to the state of the market, from twenty-five to thirty dollars. In the opinion of the Arabs, a pure bred horse is worth several women, except they be Circassians. But I give you the credit of having fixed the price of your wife at a figure which is probably the highest on record,

and I know you only say what you mean." Having delivered himself of this half philosophical, half cynical speech, the lawyer touched a bell and said: "Jenkins, see that this advertisement is inserted in the evening and morning New York City papers till further notice. A list of the papers is appended herewith."

The obsequious clerk, who wished to reinstate himself in the good graces of his kind, but exacting, master, retired without a word to execute his mission, and Slocum then said:

"Now, my dear fellow, you look, pardon me, a regular cheap guy in those clothes. I will 'phone the Netherland Hotel to send you a change of raiment in a portmanteau here, and express the rest of your belongings to my house at Yonkers. I am not going to let you out of my sight till either your wife is found or your father arrives from 'Frisco. By the way, his movements are rather mysterious. He was in New York about a fortnight ago, but I don't know where he was staying. He did not give me a look up. Is there any lady he is mashed on in this city?"

"Not as I know of," replied Jim.

Under the genial influence of Slocum's society he was rapidly recovering his spirits. Hope springs eternal in the human breast, as the poet says, and a lucky thing it does for us poor mortals, for if it did not, many of us would go under. As soon as the portmanteau containing Jim's clothes, together with a hat box, had arrived at the office (Slocum telling the manager of the Netherland that he had a clue as to Jim's whereabouts and was his lawyer), he was soon arrayed once more in the ordinary garb of a gentleman, and he and Slocum went out to a quiet neighboring restaurant where Jim, encouraged by his friend and legal adviser, proceeded to put away a very fair lunch. The two went to Slocum's home at Yonkers at an early hour. Jim was received most kindly by Mrs. Slocum, a very charming woman, who was profoundly sorry for his romantic and perhaps tragical misfortune.

That evening the advertisement made, as it was intended, a profound sensation throughout the city of New York.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE MOTHER SUPERIOR READS THE AD.

BUT though the sensational advertisement in the New York papers caused so much excitement in the outside world that evening, it did not disturb the serenity of the Mercy House. The sisters were not supposed to read the papers, and it was seldom that a patient got hold of any evening one, but it was different with the morning organs of intelligence, and soon the occupants of the convalescent room were eagerly discussing the all-engrossing topic. The Mother Superior considered it her duty to regularly look over the morning *Herald*, as sometimes in the agony column appeared notices concerning missing relatives, who might be in her hospital, and as head of an important institution, she esteemed it also but proper to keep herself *au courant* with the general news of the day. She soon saw the twenty thousand dollar ad, and it made her ponder quite a deal, and finally she sent for Sister Incognita. When Dora had entered the room the Mother said, watching at the same time her face very closely:

"Now, my dear, I desire to have a little quiet chat with you on a subject of the gravest importance. I shall begin by asking you a question, and I implore you to give a straightforward answer. It would be wicked for you to tell a falsehood, even in a matter that you might suppose concerns your vital interest, though, if I am any judge of character by face reading, you are altogether incapable of deviating from the truth. Now you have admitted to me that the night you were found by Sister Agnes perishing on the steps of Trinity Church, Broadway, you had been entrapped into a bad place and stripped of all your clothes. Now I want to ask you, did you on that occasion wear a long sealskin coat, with a sable cap, neck fur and muff?" and the Mother's keen eyes seemed to penetrate into Dora's very soul. She clasped her two hands over her face and murmured in a choking voice, "Yes, Mother, I did wear these things, but how did you find it out?"

The Mother did not heed the question, but went on somewhat sternly: "Your first name is Dora, is it not?"

The poor girl burst into tears and said: "This must have been revealed to you by God."

"No, my dear," replied the practical Mother, "it was revealed to me by yourself, though doubtless under the direction of a higher Power. In the first place, your wonderful beauty and refinement showed to me that you were no common woman, then the night you were brought here I was watching by your bedside alone and you murmured in your sleep, 'Dear Jim, come back to your own Dora,' that gave me your first name. I have since found your second. Try and be calm and prepare yourself for a great surprise, and, as I trust, a most joyful one. Two weeks ago there was carried into this hospital a young man, senseless and apparently half dead. He had been struck a frightful blow with some heavy instrument on the back of the head. The man who accompanied him said he had found the unfortunate young fellow lying on the sidewalk; he also said he was sorry for the poor chap, and left one hundred dollars to pay expenses of caring for, or burying him, which latter contingency seemed the more probable of the two. I have a strong suspicion that this good Samaritan is the keeper of a very tough gambling joint, and this apparently kind action on his part may have only been a salve to his conscience, or simply a precautionary measure for having allowed his victim to be robbed and nearly murdered in his house, but I had no proof and could only do the best in my power to save the life of the wounded man, who must have had an iron constitution as well as a very hard head, as he made a wonderfully rapid recovery, and in less than a fortnight was convalescent. He recuperated physically in a marvelous manner, but the blow on his head seemed to have completely deprived him of all memory of his past life. Such cases are not very uncommon, and I hoped in time something would occur that would restore his power of recollection. The right key was found in an unexpected manner. As the young man yesterday morning was sitting in the convalescent ward, gazing out of the window, doubtless endeavoring to recover his lost identity, one of the sisters entered with some refreshment for him, and another of the nuns at that moment put her head in the door, and said: 'Sister Dora, you are wanted when you have got through,' Mr. Smith (for that is the name we had given him) at once started to his feet with a horrified look on his face,

pressed his hands to his head and shouted: 'Dora, Dora, I come, I come,' and before any one could stop him he had rushed out of the house, and though we have made every inquiry we have been hitherto unable to discover his whereabouts, but this morning appears this advertisement in the *Herald*," and the good Mother read the notice, headed "\$20,000 Reward."

"And now, dear," said the Mother, folding up the paper, "have you ever seen this Mr. Smith before, for here is a picture of him which I kodakked and developed myself" (photography was a recreation the excellent Mother had turned to good account in this way on previous occasions), and she handed a photographic picture to poor Dora, who was seated with parted lips and straining eyes, looking as if she had been struck dumb by some unexpected sudden shock. No sooner had Dora set eyes on the picture than she shrieked out:

"It is. It is Jim, my own darling Jim, he is living, thank God, thank God, and to think I could almost have touched him as he passed me yesterday. If I had only seen him in time." And then she sank on her knees in an imploring attitude, and cried: "Mother, dear Mother, take me to him," and finally she hid her face in the kind Mother's lap and burst into a passionate, hysterical fit of weeping. The mother herself could not control her own emotion, and her tears fell in sympathy with those of the weeping girl. At last she said, stroking affectionately the fair head before her: "Now, dear, you must be good and brave, and do exactly what I tell you, and I will have him brought to you. Until he comes you must keep quite quiet and compose yourself. Remember, dear, you are still my servant and must obey me," and the good Mother smiled as she went to a cupboard and took from thence a bottle of French brandy, poured some in a glass, and mixed it with water. "Take a little of this medicine, dear, and then lie down on that couch."

Dora obeyed without a word, and then the Mother went to the telephone and rang up Mr. Slocum, Counsel-at-Law, *Times* Building.

CHAPTER IX.

JIM KISSES THE MOTHER SUPERIOR.

WHILE the Mother Superior of the Mercy House was interviewing her new domestic help, we must betake ourselves to Mr. Slocum's office. He had arrived in the morning in company with James Clark. The former repeated his order to Mr. Jenkins, that he could see no one except on Mr. Clark's business, so the two men were left undisturbed. Jim sat in an armchair smoking desperately; he felt as if he were a sentient microphone, he was so tremendously anxious that he appreciated that the only thing was to follow his friend's advice and sit quietly and smoke Slocum's powerful cigars to try and deaden his nerves. Did you ever, my dear reader, have the fidgets, as they are sometimes called? If so, you know you feel as if you could not keep a particular limb quiet, it seems as if endowed with separate life, a malady called St. Vitus' dance is perhaps only an aggravated, intensified form of the fidgets. Poor Jim felt as if he had them, not only in one particular limb, but all over his body, in every nerve and muscle, but he obeyed orders and sat as mute as marble, and turned himself into an automatic machine for manufacturing tobacco smoke, while the lawyer posted himself at his desk and was soon engaged in opening and reading his letters.

"There," said Slocum at length, "that pile of communications is from well-intentioned speculative persons offering suggestions and formulating some shrewd, but for the most part, ludicrously absurd, schemes for the discovery of your wife. There are only two of any real importance. One of them is from the superintendent of the White Star Line, saying that a lady answering exactly to the description of Dora, as given in the advertisement, was seen on the dock by several of the officials on the arrival of the 'Titanic,' and another was from one of the stewards of the boat, saying that Mrs. Fletcher boarded the 'Titanic' and inquired if her husband was among the passengers, but it seems she left

the dock afterwards and all trace of her was lost, as unfortunately a very dense fog was beginning to settle down. If these advertisements fail I shall have all the pawn shops and second-hand clothes stores in the city searched, the wretches who probably got hold of her will have taken her clothes and jewels and sold them and this may give us the clue we require. There is another theory I have, that she is gone to England."

Slocum had been rather soliloquizing to himself than talking to Jim, who seemed to be staring into vacancy, but at these last words of his lawyer, he started up and cried:

"That's impossible, she never would face her friends because she was not married. Oh, God, what an awful wretch I have been to satisfy an absurd craze. I have sacrificed her happiness and perhaps her life."

"You did a foolish, wrong thing, which you must lose no time in repairing if we find her," replied Slocum.

"Ah, that if, that dreadful 'if,'" said Jim despairingly, throwing himself into his chair again, "I can't stand this suspense much longer, old man. I shall go crazy," and he started smoking again furiously. Just then a clerk came in with a telegram. Slocum tore it open.

"From your father, Jim, from Buffalo."

The wire read as follows:

"Slocum, *Times* Building, New York City. Will be at your office about six this evening. Tremendously important business. Very glad that Jim has turned up. Joshua Clark, Buffalo."

"Great Scot, how your father must have raced across this continent! It is less than two and a half days ago since he left 'Frisco, and now he is on the home stretch. This trip will wipe out all records for trans-continental traveling."

"Daddy likes going fast," said Jim, "but I wonder what this tremendously important business is?"

"I can't say," said the lawyer. "I wired him yesterday to 'Frisco, to say that I had seen you. The telegram was, of course, forwarded to him *en route*."

Then the two men sat quiet, not speaking a word for quite a while. The silence only being broken by the ticking of the office clock, and by the muffled roar of the great city away beneath them, then of a sudden cling, cling went the telephone bell. Slocum applied the ear trumpet to his ear.

"Hello," came a woman's voice, "are you Judge Slocum?"

"Yes," replied that gentleman, "who are you?"

"The Mother Superior of the Mercy House on Second Street, Seventh Avenue. Have seen your advertisement in the *Herald* about Dora Fletcher. Come right away, she is here, bring her husband with you."

"We are starting this very moment," almost shouted the lawyer. For a second he lost his self-possession, and muttering the words, "Thank God she is found," he angrily dashed away a tear from his eye, as if ashamed of displaying weakness, he looked on himself when in his office as a legal machine and inflexible as a man of steel. Then he rang off the telephone and brought his hand down with a smash on the striker of a little table bell, and Mr. Jenkins appeared with the promptitude of a jack in the box. It looked suspiciously like as if he had been listening at the door.

"Ring up a motor cab at once," said Slocum, seizing his overcoat, and going up to Jim, who had dropped off into a fitful doze. (He hadn't slept a wink all night, and had hardly yet recovered his strength.)

"Wake up, old chap, and come with me," said the lawyer, "I think perhaps we may have a clue, but don't be disappointed if we find ourselves on a wrong trail." He dared not give Jim the Mother's 'phone message, as, if there was a mistake, he feared that the disappointment might unhinge his client's overwrought mind. A drowning man will snatch at a passing straw, so Jim sprang to his feet without saying a word, but his brightened eye, and the feverish haste with which he reached for his overcoat and hat, spoke of returning hope.

"Make her hum," shouted Jim to the cabman, as he and his friend seated themselves in the vehicle, and it wasn't long before they stopped at the entrance of the Mercy House.

"Why, heavens, this is the very hospital where I was for two weeks," said Jim. "What do they know of Dora? It is some fake business. I shall never see her again," said he despondently.

"Come along, old chap," said the lawyer, "and brace up. There are excellent people here, I'll bet, and as right as rain."

They were shown into a small waiting-room and in a few minutes (which seemed like the ages of eternity to Jim, at so great a tension were his nerves strung), the Mother Superior entered the room.

"Well, Mr. Smith," said the good Mother, with a smile, "you

left us rather unceremoniously yesterday. There is a lady here who would like to see you, she is one of my domestic helps, so you must not be surprised at the way she is dressed. But she has not done enough scrubbing to harden her pretty hands, for to tell the truth she has not been in my service for more than thirty-six hours. You are Mr. Slocum, sir, I suppose," said she, addressing the lawyer.

"I am that individual," said Slocum.

"Will you follow me, gentlemen?" And she led the way to her private apartments, which were on the ground floor. As they entered the room a tall girl in the garb of a common servant rose from the couch where she had been lying. She gave a wild shriek when she saw her lover, and cried "Jim," while one word only came from his lips, and that was "Dora." And in another moment she had rushed into his arms and had fainted right away. The prudent Mother, thinking that this would be a very natural break for Dora to make under the circumstances, had provided the requisite restoratives, and very soon the two lovers were seated on the couch, Jim's arms around her, while her fair head was resting on his broad breast.

"Let us leave them," said the kind Mother, "it would be sacrilege for us to remain. That pair will never be happier on this side of the grave," and the lawyer sternly nodded as he followed the good Mother with bated breath and quiet step, as if he were leaving a church during divine service, and surely love had at that moment consecrated with its holy presence that plain unpretentious chamber.

After an interval when the first transports of extreme joy had somewhat subsided, and a brief mutual explanation of the reasons of the respective mysterious disappearances of the now reunited lovers had been given to each other, Jim Clark opened the door and requested the Mother Superior and Mr. Slocum to reenter the room.

"How can I ever repay either of you?" said Jim enthusiastically, "for having restored my darling to me," and he actually had the audacity to bestow a kiss on the comely face of the Mother Superior (which she received with good grace), and at the same time grasping the outstretched hand of the lawyer.

"You are a very impudent fellow," replied the Mother, smiling. "You will bear witness, sir," she said, turning to the

lawyer, "that I did not return the salute, the kiss was taken under compulsion, or I should have committed a mortal sin."

"I give you full and free absolution," replied the lawyer, laughing, "and also I have to give you something more substantial," taking out of his pocketbook a check (which he filled in), together with a receipt form. "Kindly sign this; it is a receipt for twenty thousand dollars, the reward offered by Mr. James Clark for the recovery of his wife."

"I am forbidden by my vows to receive money for my own use," replied the Mother. "I can only do so on condition of my applying it to the wants of this hospital. We are always hard up, and this will, indeed, be a splendid windfall, as a contribution to the building fund of a new wing, as we are in need of many fresh beds."

"How much will the wing cost?" said James Clark quickly.

The Mother said: "About \$75,000. With your donation we shall have collected exactly one-half of the sum required. I know not when we shall get the rest, but God will provide."

While she was speaking Jim had taken out his check-book, and filling in a draft, said, "By the way, I owe the hospital a debt for the great services it rendered me. I should, in any case, have sent a donation, though it would have been smaller than this, which is my thank-offering for the restoration of my Dora," and he handed the check to the Mother Superior, who gasped when she read the amount.

"What, \$100,000! It is a fortune. Surely you have made a mistake, sir," she said incredulously. "Can you spare so large a sum?"

"Between ourselves, madam," put in the lawyer, "Mr. Clark is the only son of the great Californian millionaire, Mr. Joshua Clark, whose fortune I know to be fully \$150,000,000, so you can understand that \$100,000 is a mere bagatelle to him. But I know that it is my client's wish that no one here, if possible, besides yourself, madam, should ever know that either he or his wife were ever in this hospital."

"It shall be kept as a most sacred secret which shall die with me," and the Mother raised a crucifix, as she spoke, to her lips, and said: "I swear it in the name of the Blessed Virgin, and of our patroness St. Ursula. Mr. Clark is known and will always be referred to here as Mr. Smith, and this lady as Sister Incognita."

"But, Mr. Clark, I beg in the name of this hospital, to offer you our most profound and heartfelt thanks; at one stroke of the pen you have relieved my mind of a very great anxiety, and have most materially improved the financial condition of this institution. If our prayers will be of any avail, the sisters of the New York Mercy House will never cease from this day to offer up daily intercessions on your behalf and on that of your sweet wife."

"Now, darling," said Jim, who was boiling over with his new found happiness, "I think it is high time to fire yourself from this lady's service. I am sorry, madam," said he, turning to the Mother, "that I shall have to deprive you of the services of your hired girl, but the fact is I want her in my own house, where if she chooses to scrub the floors and sweep the carpets for exercise, of course, she can do so, but she will have plenty of professional helps to do the work for her. She makes an awfully pretty slavey, doesn't she? Though I can see that her uniform was not engineered by Messrs. Worth, of Paris. It is about the meanest rig out I have ever set eyes on. Turn round, darling, and let's look at you. Hully gee, it's about a foot too big in the waist, and great Scott, look at her shoes, they are only fit for a dime museum. They did not cost, I judge, more than ten cents a pair."

"Now, Jim dear, I won't have my clothes run down in this way," said Dora, laughing. "It isn't fair, is it, Mother?"

"I really must apologize," replied the Mother, "but I was on the point of having a much more becoming uniform made. This was lent to Mrs. Clark to go on with. It was the best we could do. You see, your wife is such a fine, tall woman."

"The sister who owns this frock has a bully fine big waist anyhow," replied Jim, "but never mind, we can soon alter this state of things." And the joyful Jim wound his arm round Dora's waist and gave her several hearty kisses, saying as he did so, "I could eat you, darling."

"Oh, really, Jim dear, what will the Mother think of you? and as for Mr. Slocum, I am sure he must be quite shocked."

"Oh, dreadfully so," replied the lawyer. "Please go on shocking me, I like it. The only thing is, it is a very tantalizing performance to witness. But now, madam, and my dear client, it is about time we were getting a move on."

"Of course, it is," replied Jim, adding significantly, "we have some very important business to do."

"What is that?" said Dora.

"I guess we have got to go down-town to do it?" said Jim evasively.

"But we are there already, aren't we?" replied Dora.

"We shall have to go downer still, to the neighborhood of Wall Street," said Jim, laughing.

"Oh, Wall Street is where they buy stocks and shares?" said the sweet girl inquiringly.

"Yes," replied Jim, "and it is where you and I, dear, will procure a big share to-day."

"Of what, dear?" said Dora.

"Of a commodity, whose price is, I guess, never quoted on any market, happiness, and we can get that in Old Trinity Church, through a broker called a preacher."

"That's well put, Jim," said Slocum, "but the first question is, Mother Superior, how are we going to get these two young people out of the hospital without exciting suspicion? I have it. Mr. Clark and I will walk down the street for a couple of blocks, and then you put Mrs. Clark in the motor cab, and tell the driver to stop when he overtakes us. Mr. Clark can then get in. I have had all your clothes and belongings, Mrs. Clark, sent by express from the Netherland Hotel to my house at Yonkers. You two can go straight down there, where you will find everything ready for your reception. Now all you want, Mrs. Clark, is a big, warm garment with a hood to cover up your face and dress."

"I have a sure thing," said the good Mother, going into her bedroom and producing from thence a winter cloak, of a kind used by the sisters for their outdoor work. It was thick, warm, and long, extending nearly to the ground, with a big hood altogether concealing the face. The Mother was a tall woman, so it fitted Dora admirably.

"May I buy this of you, Mother dear?" said Dora, "I should like to keep it so much, in memory of you and of the hospital."

"Please keep it, dear, as a very little present. I shall buy me another out of the \$120,000. I think the hospital can now afford to give me a new outdoor garment."

"My dear Slocum," said Jim, "I am awfully obliged by your

kind forethought about my wife's clothes. She will be differently dressed, Mother, when you see her again."

"I guess so," said the Mother, smiling.

Before leaving Slocum informed the Mother that the Clarks would be staying at the Waldorf-Astoria. It was now time to be off, and Dora kissed the Mother most affectionately.

"Good-by, Sister Incognita, I am sorry to lose you, but I suppose this gentleman would not be content to let me keep you."

Jim laughed, and both he and Slocum shook hands heartily with the kind Mother and left the hospital arm in arm. After walking a short distance the cab containing Dora overtook them. Jim got in, telling the motor cabby to drive to Strawberry Villa, Yonkers, and also advising him to send the machine along at its best pace, and he would give him a fare that startled the cabby with its magnitude.

Slocum had imparted to Jim, as they were walking along, a scheme to regulate his movements. He said he had a particular object in expressing Dora's things to his (Slocum's) home, which was to blind the trail. If they had been sent direct to another hotel it might easily have transpired that Mrs. Fletcher and Mrs. Clark were one and the same, now it would be difficult, at least for a few days, to connect the two, as, during her stay at the Netherland Hotel, Dora had not gone down-town at all, she had given her instructions to the police in her own apartments or by 'phone, her solitary walks had been confined to the Central Park, and she had only appeared in the restaurant on about half a dozen occasions, so, comparatively, few people had ever seen her. To further deceive the public, Slocum had determined to continue the insertion of the twenty thousand dollars' reward notice in the newspapers for a week longer. He had not breathed a word of the case even to his own confidential clerk. Jim Clark, Mrs. Slocum, the Mother Superior, the millionaire, and he himself were the only persons who would know for certain that the beautiful Mrs. Clark was the very individual for whose recovery the reward had been offered.

CHAPTER X.

KEZIAH GETS THE HUMP.

I MUST now transport the reader across the great American continent to the metropolis of the West. There is a subtle charm about the fair city of San Francisco. Its romantic origin, its commanding situation, its wide streets, and lines of stately mansions that have been constructed with infinite labor on such unsubstantial foundations as the shifting surface of steep billowy sandhills. The polyglot character of its population, its Chinese and Italian quarters that seem like huge cantles carved bodily from the cities of Shanghai and Naples, respectively. Its magnificent harbor and its Sutro, the Monaco of the Pacific Coast, and lastly, its wonderful Golden Gate Park, all these in turn excite the wonder and enthrall the interest of the visitor. In the vicinity of the highest position of this noble park, and in full view of the unequaled panorama that encircles it, stands (at the time I am writing of) a massive square white marble mansion, constructed on much the same plan as the famous Palace Hotel, one of the glories of the neighboring city. This mansion, or rather palace (as that term suits its goodly proportions better), is surrounded by noble terraces, and finely laid out gardens, wherein well graveled paths craftily wind in serpentine course, among groups of variegated shrubs, subtropical plants and artistically designed flower-beds. The edifice itself is built about a central glass-roofed court with picture galleries running round it into which open the bedroom suites, the reception rooms on the ground floor, each communicating with the central court, which is at once a summer and a winter garden and is well provided with easy chairs of all descriptions, and is adorned with an ornamental fountain and a large assortment of various kinds of palms and evergreens.

The master of this palatial abode, on the day after Dora's arrival at the Mercy House, is pacing with quick nervous steps

up and down this central court with his hands clasped *à la* Napoleon behind his back, and a big cigar which he is puffing spasmodically between his teeth. He is a man slightly above the middle height, of strong, wiry build, and though well on past the sixties shows no sign of physical decay. He has keen gray eyes and well-cut features, and his whole appearance denotes a man endowed with excellent qualities of heart, mind, and body. He is now evidently greatly disturbed, and is in a state of nervous irritation. This gentleman is no less than the famous Joshua Clark, the aluminum king, the richest man in California, one of the world's great money magnates, the immensity of whose resources bids defiance to the financial storms that shock Wall Street from time to time and sweep away with cyclonic force the comparatively gimcrack fortunes of those who are accounted rich in the ordinary sense of the word.

Before going further I may as well present the reader with a short outline of the romantic life history of this remarkable man. Joshua Clark came of a good old New England stock. His ancestor soon after the termination of the War of Independence deserted the seclusion of his Vermont farm for the bustle of city life in New York. His descendants though possessed of a fair share of shrewdness and industry were not very successful in business and failed to make much headway. The hayseed still seemed to cling to their hair, and transparent simplicity, coupled with punctilious honesty, only appeared to act as a bar to their commercial success. The father of the subject of this sketch died suddenly and left his two children, a boy and a girl, but very moderately provided for. The former accordingly determined to seek his fortune out West. So Joshua Clark, having turned all his share of the modest paternal estate into cash, boarded a train, and in due course found himself settled on a small cattle ranch near the Sacramento River, California. Joshua, at length being tired of a bachelor life, married the daughter of a neighboring farmer, and had by her three children, all of them sons. After a happy married life of twenty years, Mrs. Clark died, and Joshua persuaded his sister Keziah to come out West to take charge of his house. Jim (the hero of this story), the youngest of the three boys, lived at home with his father and worked on the ranch, his quiet life being occasionally diversified by hunting expeditions in the mountains. His two brothers were wild devil-may-care fellows. Josh, the eldest, went to seek his

fortune in Arizona and lost his life in a gambling hell at Santa Fé whilst endeavoring to prevent a friend of his, a tenderfoot, being robbed by a gang of card-sharpers. Huck, the second boy, was a famous hunter, rivaling Jim in this respect, but unfortunately was wiped out in a mix-up with a bear, the daring young chap having had the impudence to attack the royal bruin in his own den. Huck's dead body was discovered lying alongside that of the gigantic grizzly which had also departed this life, riddled by bullets and haggled by knife stabs. They had both died game.

So it came to pass that Jim was left the sole surviving hope of the family. Prosperity came to the old man. The long run of family bad luck at length petered out and the tide turned sharp in the opposite direction. He had the good fortune to strike oil on his property, and spent all his savings in sinking a well which proved to be a gusher. He made money now pretty fast and hoped in no very long time to be worth the stereotyped million. But fortune had greater gifts in store for him. One day when on a visit to 'Frisco, where he now spent a good deal of his time, he strolled into the bar of the Palace Hotel in order to buy a drink. While there he was accosted by a man of foreign appearance who turned out to be a Frenchman. This individual desired Mr. Clark to grant him a private interview. The favor was accorded, and thereupon the Frenchman, whose name was Dupré, informed Mr. Clark that he had, after abstruse chemical and metallurgical experiments extending over a good many years, discovered a formula by which aluminum in combination with other elements could be made as tough and as hard as Harveyized or Krupp steel, and at considerably reduced cost, and also that he had found out a method whereby the white metal could be extracted from certain common earths and clays and put on the market at about the price of pig iron. Mon. Dupré went on to say that he had melted all his small fortune in the crucible of his laboratory, and that his resources were entirely exhausted, but that if Mr. Clark would put up the necessary cash, only amounting to a moderate sum, for taking out the patents and providing for his living expenses, that he (Dupré) would agree to assign to him one-half the profits arising from the invention. At first Joshua Clark was inclined to treat this extraordinary story as the dream of a crazy scientist whom he looked upon as a twentieth century survival of that breed of medieval

alchemists who used to waste their time in vain endeavors to hit upon the philosopher's stone or the elixir vitæ. But in spite of himself he became interested, and finally after further investigation perceived that what the Frenchman had been telling him was strictly true, and ended by entering into a regular partnership with Dupré, whose condition was immediately changed from one of privation and anxiety to that of comfort and ease. Mr. Clark at once threw all his energy and business aptitude into the venture, and patents were speedily taken out fully protecting the grand inventions in all civilized countries, and the whole world was shortly astonished by the brilliancy and far-reaching consequences of a discovery which would revolutionize the entire hardware business. Among other important results would be that this toughened aluminum, by its great lightness and strength combined, would take aerial navigation out of the uncertain region of speculation, enable battleships to carry complete suits of armor which would defy the projectiles of the most powerful guns; and would greatly increase the speed of steamers and railroad trains by reduction of weight of machinery, and in countless ways would be an immense boon to humanity generally, and lastly, of course, the pecuniary results of the invention would enrich the patentees beyond the dreams of avarice. Just when success of the most dazzling character was at last rewarding his long continued efforts Mon. Dupré, who was of a very fragile constitution, contracted a violent bronchial affection that after a brief illness carried him off. It was hard, very hard, to die thus when the goal he had been striving so long and ardently to reach was just attained, but it was not to be: like Moses on Mount Pisgah, within sight of the promised land, the man of science bravely met his fate with the resignation of a true philosopher. He never had been married, and his relations in France had long ago come to regard him as a demented monomaniac, and had completely turned their backs on him. The one living creature in the whole wide world whom he loved and respected was his friend and partner, Joshua Clark, whom he regarded with grateful affection as the benefactor who had rescued him from a pauper's grave; and, accordingly, a few days before his death Dupré made a will by which he bequeathed all his property (including thereby his half share in the patents) to Joshua Clark. The two men had become greatly attached to each other as persons of dissimilar characters and dispositions frequently do,

and no tears were ever more honest and sincere than those that were shed by the surviving partner, as he stood near the open grave of his dead associate.

Soon after this melancholy event, Joshua Clark, with his son and sister (whose name Keziah had a puritan ring in it, and seemed well suited to her prim, conscientious, if slightly acidulous temperament), came to reside in San Francisco about seven years previous to the commencement of my story. He at once set about building a house on a considerable estate he had acquired near Sutro, which house he intended should knock sparks out of any private residence in or about the city.

His fortune rolled up with giant strides. He had acquired a controlling interest in an enormous trust corporation that had been formed in Pittsburg, Pa., for the manufacture of the white metal; besides this his royalties amounted to a colossal annual sum. Jim, the millionaire's only surviving son, showed a considerably greater aptitude for spending than for making money. He hated anything like work; and having more cash placed at his disposal by his indulgent parent than he could possibly need, passed his time either in hunting or in otherwise amusing himself. The San Francisco belles in vain kept throwing their caps at him, he cared very little for society or club life, and though rather a rough diamond in some respects, no one could say but that Jim Clark was every inch of him a man. He was an expert with a rifle or shotgun, but still more so with a pistol; indeed, he had acquired the most wonderful proficiency in handling a 32-caliber Colt revolver, and could even knock down birds on the wing to the astonishment of his male acquaintances, who lost considerable moneys in betting against the chance of Jim's performing seemingly almost impossible feats.

As time went on Joshua Clark naturally wished to see his son married, and have an heir to whom the family wealth should in due course descend, as he could not disguise from himself that Jim, from the manner of the life he led, took great chances of being wiped out prematurely. Besides this the old man had conceived a holy horror lest his only son should contract a hasty alliance with some one or other of the Thespian star ladies, who in turn temporarily monopolized Jim's capricious fancy. It may be mentioned that Mr. Clark had inherited from his New England ancestors a decided prejudice without discrimination against all persons in any way connected with the theatrical profession,

The old man had crossed over to the other side more than once on business bent, and whilst there had seen enough of English ladies to conceive a great liking for them, and he considered that a pretty well-bred British maiden would make the best helpmeet his son could have, and be the means of steadying him down and developing the good qualities that at present were lying mostly dormant in him. With this view the anxious father having endowed his son with a royal fortune, sent him on a European tour, with the twofold object of seeing the world and of selecting a wife, with what results we have already seen.

During one of Joshua's European trips, about four years previous to this, he had become acquainted in London with a certain Captain Dawlish, who was home on a furlough from India. The old man at the time was looking out for a private secretary, and coming to the conclusion that the gallant captain would fill the office admirably, made him such an extremely advantageous offer, that it led to the warrior resigning his commission in the Indian army and attaching himself to the headquarter staff of the Californian multi-millionaire. Neither party had since repented of this step. The old man found it to be a very great pull to have always at his beck and call an honorable, energetic gentleman who was, moreover, a great acquisition to his household from a society point of view. And the ex-captain, whose financial resources had been excessively curtailed, now found himself in possession of an income far beyond what he could ever have hoped for in the ordinary course of events. His duties were pleasant and easy, and consisted chiefly in acting as a sort of major-domo, and superintending the arrangement of the big fêtes and entertainments which his hospitably-inclined boss loved to give. He also always accompanied Mr. Clark on his travels and relieved him of the bother of attending to petty details. He had plenty of opportunities of marrying well, but somehow had hitherto managed to dodge Cupid's arrows. Mr. Clark's maiden sister thought a great deal of her brother's secretary, and as for Jim, that eccentric young man literally swore by the ex-captain, copied his style of dress, and vainly strove to imitate his well-bred insouciance, his gentle courtesy to ladies, and his soft, insinuating way of speaking to them that seemed to come natural to him. But Jim's visits to the paternal roof were so short and irregular that the benefit accruing to him from the refined companionship of the Englishman was not as great or as enduring as it might

otherwise have been. As for Miss Clark, she had shared with equal faithfulness and equanimity her brother's ill and good fortune. But I am pretty sure that she felt easier and happier in that frame house on the Sacramento River than she did in the marble palace at Sutro. In the former she did the chores, fed the chickens, cooked, washed, wore gingham gowns, and used to feel pleased and flattered when Joshua at supper, after a hard day's work, praised her broiled roosters and pumpkin pie. Now she nominally presided, attired in black silk or satin, and starched magnificence, over a great household. Everything was done for her, she really had little or nothing to do, and she sometimes longed to cast propriety to the winds and drop on her hands and knees and scrub the floor of her elegant bedroom. She knew nothing of French cooking or the French language, and if she had, she would not have dared to offer advice to Mon. Joseph or Mon. André, the great French chefs. And as for the English housekeeper, that functionary regarded poor Keziah with respectful pity as a person of lower birth and far inferior breeding to herself. But both the housekeeper and head butler (there were two, and six footmen, all imported Englishmen) had an unbounded respect for and obeyed with alacrity Captain Dawlish, not so much because he was a fellow-countryman of theirs, but from the fact that he was, according to their standard and way of judging, a real gentleman. It would harrow the souls of some *nouveaux riches* if they knew how their small breaks and gaucheries are laughed at and ridiculed down-stairs. Servants are quicker to spy errors in breeding than any other class of persons. They never fail to detect a crow under its gorgeous covering of borrowed peacock's plumes. People who are not to the manner born don't know how to treat servants. They either bully or cringe before them. It is amusing to watch how pitifully afraid some rich snob is of his butler whose former masters have been men of birth and of cultivated tastes. How he almost deferentially asks his advice about the choice of wine or some point of social etiquette. The master and man seem almost to have reversed their relative positions. There is such a thing in the treatment of inferiors in condition of life as uniform courtesy and consideration which compel a cheerful obedience without forfeiting mutual respect.

We will now return to Joshua Clark, whom we left restlessly wearing away the tessellated pavement of his palace with the

suppressed energy of a caged tiger. He was evidently greatly perturbed about something, and that something, as I have conclusively shown, could not in any way be connected with the fluctuations of the money market, nor had it anything to do with his health, his looks and general appearance gave the lie direct to such a supposition. Well, if we eliminate the above two factors from the equation we at once obtain the following result: x equals an anxiety for some person or persons unknown, y equals love. As I possess in my character of a novelist the awful privilege of peering into the minds of my characters, of probing their motives and intentions and of searching for the causes of molecular disturbances in the gray matter of their crania, I can at once announce that both the above values of x and y are correct and that the problem is solved.

The plain truth is that old man Clark was beginning to get nervous about his son from whom he had not heard for quite a while, though he had supreme confidence in Jim's ability to take precious good care of himself. The second cause for trouble was ten times as pressing as the first. The daily bulletins he had been receiving through the telephone from the manager of the Netherland Hotel, New York, respecting Mrs. Fletcher had not of late, on the whole, been at all reassuring. They told the old man that she was restless, horribly depressed at times, and though she had outwardly brightened up a bit the last day or two, her maid (so the manager said) had reported that her manner was becoming very strange and curious at times, she could not sleep, and it was feared she might become mentally deranged. This evil news had thoroughly upset the old man, and he felt that he must go himself and see if he could not cheer her up. There can be no question but that the usually stolid, cool-headed millionaire was deeply and desperately in love.

As he was about to complete the fiftieth lap of his self-imposed walk, the door of the morning room opened and a stately looking lady of it might be sixty-five years of age, of rather stern aspect, though possessed of well-marked features, entered the court. She was dressed in black silk and wore an old-fashioned lace cap on her gray head. She was far from uncomely even now and had an erect commanding carriage.

"Joshua," said she, "throw away that cigar and come and have some lunch. You smoke a great deal too much. I only

read the other day of a prominent business man getting paralysis, and cancer, from over smoking."

"Canker, my dear Keziah, canker in the mouth, tobacco, though a slow poison is an antiseptic and could not set up such a constitutional malady as cancer. Women are so inexact and jump to conclusions, that is why they rarely, if ever, distinguish themselves as scientific investigators. There never has been nor ever will be a Faraday, a Darwin, a Kelvin, or a Dupré of the female gender."

The old man said all this in a good-humored, bantering sort of way.

"You are very fond of running down us women, but I don't know what you men would do without us," replied Keziah, rather snappishly, "and one thing is certain, however smart you men think you are, I guess any good-looking woman with plenty of snap to her can twist the cleverest of human trousered bipeds around her little finger. And, talking on this subject, it is my firm conviction, Joshua, that you are in love, and if you are, watch out. There's no fool like an old fool. You haven't been yourself lately, something is worrying you, what is it?"

"I am anxious about Jim," replied the millionaire (he had begun to suspect that Keziah knew more than he had given her credit for).

"Oh, fiddlesticks," replied the spinster, "the boy can take care of himself all right. You needn't be alarmed about him. Don't try and throw dust in my eyes. There are only two things in this world that rattle a man, those are money and love. As it can't be the former, it must be the latter, isn't that logic?"

"I will trouble you, Keziah, to mind your own business," replied the old man, who felt she was getting him into a corner. (He hadn't mentioned anything about Mrs. Fletcher, either to his sister or to his secretary.) "What I am really anxious to know is when Jim is going to be married to that English girl he got engaged to in Canterbury, England. The last time I heard from him was from Paris, and then he said he was going to meet her and her people in New York, and be spliced at Old Trinity, Broadway, and come right along here. According to what he said he should have turned up with his bride a fortnight ago. I can't quite understand it. I hope Jim is not deceiving me. I am always on tenterhooks lest he should marry some painted variety actress."

"I am afraid Jim is a very wicked young man, more fitted to be a Turk or a Mormon than a Christian gentleman," sighed his aunt. "It is really disgraceful the number of letters he receives, evidently addressed by feminine hands, it is quite shocking. I have seen a pile of these missives by his plate at breakfast. I am afraid when he is married that he will be a very faithless husband, and then we shall be disgraced by some dreadful divorce scandal."

"Well, well, Keziah, I must say you are a prophet of evil. Jim is a great hunter. I admit that when he is not hunting deer he is pursuing the dears."

"What a wretched joke, Joshua, on what a solemn subject, too. I wonder you can so demean yourself. I wish I could get the Rev. Mr. Jagers to speak to Jim. You know he (Jim) never goes to church, and that I am afraid is owing to the example you set him, Joshua. I must speak plainly sometimes. You are a pair of heathen, both of you. You yourself give loads of money to build churches and never enter one of them yourself."

"Preachers are after the dollars all the time," replied the old man. "If old Jagers were to interview me about the state of my soul, I would get him to sit down, give him some whisky and a cigar, have a good talk with him, during which he would tell me a naughty story or two, and I would send him away with a check for a thousand in his pocket, and he would come to you and say what a good Christian your dear brother is, Miss Clark."

"How dare you libel such a holy man?" said the indignant spinster. "I am sure Mr. Jagers does not drink whisky, and as for his telling you a naughty story, why it's a wicked lie."

"Shall I tell you the last he told me after dinner the other day?" said the old man, grinning (he had by this time quite recovered his spirits).

"I won't listen to your ribaldry, Joshua," replied his sister. "I hope God in His mercy will bring you to a consciousness of your state of spiritual darkness," and the good lady flounced out of the court, leaving her chuckling brother in possession of the field.

CHAPTER XI.

A RECORD BREAKING TRIP.

JUST as Keziah had retired in a hump to the dining-room to refresh the inner woman, and to reflect on the iniquity of man in general, another of our *personae dramatis* entered the court in the shape of Mr. Clark's secretary, Captain Dawlish. He certainly was a remarkably fine man, about thirty-two years of age, over six feet three inches in height, and turning the scale at two hundred and twenty-five pounds, he did not carry any beef, and by his light, limber walk and symmetrical build one could see at a glance that he combined great strength with activity, and would be a very formidable antagonist at close quarters; in fact, he never had met a man, amateur or professional, who was fairly his match with the gloves, his awful hitting power combined with that quality that is so rare in big men; I mean quickness coupled with dogged resolution making him a holy terror to the pugilists he almost daily sparred with, for exercise and recreation. He had blue eyes, fair hair, a big military looking mustache (the rest of his face being clean shaved) and a ruddy, healthy complexion that stamps an average Englishman all the world over. In fact, it is generally easy before he opens his head to pick a native of the old country from out of a crowd of passers-by in an American city by his healthy appearance. The reason that the inhabitants, both female and male, of the great Republic, for the most part possess white, thin, bloodless looking countenances, is, I believe, because they play the very devil with their digestions by perpetually drinking vast quantities of ice water, eating unholy masses of pie and candy, and by bolting their food like ostriches. Those birds can afford to tamper with their constitutions, since a diet of broken glass and hobnails does not seem to materially interfere with them, but the stomachs of human beings are not made of boiler plating or scrap iron, and certain consideration must be shown for their digestive arrangements. Another reason,

for this national cause of dyspepsia is want of exercise. An American business man rides to and from his office. If he has to go three or four blocks in the course of the day he must needs take his five cents' worth of physical detriment by jumping on a trolley car, he looks upon stairways as obsolete institutions, and boasts about the perfection that elevators have arrived at in his country. It would be a good thing for the well-being of thousands of busy men if these ingenious contrivances were not quite so perfect. To prove the truth of what I have been saying, I merely have to point to the altered appearance of so many individuals belonging to the more or less leisured classes in the States, since golf, cycling, and tennis have been played with that energetic vigor that characterizes everything that is undertaken by Uncle Sam's children. It does one good in strolling up Fifth Avenue, New York City, to note the number of pretty girls (and how pretty and charming real American girls of the best class are to be sure and how chic, too), and robust young men with rosy cheeks, bright eyes, and merry smiles. The improvement in this respect is quite startling. If any of Captain Dawlish's remote piratical golden-haired ancestors had suddenly been resurrected they would at once have spotted him as a blood relation of their own.

"Well, Dawlish, my boy, what's the news? You are looking as bright as a new dollar."

"I'm in pretty good fettle, thank you, sir. I did a five mile walk in heavy flannels two minutes under the hour before breakfast, and have sparred four three-minute rounds with the Carson Clipper since. A precious smart kid he is, but I could have knocked him out in two rounds if I had chosen, but I mustn't brag. I shall get knocked out myself one of these days."

"I don't know who is to do it, my boy," said the old man, laughing. "By the way, I expect you and I will have to get a move on in the direction of the Empire City; I have some important business that will necessitate my presence there."

"Whenever you are ready to start," replied Dawlish, "I am. One of the advantages of having held a commission in the British army is that it teaches one to economize space in packing and gets one also in the habit of being always prepared to set out at a moment's notice for any part of the world. The only class of men who are as slick in getting off the mark as British army officers are King's Messengers. They are liable to be called up

in the middle of a winter's night in their comfortable London chambers in the Albany or St. James', to take government despatches to St. Petersburg, Berlin, or Constantinople."

"Well, we will go to lunch anyway. I've had a bit of a scrap with Keziah and must make my peace. You haven't heard from Jim, have you?" said the old man as he rose from the rocker he had thrown himself into since the exit of his sister.

"No," replied Dawlish, "I haven't had a line from him since he left Canterbury. I can't make it out. He is pretty good about writing generally. How about cabling or 'phoning to Rothschilds' in Paris. He has an account there, perhaps they can tell us where he is."

"That wouldn't be a bad idea," replied the old man as he and Dawlish entered the dining-room.

"I am glad, Captain," said Miss Clark, "that you have accomplished what was beyond my power, that of persuading my brother to eat some lunch."

Just as they were taking their seats at the table the butler entered the room and said, addressing Mr. Clark: "Miss Satchell, sir, has just informed me that some one wishes to speak with you on the long distance 'phone."

Miss Satchell, by the way, was the young lady Mr. Clark employed to look after the private telegraph and telephone departments in his house, and do the stenographic work of himself and of his secretary. Like every one in his employment, she was absurdly well paid, and besides was a very good looking, accomplished girl. She had her own private sitting-room *en suite* with her bedroom, and was treated with great consideration like one of the family.

No sooner were the words out of the butler's mouth than Mr. Clark started up and hurried off, exclaiming in an agitated manner: "Excuse me, important business."

When her brother had left the room, Miss Clark, having first directed the servants to retire, said:

"I am afraid my brother has something serious weighing on his mind. Have you any idea what the trouble can be, Captain Dawlish?"

"I don't know any more than you do," replied the Captain, "but I have noticed that he has been much worried lately. He has been called up on the 'phone by some one in New York twice and sometimes three times a day for quite a while. The messages

come from the Netherland Hotel, Fifth Avenue, as I had to inquire on several occasions who it was that was ringing Mr. Clark up. From the regularity of these messages, and from the fact that it is very seldom that he is rung up on the long distance 'phone, as all matters of business connected with Pittsburg or Cleveland go first to the office down-town, I conclude that the messages in question all come from the same party."

"That shows you have a deductive mind, Captain," replied the spinster, "and now I recollect it was at the Netherland Hotel where my brother was staying the last time he was in New York."

"I wasn't aware of that," replied Dawlish. "As you know by Mr. Clark's orders, I always stop off at Chicago, when I go east with him, he calls the Windy City his two-third way house, and says I can be of more use to him there than in New York. I don't care much, as I have lots of friends in Chicago. Anyway, that's how it is, and I have my instructions on these occasions to 'phone or wire him to care of his New York lawyer, Mr. Slocum, of *Times* Building, Broadway. That's how I did not know at what hotel he was staying."

"If the 'phone messages came from Wall Street, or even from Mr. Slocum's office," mused Miss Clark, "we might assume that it is a business matter, but coming as they do from a fashionable hotel, there can be only one solution to the mystery."

At that moment Mr. Clark returned, evidently greatly perturbed. "We must be off eastward, Dawlish, as soon as we can," said he.

"When do we start, sir?" replied the Captain. "I am ready when you are."

"That's where the bother comes in. Mr. Norton, the superintendent of the Oakland depôt, has just 'phoned me that a terrible blizzard raged last night all over the Sierras, the snow literally coming down in chunks. These flurries seem of late to extend themselves to lower portions of the mountains than they used to. The tunnels through the solid rock completed three years ago are an immense advantage over the old wooden sheds which used to cost more than a million annually to keep in repair and were liable to cave in during the winter months and burn up in summer, but there are still sections of the tracks that are liable to be blocked more or less by drifting snow. Norton informs me that every available man and snow plow, rotatory and otherwise, are hard at work, and I have instructed him to double

the wages of the men at my expense as well as engage every pair of strong hands he can find for the job, but labor as they may, they cannot get the track clear much before ten o'clock at the earliest. There are, I am told, several freight and passenger trains snowed up on the Sierras. I say to Hell with all snow-storms."

"Joshua," said Miss Clark severely, "you must remember that you occupy the position of a gentleman now, and are no longer a stock farmer. You should control your language at least in the presence of ladies, besides your remark is irrelevant, as well as irreverent. How can it snow in such a place as Hell?"

"I have no doubt the unfortunate people there wish it did sometimes," said the Captain, laughing, "as they are not kept exactly in cold storage if what we are told in the Bible is correct."

"I am afraid, Captain," said the aged spinster reprovingly, "that in order to show a feeling of conciliation and courtesy you are apt to sometimes encourage my brother in his spirit of levity in regard to solemn subjects."

"Oh, dry up, Keziah," said the old man rudely. "I am not in a humor to be sermonized, and you have no business to lecture Dawlish on what he should say or not say."

"I declare, Joshua," said Miss Clark, "you are becoming as cross as a bear. And why can't you tell me what the business is that takes you away so suddenly? Don't you suppose that I can keep a secret, but I fear it is something discreditable, something connected with a woman."

"Oh, I see now," replied the old man, "what ails you. Curiosity. There is some old tale I just remember about the first woman nabbing a sour pippin in a garden out of pure cussedness, or curiosity, or both. It is a womanly failing still I guess, whether the old story is true or not, and it is just as profitable a work trying to fill a sieve with water as to entrust a secret to a woman. No, my dear Keziah, I am not going to tell you the business that takes me to New York. All I can say is that it is one very intimately connected with my happiness."

"You needn't say any more, Joshua, you have revealed to me your secret. It is as I surmised about a woman, probably a designing creature who has an eye for your dollars. Some men, especially old ones, enjoy being fooled all the time. I suppose you will take the bridal car of your train with you and bring

back some impudent little chit of a girl who will order me about and mismanage the house."

"I don't think you do much towards managing the house now, Keziah," replied Joshua, laughing. "You can't do much less without going out of the business altogether. Captain Dawlish and Mrs. Gunter, the housekeeper, do all the chores, and if I bring home a wife I promise you she will be not a little chit, but a tall young giantess. So don't be alarmed on that score, like Jim I get stuck on big women."

"Like father like son. I wonder you two don't go to Turkey and set up a joint stock harem. But your bark is worse than your bite, you are not so bad as you make yourself out to be," said Miss Clark, sarcastically.

At this stage Captain Dawlish, by a timely flank movement, with masterly adroitness, changed the conversation, and amicable relations were once more the order of the day between the brother and sister. He (the Captain) had been witness to so many of these tiffs that he did not think anything of them, both Mr. and Miss Clark were rather cranky in their way—old maids generally are, but not more so than old bachelors and widowers. He knew by experience that the brother and sister were good, worthy folk who really loved and respected each other devotedly, and that these outbursts were merely lettings off of so much superfluous steam. In all these harmless encounters Dawlish occupied the position of a referee, and when he thought that there had been sufficient sparring for one day, he declared the contest at an end by introducing a fresh topic, both belligerents knew what this meant and (metaphorically speaking) shook hands and took off their gloves. By his tact, judgment, and gentlemanly conduct it can readily be conceived that the captain was an invaluable addition to the Clark family circle, and it would be difficult to say which of the twain loved and respected him the most, the millionaire or his spinster sister.

Aluminum House, the name Joshua Clark had given his palatial abode, was the scene of feverish activity during the afternoon and evening of this day, but that division of time followed the example of its predecessors by coming to end in due course. Both the old man and his secretary were busy sending and receiving messages to and from all sorts of places and persons, with a view of clearing the track all the way to New York, in order to allow Mr. Clark and his private train to go straight through

with no interruption. This meant at some points serious interference with the ordinary traffic, even entailing the side tracking of express trains, but Mr. Clark was a very important personage, a friend not so much of publicans and sinners as of presidents and directors of railroads, especially of those of the five roads whose records he was about to try and cut. He held an aggregate of \$50,000,000 of common and preferred stocks of the Southern Pacific, Union Pacific, Rock Island, Lake Shore, and lastly, the New York Central, all of which really forms one road, being controlled, like the majority of the trunk roads in the States, by that invincible combination composed of the Vanderbilts, the Harrimans, the Goulds, and the Morgans. He paid like a prince for the privileges he asked for, and the big bugs of transportation were glad to let him roll over their tracks. By six o'clock all arrangements (which if an immediate start had been possible would have had to have been made *en route*) had been got through, and Mr. Clark was assured that he would not have to complain of the loss of a minute in changing engines, taking up water, or from having to wait to have track obstructions removed. In contemplation of his anticipated enterprise, Mr. Clark had had small stacks of hand-picked anthracite coal despatched to the various points he was in the habit of changing engines at. Finally he received during the day telegrams and 'phone messages from the traffic managers of the five roads wishing him every success. The old man had quite recovered his equanimity by dinner time and apologized to his sister for not thinking it advisable to take her with him on the trip.

"Oh, I will remain at home, in order to welcome you and your bride," said the spinster with a laugh. She decidedly scored there.

Certain of the servants had been told to prepare themselves for the journey, namely, the principal butler, three footmen, Mon. Joseph the head chef, a woman under cook, and two good helps.

It was approaching the witching hour of midnight when a 'phone message arrived from Oakland's depôt, saying that the track was clear and that the private train was ready to start at any time. Two automobiles which were in readiness in the inner court were at once boarded, the first by the millionaire and his secretary, and the other by the servants, and glided out into the night. Just as the house clock that was connected by electricity with the great Lick observatory was striking twelve, Keziah and

her brother parted in the most affectionate manner. Before leaving the latter slipped a check for \$2,000 into her hand to be given to the Rev. Mr. Jaggers for his church fund. When the cleric received it the next day he observed what a devout man your brother is, Miss Clark, and what a zealous churchman, too, which remark made that lady (who had an old maid's predilection for clerics, cats and cosies) harbor a dim suspicion that there might be, after all, a grain of truth in her brother's opinion in regard to the sincerity of the reverend gentleman, as Joshua had only once entered Mr. Jaggers' church, on the occasion of the inauguration ceremony in commemoration of its completion (the edifice had been constructed, by the way, entirely at the millionaire's expense).

The two autos glided at a great pace along the almost perfect roads of Golden Park. It was a glorious night, and the serrated outlines of the mountains across the beautiful land-locked bay looked dim and shadowy. It was fresh without being really cold, and the two gentlemen smoked their cigars in silence, enjoying their midnight ride. The speed of the electrically propelled autos was not materially slackened on entering the precincts of the city proper. Mr. Clark was a privileged person, and the rules regulating street traffic were nothing to him, and a policeman would as soon have thought of running up against the devil himself as of arresting old man Clark for furious moting. So, within a very moderate space of time the steam ferry was reached, and soon afterwards the party entered the Oakland's depôt, where they found the Clark private train of seven cars drawn up at the departure platform.

Somehow it had leaked out that the multi-millionaire was going to attempt to smash the trans-continental record established by himself, so quite a considerable crowd, considering the hour, had assembled to give the ambitious magnate a hearty send-off. The superintendent was at hand and approached the old man, who warmly shook him by the hand, saying as he did so:

"I am, indeed, grateful to you, Norton, for all the trouble you have taken. I don't think anything has been forgotten. We start punctually at 1 A. M., which is exactly 4 A. M. in New York, both standard times.

"I am glad you are pleased, sir," replied the delighted superintendent, nervously washing his hands with atmospheric air. "I have done my best. I have heard from the bosses of all the

mountain sections between here and Reno, and find that the road, after enormous labor, has been quite freed from snow, and there will be no more to-night. I have given you, at the traffic manager's request, the two most powerful locomotives in the yard, with our most skilled and experienced engine men."

"You are a brick, Norton. To show I can appreciate true merit, here are two checks for \$5,000 each, one for yourself and the amount of the other to be divided amongst the employees of this station at your discretion. I shall reward the section bosses and other persons who assist me all the way from here to New York separately," and not waiting to listen to the most respectful thanks of the official, the old man, accompanied by Dawlish, hurried to the head of the train to inspect the engines that were to draw his cars over the first division of the journey.

The huge locomotives looked as smart and trim as two thoroughbred running horses at the starting post about to strain every nerve and sinew in contesting the prize of mastery in some great classic race. The man at each throttle and those two whose duty it was to feed their respective monsters with hand-picked anthracite were fine specimens of their class, and I say deliberately that there are no men who earn their wages and the thanks of the public better than railroad engineers and firemen. It is no child's play to fire the furnace of an express engine and to handle its throttle, in all kinds of weather, exposed to the possibility of every kind of accident. What human quality have not these men constantly to display. Self-possession, courage, intelligence, prudence, strength, audacity, temperance, and resource. How seldom is it (more shame to us) that we adequately realize how much we owe these heroes (for heroes they are, though, perhaps, they themselves are not aware of it).

But old man Clark belonged to the appreciative few, and climbed on to the engine plates of the two locomotives successively, and heartily shook the horny hands of these sons of Vulcan.

"Now, boys," he cried, "you've got to do all you know. I will give you each \$1,000 if you manage to beat the record to Reno. We start at one o'clock sharp, the rails will be slippery on the up-grade. I hope you have got plenty of sand."

"We've lots of both kinds sure, your honor," cried the engineer of the first locomotive, a burly Irishman, at which sally both Mr. Clark and Captain Dawlish laughed heartily. The men

were half paralyzed at the millionaire's generosity and vowed in their vernacular that they would earn the reward or be eternally condemned. And then the old man and his secretary entered the train and sought the seclusion of the smoker.

The train was composed of seven cars. I shall have occasion to describe further on the whole outfit, which in all numbered twelve cars. I shall, therefore, merely remark here that this particular section of it which had been selected to convey the millionaire, his secretary, eight servants, and two conductors to New York City, consisted of a sleeper for the servants, another for the use of Mr. Clark and the Captain, and which latter comprised large bed and bath-rooms, a private sitting-room, etc. The bridal car (of which more later on), a car for cold storage of all kinds of provisions, containing also a cellar of wine and ale, and a safe for carrying valuables, besides a section for baggage. This was followed by most luxurious dining and drawing-room cars in order named, and last of all came an elegantly appointed smoker. All the cars were each seventy feet in length and constructed of hardened aluminum.

On the stroke of one o'clock the signal was given and the train moved out of the depôt into the night amid the plaudits of the assembled spectators. Mr. Clark closed his watch with a snap and threw himself into a sofa armchair with a sigh of relief, as he touched an electric bell.

"At last we are off," cried he, "that's a good job. A Scotch whisky and a split bottle of Schwepp's soda won't hurt either of us, eh, Captain?"

"I guess not, sir," replied Dawlish, lighting a huge black cigar. "Oh, by the way, here is the evening *Examiner*, I haven't looked at it yet. No more have you, we were both too busy. Eh, what's this in big type? 'Mysterious disappearance of Mrs. Fletcher from the Netherland Hotel, New York City. Supposed suicide on account of grief for missing husband who recently vanished.'"

He didn't read any more, as at this point the paper was uncere- moniously torn out of his hand by Mr. Clark, who, with eyes aflame and budding out of his head, scanned the printed columns with horror written on his face and agony in his heart.

"Great God," he exclaimed at length, "I shall be too late, fool that I was, doubly damned fool, for not going before," and he buried his face in his hands and burst into tears.

Of course, Dawlish in a moment grasped the situation, but with the tact of a true gentleman kept perfect silence and respected the grief of his chief whom he had never seen affected like this. Nothing apparently had had the power to penetrate the mask of impassive reserve that generally characterized Mr. Clark's demeanor. However, in a brief time the old man recovered his self-command, and seeing the uselessness of further concealment, made a confidant of his companion, knowing that his secret would be as safe as if he had breathed it in the ear of a marble statue. It appears that the 'phone message Mr. Clark had received that morning was of a vague unsatisfactory character. The hotel manager had evidently been afraid of telling the whole truth, forgetting that his client would speedily be acquainted through the press with the real state of affairs. Dawlish was very sorry for Mr. Clark, knowing what a noble-hearted old fellow he really was, so he tried to cheer him up, and at length changed the conversation by saying:

"We are beginning to travel now, sir, this car swings like a pendulum, we are doing over seventy miles an hour. This little light bit of a train is a mere nothing to those two powerful engines."

"Do you ever say your prayers?" observed the old man with startling suddenness.

"Sometimes," replied the Englishman, laconically.

"Well, don't forget to say them before you turn in," said the millionaire, "and put in one for me, as I have forgotten mine. Those four men on those two engines mean to earn their dollars, you bet, and will let go everything after we pass the Divide, and if they hit a curve too hard, and the flanges go, or the brakes give out, then we shall be in the other world (if there is one) before we know that we are dead."

"Well, we all have to die some day or other, and it doesn't so much matter when, but this whisky is precious good, the right ticket, a sure thing," replied Dawlish carelessly.

"You Englishmen are cool, brave devils," said the old man, "there's no phasing you. I was only chaffing, our engineers know what they are about."

"Still accidents may and do happen," said Dawlish, "when least expected. I wonder where old Jim is, he would like to be with us now."

"Perhaps Slocum knows, he is a deep dog, and the best

judge of wine and cigars on this continent," replied the old man, who was by this time himself again.

However, the four engine men coraled those four thousand dollars with a few minutes to spare, and everything went smoothly, though they did rip and tear down the mountains in a manner calculated to bring the heart into the mouth of a timid individual, but neither the old man nor his secretary could well be included in the category of nervous people, so it didn't matter much.

I won't follow the train in its comet-like career across the country, or try and depict in glowing language the excitement it created *en route*. Suffice to say that the ordinary business in Wall Street was sadly interfered with and that odds were laid at six to five on the record being broken, and whole wads of bills were staked at that figure by both the Bulls and the Bears, and that the daily newspapers issued frequent specials denoting the state of the race against time.

In due course our travelers steamed safely into the Rock Island depôt, Chicago, well ahead of the scythe bearer, and Dawlish, at the old man's request, stopped off at the Windy City, to await the course of events and be ready to join his chief if circumstances demanded his presence in New York, and Mr. Clark continued his now solitary headlong career in the direction of the Empire City.

CHAPTER XII.

THE REPORTER INTERVIEWS THE LAWYER.

WE left the two lovers racing along up Fifth Avenue in an auto cab, while Mr. Slocum was making his way in the opposite direction towards his office feeling very well satisfied with things in general, especially with the arrangements he had made relating to Jim Clark and his ladylove. But his scheme was within an ace of being seriously marred. Even the practised eye of the astute man of law had failed to discover the fact that he and his client had been cleverly shadowed from the instant that they had left his office that morning to go to the Mercy House, and that, moreover, the shadower had followed the happy couple in a conveyance similar to the one that contained them, keeping at a uniform distance of about one hundred yards behind, so as to avoid exciting suspicion.

When Jim and Dora arrived at Strawberry Villa, Yonkers, they found Mrs. Slocum ready to receive them, her husband having 'phoned directly he reached his office that they would shortly put in an appearance. She was wildly rejoiced that the lost lamb had been found, and the two ladies who seemed to take to each other from the word go, shed a few sympathetic tears (as true women ought under such circumstances to do) on each other's left shoulders. Dora was delighted to get once more into her proper clothes and to cast off the livery of servitude; though she determined always to preserve the said livery, together with the long cloak the good Mother had given her, in memory of her fearful and extraordinary adventure. When she entered the drawing-room attired in a lovely and most becoming costume of black velvet and chinchilla, Mrs. Slocum, quite captivated by her extreme beauty and charm of manner, exclaimed:

"You have robbed old England of her fairest daughter, Mr. Clark, but come, you people, to lunch, you must be quite famished.

Mrs. Clark, if it is not an overbold question, what did you have for breakfast this morning at the hospital?"

"Oh, only some bread and butter and an egg, the last named of which was what the shop people call fresh; that is, it was not more than six weeks old. I concluded that I would not assist in setting up in my mind an invincible prejudice against eggs in general by eating it. So I frankly own up to possessing, at the present moment, a very vulgarly large appetite."

While they were busy with their knives and forks, Slocum turned up, having attended to several pressing matters at his office and then had come right away in an auto cab. After lunch the two men had a square talk. It was finally arranged that Jim and Dora should go down-town in an auto cab, and having obtained a new special license in place of the one Jim had had stolen along with his other property in the gambling joint, should then go on to Old Trinity Church, Broadway, and await there Mr. Slocum's arrival. After the marriage ceremony the happy pair were to proceed to the Waldorf-Astoria, at which hotel the lawyer had secured a fine suite of apartments for them. All their clothes and belongings were to be immediately despatched to the Astoria from Strawberry Villa. In due course they were to be joined by Mr. and Mrs. Slocum. Dora wrote a note to old man Clark, addressed to the care of Uriah Slocum, Esq., *Times* Building, Broadway, and determined to send it by a district messenger boy as soon as she and Jim had gone down-town, in order that Mr. Clark should be sure and get it on his arrival. The letter, on the envelope of which were the words, "Immediate, important," read as follows:

"DEAR MR. CLARK:

"You will see by this that I am still in the land of the living. I saw in the newspapers that you were coming to New York. I shall be at home all this evening at the Astoria, where I am staying. Come as soon as you can. I shall be charmed to see you again and will be ready (how I blush to write it) to give you a good kiss for all your kindness to me. I found out the address of your lawyer, and thought he was the proper person to send this letter to, in order that it should get into your hands as speedily as possible. Believe me,

"Ever yours most sincerely,

"DORA FLETCHER.

"P. S.—Please don't on any account mention my name to the hotel clerk, or, in fact, to any one. I shall be registered under the pseudonym of Mrs. Others, of San Francisco. I shall give instructions at the office of the Astoria to have you shown up to my private parlor directly you put in an appearance."

This precious epistle was dated, but it had no heading, so the old man would have no clue where it came from. Dora wrote this letter for two reasons; the first of which was to relieve the old man's mind of its anxiety about her, and secondly, in order that there should be a fine surprise party at the Astoria, as one can well imagine. She had not said a word, not even to Jim, or to either of the Slocums, about her previous acquaintance with Mr. Joshua Clark. Directly Dora heard that Mr. Clark was coming to New York she guessed that it must be on her account. She had been fully aware of the deep interest she had excited in him, as she used when at the Netherland to receive a letter from him every day, and she had found out accidentally that constant telephonic messages were passing between him and the manager of the hotel. So she concluded that the former must have been dreadfully shocked at her sudden disappearance and would most naturally hasten to the scene of action to do all that lay in his power to assist in finding her whereabouts. Just when the plan of operations had been satisfactorily settled, a servant brought in a card, saying that a gentleman desired to see Mr. Slocum privately for a few minutes on a subject of importance. Jim retired to join Dora in the drawing-room (they were to start very shortly) and found Mrs. Slocum purring around his darling, admiring her costume and pouring forth a flood of feminine tittle tattle about dress and fashion. Meanwhile the visitor was shown into Mr. Slocum's private study, which commanded a plain view of the drive up to the house, and the porch of the front door itself.

"I see that you are a reporter of the *New York Journal*, Mr. Simpson," said Slocum, holding the card in his right hand and looking at it and then at his visitor alternately. "What can I do for you?"

"Well, sir," replied the reporter, "it is in your power to do me a great favor which may be the making of me. I want to ask you if you have found Dora Fletcher, who was staying recently at the Netherland Hotel, and whose disappearance has

caused such a sensation, even exceeding that displayed over the spiriting away of her husband nearly three weeks ago. It seems that he has come to life again, for I saw him and you arm in arm on Second Street this morning, and shortly afterwards an auto cab drove up and he got in. From where I was I could see that there was a female in the cab, enveloped in a sister of mercy's cloak. I could not see her face, but I had previously observed her leaving the Mercy House on Second Street and getting into the cab. Now, sir, is this lady still here in this house and is she Mr. Fletcher's wife? I don't want to be impertinent or intrusive, but I know on more than one occasion that you have been very kind and generous to members of my profession, and in order to gain a living for my family and myself I have to take such chances as these. Live and let live is a favorite motto of mine, and I know is also yours, too. If you will oblige me in this respect, I will place my services at your disposal gratis whenever you may happen to require them. Of course, I may say that I recognized Mr. Fletcher from his picture in *Harper's Weekly*, the *Sunday World*, and the *Journal*. I suppose his wife gave copies of his photograph to the police and to the press with the idea of assisting to discover his whereabouts. I wonder where Fletcher did get to, very much; perhaps you couldn't tell me that, too?" and Simpson looked at the great lawyer with a sheepish air of a boy at school asking a mate who has just received a goodly hamper of eatables from home for a piece of plum cake, when he barely expects to get more than an apple, if that. For one brief moment Slocum was nonplussed, and rapidly revolved in his mind whether or no he should tell the man the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. He did not wish to be rude to this inquisitive person. It was one of his rules in life to keep on good terms with members of the press, as they wield a power before which the pride of monarchs, and even of attorneys, has to bend. At the same time he knew he had to be very careful. A half truth, or a semi-admission, is far more deceiving than a clumsy lie or a bare denial. Having, therefore, rapidly reviewed the various pros and cons, the astute lawyer decided on the answer he must give the reporter, and accordingly made the following reply:

"I must allow you full credit, Mr. Simpson, for having done a really smart piece of detective work. I have been often shadowed before, but until this morning I never failed to detect the

shadower. I have always been on the friendliest terms with gentlemen of your calling"—he could not find it in his heart to dignify newspaper reporting by referring to it as a profession. Lawyers are extremely tenacious of their privileges and very conservative. In England a solicitor is "a gentleman" by act of Parliament, and this sometimes is his only claim to the title. Also in the old country where the roots of tradition and custom are deeply fixed the liberal professions have always been held to consist of the old-fashioned quintette, the Church, the Navy, the Army, the Law and Medicine. I have not ascertained if this sentiment obtains to any extent in the United States." Be this as it may, and the matter is one of infinitesimal importance, Slocum thought that the word "calling" filled the bill, and that is sufficient. He continued by saying: "But I am afraid, sir, your time and trouble have been thrown away. The girl you saw in the cab with the gentleman is not his wife, I can tell you that straight." (As Jim and Dora were not actually married, this was strictly true.) "The name of the gentleman in question is Clark, not Fletcher, though I admit that the mistake you made is a pardonable one. But such resemblances are not at all uncommon. I used myself to be mistaken on the street, for not one, but two other men, and could have passed myself off as either with the greatest ease and certainty. Well, to resume, Mr. Clark is my client and happened to be at my office this morning consulting me about a case of his, when I was called up on the 'phone by the Mother of the Mercy House on Second Street, saying she had got the woman I wanted. The fact is, my wife, out of a spirit of philanthropy, has had several hired girls (repentant Magdalens) from this hospital recently. They haven't, as a rule, I confess, turned out well, but one must humor the idiosyncrasies of a wife whom you adore. You agree with me, Mr. Simpson, I am sure."

"Certainly, sir," replied the reporter, "my wife has a craze for parrots, and they haven't turned out well at all, as they have generally been nautical birds."

"What genus does a nautical parrot belong to?" replied the lawyer.

"I mean one," replied Mr. Simpson, laughing, "that has been much in the society of sailor men, consequently their language is anything but that of a Quaker, being interlarded with oaths and startling blasphemies, and so they have had, one by one, to be

fired in disgrace. The parrot we possess now is a fairly respectable bird."

"I understand," said the lawyer, "and it is almost as hard to reform a girl who has led a fast life as it is to change the vernacular of a swearing parrot. Anyhow, these social experiments of my wife do not hurt me and keep her busy, so I continue to humor her proclivity. This morning the good Mother said through the 'phone that she was sure this particular girl would suit, and so I came along and took my client with me, as he had a desire to see the inside of the hospital. Well, the girl seemed all right as far as I could judge, and having a lot of work to do at my office, my client very kindly agreed to accompany her to my house, but Mrs. Slocum has since informed me that it really would be impossible for her to hire this woman for certain reasons, and so she (the woman) is going away to-day. I assure you, Mr. Simpson, that this is the unvarnished truth."

The reporter looked puzzled, but replied, "I am quite satisfied, sir, your word is good enough for me." Though he knew Mr. Slocum would scorn to tell a deliberate lie, he felt that the astute lawyer was overreaching him somehow. Just at that moment, Jim appeared on the porch, his auto cab coming up to receive him and Dora. The porch was visible, as I have said, from Mr. Slocum's study, but the reporter did not catch a glimpse of Dora, for at that instant before she came out, the lawyer rose quickly to his feet and pulled down the blind, remarking, "What a glare the sun makes on the snow."

The reporter could see that there was something in the air, and determined to follow Jim's cab, so he arose in a hurry, saying: "I must be off, I am sorry I was mistaken, and must apologize to you, Mr. Slocum, for breaking in upon you in this uncere- monious way."

"My dear friend," replied the lawyer, "I don't want you to go yet. I wish to enjoy the pleasure of your society for a whole half-hour."

"But I can't stay, my time is valuable," cried the reporter excitedly.

"What do you call valuable?" said the lawyer.

"Oh, it might be worth \$250 an hour," replied the reporter, knowing full well that he had never earned a quarter of that amount in the time.

"Then I will pay you \$500 for the half-hour," said the lawyer, writing out a check and tossing it to Mr. Simpson.

But the reporter was so keen on trying to be the first to solve the problem of the \$20,000 reward, that he thought more of fame than cash, and said: "Thank you, sir, it is a splendid temptation, but I cannot accept it," and he had arisen in order to leave, when Slocum as quick as a flash rushed to the door and locked it, and pulled out his gun, and pointed it straight at the reporter's head, saying: "Sit down, or you are a dead man. I am going to keep you here a prisoner for half an hour as I said I would. I shall talk to you about a whole pile of things, and give you a lot of valuable information."

Beads of sweat appeared on the forehead of the unfortunate reporter as he retook his seat. He was now quite convinced that the lawyer was a dangerous lunatic, and that he would have to humor him. Slocum put the key of the door into his pocket, and then, all the while keeping his eye on his prisoner, opened a cabinet and brought out a bottle of old brandy, one of splendid King William Scotch whisky, v. o. b., and another of Canadian Club, and placed them with a siphon of seltzer and two glasses before Mr. Simpson. Then he produced a box of Havana cigars of one of the finest brands, took his own seat opposite the reporter with a table between them, with his (Slocum's) back towards the door, placed his pistol by his side on the table, and invited Mr. Simpson to help himself to the particular liquor that suited him best, and to light a cigar.

"I pride myself on keeping the best wine, spirits, and cigars of any private man in the city of New York," said Slocum oracularly. "I have been several times to Cuba, and know all the leading plantations there. I have been over some of the best cellars of wine in France, and have visited the principal chateaux in the Medoc, namely, Lafite, Leoville, Marguax, etc., and have stayed for several weeks at a time at Rheims, the capital of the champagne district, and could earn a good income by purchasing wine on commission for rich Americans, who, as a rule, are lamentably deficient in the science of gastronomy. I don't want to boast, but I believe I can order a dinner against any amateur in America." This was no news to Simpson, as Mr. Slocum was as famous as a gourmet as he was a lawyer. From wine and food he went into law and told several excellent anecdotes of the courts, and gave the reporter such important information con-

cerning a celebrated libel, as well as a divorce case, that were both pending at that moment, that Mr. Simpson forgot all about his quest of Dora, took out his notebook and soon had filled quite a number of pages with shorthand paragraphs.

"Don't spare the brandy," said Slocum, helping himself (he had a head of iron), "it is fifty years old. I believe I am the only person in New York who has got any, and have been offered twenty dollars a bottle for it. I will send you half a dozen, also the same number of boxes of those cigars, if you will give me your address."

The reporter began to see that if this brilliant man was crazy there was considerable method in his insanity. The half-hour flew by very quickly, when Mr. Slocum looked at his watch, and said: "You can go now, Mr. Simpson, I hope you have not spent an altogether unprofitable time. Here are bills amounting to another five hundred dollars, so you will have made a cool thousand in hard cash, in addition to half a dozen boxes of the finest cigars in the world and six bottles of the best brandy, besides enjoying my edifying conversation; probably I shall read in the *Journal* a long account of this interview. I don't care a cent so long as you make no mention of Dora. Just take my candid advice and drop it. It is no use, you will not find out anything; anyhow leave Dora severely alone, and I will be your friend and help to make your fortune, but if you monkey with the forbidden subject I will ruin you lock, stock and barrel, as sure as my name is Uriah Slocum. I will drive you to despair and suicide as calmly as I would have shot you an hour ago. If I had done the latter, there would not have been anything happen to me, as my word would have been taken that you had come to blackmail me, and I tell you straight, though I like you and am glad that I had not got to kill you, yet if I had done so I should have eaten my dinner to-day with just as keen a relish and drank my wine with as great a gusto, as if the *Journal* had not lost its ablest reporter. So now we understand each other, and I am sure you will not give me occasion for using my power. Fill your pockets with those cigars, and have another glass of that brandy, it won't hurt you a wee bit. Thank you, I see your private address is on your card. The brandy and cigars shall be sent to you by express this very evening." And Mr. Slocum unlocked the door and accompanied the dazed reporter to his cab.

Mr. Simpson drove away with the firm conviction that the

attorney was perfectly sane, and was one of the most remarkable men in the world, and he (Mr. Simpson) determined to follow his advice. He was quite stunned with what he knew to be the most extraordinary interview he had ever had, or ever would be likely to have, even if he lived to the reputed age of Methuselah. He met some pals down-town and celebrated on some of the \$1,000, and arrived at his home in Brooklyn in a state of maudlin intoxication, which surprised his wife not a little, as her husband was a particularly sober individual as a rule. Next morning the brandy and cigars arrived. Mr. Slocum's word was as good as his bond.

CHAPTER XIII.

MARRIAGE.

"WHAT a long time, dear, you were with that man. I saw him get in his cab, he seemed quite intoxicated, I am afraid you have been making him full," said Mrs. Slocum to her beloved spouse, as she entered his study, after that gentleman had seen Mr. Simpson off the premises and had returned to his den.

"I was on the point of making him full of lead, instead of brandy," replied the lawyer, "but I thought it a pity to spoil this nice new imported Brussels carpet we bought at Wanamaker's, with anything so vulgar as a reporter's brains. The idiot! Fancy his coming right into the lion's den, to interview me about Jim and Dora, when he had the game in his hands. If he had waited till they came out, and followed them to Trinity Church, and then to the Astoria, and quietly asked the hotel clerk, he would have discovered their real names. He knew Jim before as Mr. Fletcher, and he could easily have waited for an opportunity of kodakking Mrs. Clark, and taking the photo to the Netherland Hotel, and so have identified her as the Dora Fletcher of the advertisement. What a lucky thing that he made the only mistake it was possible for him to make. I was pretty smart in pulling down the blind, and so prevented his seeing Dora as she came out on the porch."

Mrs. Slocum knew what a bold resolute man her husband was, and admired and literally adored him. She knew also that though he was a kind, noble fellow, woe betide the man who crossed his path, or intentionally ran up against him. So she replied:

"I am very glad you hadn't to kill the man, but I shouldn't have blamed you, darling, if you had done so, you would have been defending that sweet lovely girl. What a dream she is, and how happy they are. It does one good to see them."

"I must race down-town now," replied her husband. "They

will be waiting for me at the church, as I have to give Dora away, and to witness the signatures in the register. They are going to stay at the Waldorf-Astoria, where that wonderful old crank Josh Clark will be arriving this evening. Just express to the address on this card half a dozen of my best brandy, and also six boxes of the Rothschild cigars. This is part of the reporter's bribe. Also send off Dora's things to the Astoria, and the rest of Jim Clark's traps, and come yourself in time for dinner at 8 P. M. By the way, Jim insists on giving me \$50,000 for my services. I will give you \$10,000 of it, Bella; it is a bit of a windfall."

"How good of you, darling," said his wife. "Won't I get some lovely frocks and things." These two were as devoted to each other as Dora and Jim were. It takes a real man to thoroughly ensnare a woman's affections.

Our happy couple, after a delightful drive down-town, made their first stop at Tiffany's, where Jim alighted to buy a wedding ring. He took half a dozen, so as to be able to fit Dora's finger, and then they proceeded to the office, where Jim had obtained the special license. He left Dora in the cab and went in by himself, and saw the same clerk who had made out the former one. Jim said: "Oh, I bought a special license in this office nearly three weeks ago, but the marriage was unavoidably postponed; in the meanwhile I lost the document, it must have fallen from my pocket. I didn't trouble about it because I thought it was highly probable that I should never require it, as an unforeseen difficulty in the way of my being married arose directly afterwards. However, this obstacle has been happily removed, and we are going to be united to-day. I shall require you to make out another license to the same parties," and he handed to the clerk a piece of paper, on which were written the names of himself and Dora, namely, James Clark, of San Francisco, Cal., and Dora Leighton, of Canterbury, England.

"This is curious," said the clerk. "A few days ago a man came into this office with your lost license. He said he had picked it up on the street." The clerk then described the appearance of the man, and Jim recognized from the description one of the gang of gamblers with whom he was playing at the tough joint where he nearly lost his life. Gamblers are notoriously superstitious, and the man who had been through Jim's clothes found the document in the breast pocket of his overcoat. The

gambler did not destroy it, he thought it would be unlucky to do so, as it was a church affair. He first tried using it as a mascot, instead of a rabbit's foot he usually carried, but it seemed only to bring him atrociously bad luck, so one day he took it into his head to leave it at the office where it had been originally obtained. Jim's surprise and delight at recovering the document was so great that he laid down fifty dollars on the desk.

"What's that for?" said the astonished clerk, "you have paid for it once."

"That's a little present for yourself for luck's sake," replied Jim, and not waiting to receive the clerk's thanks, he left the office and rejoined Dora. She was equally pleased with him at the recovery of the instrument, as it might have given rise to all sorts of unpleasantness if it had got into the wrong hands.

They soon arrived at Old Trinity, and waited in the vestry for the appearance of Slocum and the rector. Over her face Dora wore a thick white veil dotted with black spots, her head was adorned by a big black velvet picture hat, turned up on one side and trimmed with chinchilla and white ostrich feathers, and it suited her to a marvel.

"The rector will never be able to recognize me, a spotted veil is as good as a mask for concealing one's identity," said Dora to Jim.

"Now, darling, don't untie it, the rector might come in."

She raised it, however, sufficiently to expose her ruby pouting lips, which were speedily united to those of Jim's, as he sat with his arms round her and with one eye on the door.

"Well, I don't know that if it would be very tough if we were caught kissing," said Jim. "Just think what we have been through, darling, and all by my fault, too. Oh, I can never forgive myself, pet, for having caused you such terrible trouble; the only reparation I can make to you is by a lifelong devotion."

"You punished yourself as much as you did me," replied Dora, "but don't you think, dear, this awful trial will be for our ultimate good? I think we shall love and appreciate each other all the more. There is a sweet little ballad called 'Cleansing Fires' (I will sing it to you one day), that I think will explain what I mean. By the way, Jim, will you let me have a master to cultivate my poor little voice?"

"You shall have the greatest master this earth produces, even if he charges a thousand dollars an hour," exclaimed Jim pas-

sionately, once more raising Dora's veil. "Though I am awfully glad we are going to be married after all in Old Trinity, I shall be tarnationally pleased when we skate out of this edifice."

"Why, dear?" said Dora.

"Because you can then take off this blessed veil, and I can kiss your eyes, cheeks, and nose, as well as your sweet little mouth."

"I am quite shocked at you, Jim," said Dora, laughing, "remember we are in a church. Anyway, you will have to put up with my lips for a time."

They did not speak for quite a while, as the said lips were busy with other work than talking. After that Jim amused himself by experimenting with the wedding rings he got at Tiffany's, and at last discovered one that fitted Dora's finger exactly. Then she said:

"I believe this is the very couch they laid me on when they brought me in here. Sister Agnes told me all about it. I have just a dim remembrance of this room with the form of the good rector standing there, and the dear sister bending over me, but here is Mr. Slocum," as that gentleman entered the vestry. The happy couple were greatly amused at the lawyer's recital of his treatment of the reporter.

"I have squared him, and besides, he dare not inquire into the matter," said Slocum, decisively.

"That puts me under one more obligation, Judge," said Jim. "You are as smart as a whip and no mistake."

"I have a good scheme," said Dora. "After the ceremony, when we are by ourselves, I will take off my veil, and let the rector recognize me. We can trust him, can't we, Mr. Slocum?"

"Oh, yes, he is as right as rain," replied the lawyer, "it will be highly dramatic."

The arrival of the rector put a stop to the conversation and the party then entered the church. The rector read the beautiful marriage service of the Episcopal Church of the United States, and the happy couple knelt on the steps leading to the Communion table and Jim vowed that he would love and cherish Dora Leighton, and endow her with all his worldly goods, and she, on her part, vowed that she would love and obey James Clark, for richer or poorer, in health or sickness, till death did them part, and Jim placed the ring on the third finger of Dora's left hand, and Slocum gave away the bride without doing the same for himself. The rector pronounced his blessing and the organ pealed forth

Mendelssohn's glorious wedding march, and then the little party, including the verger, adjourned to the vestry for the newly-married couple to sign their names in the parish register. When that was done, Slocum and the verger attached their signatures as witnesses. When the last named had withdrawn, the rector said:

"Before we part I cannot help mentioning a scene that occurred in this very room only four days ago, which will ever be engraved on my memory. I had remained here till quite late, as I had certain parish work to do, as well as to make several searches in this register. Having completed my labors I prepared to quit. I went outside and locked the church door behind me, but in descending the steps of the church I stumbled and nearly fell over the huddled up body of a woman half buried in the snow. I raised her up and found life was not extinct, but she would soon have been killed by the cold. You all know what a terrible blizzard was raging that night. I called to my assistance a passing policeman, who volunteered to carry the senseless girl in here. While I was unlocking the church door, at that moment a sister of mercy belonging to the Mercy House on Second Street happened to come up. She at once offered her assistance. We brought the inanimate girl in here and laid her on that very couch whereon you, Mrs. Clark, are now sitting. The exertions of the good sister, assisted materially by the contents of a certain black bottle in that cupboard, rescued the poor creature from that fatal drowsy stupor, the sure precursor of death. She was evidently of gentle birth, and the most beautiful girl I ever saw in my life, with glorious masses of golden hair, just like yours, Mrs. Clark. Indeed, you strangely remind me of her. It is a curious coincidence that two ladies so similar in appearance, and so different in position and attire, should have been in my church under such strangely different circumstances within so short a period. It was only this very afternoon that I was inquiring about her at the Mercy House. The Mother Superior said that Sister Incognita (for that is the name she had given the poor thing) had left the hospital this very morning. It was this that made me late in my appointment with you, Mr. and Mrs. Clark."

While the rector was speaking Jim had seated himself at the table and was writing, and Dora was engaged in trying to unfasten her veil that was tied in a knot behind the coils of her luxuriant hair.

"Jim, come and help me," said she.

"Let me do the job," said the gallant lawyer. "Mrs. Slocum keeps my hands in at this sort of work."

As he spoke the lawyer skilfully unraveled the tangle after two or three false starts, and was not obliged to imitate with his pen-knife Alexander the Great, who cut the Gordian knot with his sword, as old Plutarch relates. When Dora's lovely face was at length fully revealed, she said:

"Rector, do you recognize me now?"

"Good God," exclaimed the worthy man, actually staggering back with surprise, "Sister Incognita."

"And Dora Fletcher," added Jim, rising up.

"The good Mother of the Mercy House," chimed in Slocum, "well and truly earned the \$20,000 reward which I paid her this morning on behalf of my client, Mr. James Clark."

"Alias Fletcher, alias Smith," put in Jim, laughing. "I have as many aliases as a bank robber. But, my dear rector, I owe you a debt I can never repay, you saved my darling wife's life. I may as well tell you that we were previously married in Europe under the assumed name of Fletcher, which circumstance rendered necessary the ceremony you have performed to-day," added Jim. He said this in order to clear his wife's reputation in the good rector's eyes. (It was a safe and very pardonable white lie.)

"But I do not also forget the policeman and the owner of the black bottle, so here is a check for \$100,000. Please give the policeman \$25,000, and tell him it is a thank-offering for Dora's sake. Is the verger married?"

"No," replied the rector mechanically, he was still standing half stupefied with amazement.

"Well," continued Jim, "I want him pensioned off with the interest of another \$25,000, which money at his death will revert to the church. I give you the balance, \$50,000, to do as you like with. Perhaps you might form a fund for the relief of destitute wanderers in this great city. Both my father and I will soon make it grow to pretty big figures. All I ask, rector, is that what has been revealed to you respecting this lady to-day you will always preserve as a sacred secret."

The rector raised a Testament to his lips, and said solemnly: "I swear it ever shall be in the name of the Holy Trinity. And now I cannot sufficiently thank you, Mr. Clark, for your munificence. Your wishes shall be carried out to the very letter. The money shall be applied as you wish, and the fund, called the

'Dora,' for the relief of the destitute, shall be instituted forthwith. I will also follow out your instructions in respect to the policeman and the verger. The former, poor fellow, will go wild with joy, as his one hope has been to save sufficient money to return to 'Ould Oireland,' and buy a little farm in his native county of Tipperary. This money will make him rich, and he will be enabled to live like a 'gintleman,' as he would say. As for the verger, he is getting old, and, I am grieved to say, somewhat intemperate. He has been a long time here, but I was seriously thinking of pensioning him off myself. With your leave, Mr. Clark, I will suggest a rider to your scheme, that the \$25,000 to provide the pension be invested along with the other money in the names of the trustees of the church, and the interest of the former sum paid to the verger during his life, and after his death that it be paid into our poor box (the calls upon us in winter far exceed the limited means at our disposal) until the time comes to pension another verger."

"All right, sir, I am ready to agree to anything you may suggest," said Jim, "but it was lucky for my darling that your verger was a bit of a boozier, otherwise there would have been no black bottle in the cupboard and she may have died from sheer exhaustion."

"There has been a lot of talk about this black bottle," said Slocum, "let us have a look at it, you ought to annex it, Jim, and have a case made for it of virgin Californian gold, and hand it down to your children as an heirloom."

"Wouldn't that be encouraging intemperance, Mr. Slocum?" said Dora, laughing.

"Well, we will begin by encouraging it now," replied the lawyer, as the rector opened the cupboard and took from thence the black bottle.

"Give it to me, rector; why, it is half full now, prime good Scotch, too. But I shrewdly suspect that this is not the identical flask, or the verger is a more sober person than you suppose. Have you a glass and some water? We will drink to the health and prosperity of the happy pair, of the rector of Trinity, the Mother Superior, Pat the policeman, and the drunken verger, who I hope will live many years to consume many another bottle of good King William, and also not forgetting our noble selves, and more especially Dora," said the lawyer, bowing low to Mrs. Clark.

"There has been many a vestry meeting held in this room," said the rector, after the toast had been duly honored, "since

Old Trinity was first built, but never a more remarkable one than that which we are just adjourning *sine die*."

"Well, good-by, rector, my blessing on you," said Jim, as both he and Dora, as well as Slocum, shook hands with the cleric, who hardly seemed to have recovered from the shock of recognizing in this lovely, richly dressed lady, the poor unfortunate he had helped to rescue from a miserable death.

"Come and give us a look up at the Waldorf-Astoria," said Jim. "We shall be staying there with my dad, the aluminum king. Dora will most certainly expect you, and you will always be a too welcome visitor."

"And don't forget the black bottle," said Slocum, as a parting shot, "when the verger has finished its contents."

When the trio found themselves on the street, Slocum said: "Now, my two young honeymooners, I must go to my office for a while, as I have some important business to attend to. There's a whole mass of arrears in consequence of my having had the task of getting you young people to toe the mark in this church. I dare say you can amuse yourselves for a bit. I will turn up at the Astoria in time to meet your father, Jim. So long," said the lawyer, taking off his hat and making a profound bow to Dora, as he boarded his cab *en route* for his office.

"There goes one of the cleverest, kindest, gamest chaps on this round world," exclaimed Jim.

"I echo that sentiment," replied Dora, "and isn't his wife nice and charming, too? Now where are we going, Jim?"

"Well, we will take a jeweler's and a fur store on our way to the Astoria," replied her husband, as they seated themselves in their auto cab, Jim shouting to the driver as they did so: "Tiffany's."

"I feel," said Dora, "as if I had been dead and have just begun a new life with you, love. I am afraid we shall be tempting Providence by having more than our fair share of happiness. Is there such a thing as being too happy, Jim dear?"

"I don't know," replied her husband, "but I feel like a steam boiler without a safety valve, and a pressure of two hundred pounds to the square inch, ready to blow up sky high. You are the darlingest, brightest pebble that ever was on any beach, my own Dora."

Jim was well known at Tiffany's, where he had been a princely customer in times gone by, when he loved to deck out his tem-

porary favorites in costly dresses and jewels. These ephemeral liaisons had left no permanent impressions on his heart, and it is safe to say that though others had figured as his sultanas and competed for his favors amongst a crowd of lesser stars, never before had he experienced the exquisite pleasure of a perfect, undivided, enduring love, as pure as drops of dew on a rose leaf, and as true and constant as the needle to the pole. Other women had only attracted his senses, Dora enchained his mind and soul as well. One of the partners at Tiffany's waited personally on Jim and his fair bride, and like the scribe in the New Testament, brought out from his treasury things new and old. Having selected a splendid diamond tiara and a necklace, fit for an empress, many bracelets, bangles, rings, suns and smaller trifles, Dora asked to be shown the finest diamond bracelet they had in the store, also two costly jeweled gold crosses to wear around the neck, and finally a splendid gold chronograph watch for a gentleman. While Jim was drawing a check for a very large amount in payment of his purchases, Mr. Tiffany confided to him that he considered Dora was the most beautiful lady who had ever entered his store.

"That is a pretty tall order, Mr. Tiffany, but you are not far from the truth, anyway my wife is the loveliest, sweetest woman I have ever seen, and that is enough for me."

Before they left Mr. Tiffany presented to Dora an exquisite little jeweled gold repeater watch, as a wedding present from the firm, to Dora's great delight.

They next adjourned to a celebrated store on Broadway, and with Dora's approval, Jim purchased some valuable furs. Among them was a very costly Alaska seal coat, and a cape, muff, and neck fur of Russian sable. The shop assistant who was serving them said they were by far the finest skins of their kind they had ever been able to obtain and that they had not their equal in America. When Jim and Dora had arrived at the Astoria they went at once to their private apartments.

"Wasn't it lucky," said Jim, "getting those furs, exact duplicates of the ones you were robbed of? It is true they cost double what the others did at Poland's at Oxford Street, London, but that doesn't cut any ice."

"They are the same," replied Dora quietly.

"Great Scot, how do you know, pet?"

She opened the parcel and showed her wondering husband some tiny little initials she had worked on the silk in the lining, so small

that they could easily have been passed unnoticed. The thieves must have sold the furs to some second-hand clothes dealer, who, knowing their value, disposed of them to the great Broadway people. Dora had only worn the furs a very few times, so they were practically new. Though Jim was angry at first, at this sharp practice on the part of the furriers, his wrath soon subsided when he saw how pleased his Dora was to recover her stolen property.

"I mustn't wear them here in New York," said she, "or I will have some people kidnapping me, and taking me to Mr. Slocum's office in order to claim the reward."

"I shan't leave you out of my sight," said Jim.

"It is I who should not let you stray away, Jim; remember it was you who disappeared first."

"That's right," replied her husband, "and I repeat here the solemn vow I made on the 'Gigantic,' that I will never gamble again, except when you give me permission, but we will play a quiet game of poker or picquet sometimes by ourselves, my pet, with kisses for stakes."

"I am afraid that there would not be much play, darling," replied Dora, "we should be settling our scores all the time. But now I will order up some tea, and you shall smoke a cigar, and I will indulge in a cigarette, and then we will start right away dressing for dinner. Our luggage is arrived and my maid is waiting for me to select the gown I shall wear. I must get myself up smart and wear the diamonds you bought for me to-day. I think your suggestion is good that we shall all dine together in private. Mr. and Mrs. Slocum and your noble father will be here directly, so we haven't much time to spare."

"The old man will be surprised at finding what a glorious wife I have got."

"I think he will, darling," demurely replied Dora, "and a little more than you suppose, dear," was her mental comment, as she sweetly returned her husband's ardent caress.

CHAPTER XIV.

MYSTIFICATION.

THE newly wedded couple had not entered their private suite of apartments at the Astoria much more than an hour, when there bustled into the office of that great hotel no less a person than the aluminum king. He appeared to be in a prodigious flurry as he rather nervously asked in a somewhat hesitating voice (as if he were enunciating something that he was ashamed of) if there were any letters or messages for him.

"Yes, sir," replied the clerk with a half smile, "a lady, a certain Mrs. A. N. Others, who is staying here desired me to let her know the very minute you arrived. I will inform her and then communicate her wishes to you."

Accordingly the official, to whom the multi-millionaire was a very familiar and highly respected figure, moved away to the 'phone, and shortly returned and said:

"The lady is at present dressing for dinner, sir, but desires me to ask you with her compliments to kindly come up to her private parlor and wait for her there. She also says that she has some friends coming to dine with her this evening and requests the pleasure of your company. The number of her parlor is 267."

"Please tell her, with my compliments," replied the old man (evidently as pleased as Punch), "that I have the very greatest pleasure in accepting her kind invitation," and he opened the hotel book to register. In looking over the names of the guests he soon perceived that of Mrs. A. N. Others, of San Francisco, Cal., among the list of arrivals for that day, but he did not see the signatures of our happy couple for the very good reason they did not happen to be inscribed in that wonderful collection of autographs, since Jim and Dora, acting under Slocum's advice, had refrained from registering, in order that during their short stay in New York their privacy should not be invaded more than was absolutely necessary. Just as Mr. Clark had closed the

huge volume and was preparing to follow a bellboy to the elevator, the manager of the hotel came up, accompanied by a whole crowd of prominent citizens in the shape of great Wall Street operators, and other stars in the commercial firmament, and amid great handshaking he was fairly overwhelmed with congratulations, for already the intelligence of the race had circulated everywhere, and outside on Broadway newsboys were making night hideous with their discordant cries, and selling their special editions by the hundred, with big letter heavily leaded headlines, "End of Great Train Race," "Arrival of Joshua Clark. All records for transcontinental traveling beaten." So it was no wonder that the old man soon became the center of an admiring crowd in the office of the Astoria, and so carried away was he by the consciousness of his triumph and the personal vanity (his weak point) which it engendered, that his ardent desire to see his beloved Mrs. Fletcher was put in the shade and postponed to the (for the moment) stronger one of bragging about his exploit.

"It seems to me," said the manager, "that you have made a pretty slick run across, sir?"

"You bet I have," replied the old man. "We raced every inch of the way, this trip will cost me about \$100,000, but I have set up a record that will be hard to beat, though the snow bothered us occasionally and in some places the rails were a bit slippery."

"What was the time, Mr. Clark?" said a well-known Jewish financier.

"Two days, fourteen hours, twenty-three minutes, thirty-seven and three-fifths seconds by my English gold chronometer stop watch made by Dent for which I paid \$750, the most perfect bit of mechanism in this all-fired country. I have got the business of railroad traveling with my aluminum train down to a fine point, I can tell you all, and nothing in God's creation will be able to whip me except it be airships, and it will be some time before they become practical propositions."

"But how about trains driven by compressed air on single rail tracks. They say they can reach a speed of one hundred and fifty miles an hour," said a big railway bug.

"Well, sir," replied our undaunted millionaire, "I take no stock in short distance spells. I will have my own special single track train when necessary and keep ahead of all competitors. I've got the cash and the grit, gentlemen, and that combination takes a whole lot of beating."

"Hurrah for the old man! You are the right sort, a real bully boy, we will run you for President," cried a great down-town broker, slapping him on the back. "My crowd won over a million on the race. Come down to the Stock Exchange to-morrow and we will give you the biggest reception ever known."

"Thank you, boss, I guess I will show up if I can," said the old man. "You should just have seen the crowd in the depôt as my train came in. I had the president and traffic manager of the New York Central with me, and Gee Whiz! we slid along like greased lightning from Albany, where they boarded the train. I had to make a short speech, and am not a Henry Clay or Daniel Webster at the jawing game either, but it didn't matter as I couldn't hear myself speak for the cheering, and you would have thought the roof of the Central was lifting off with the ear-splitting yells when the four engine men of the two great locomotives that had drawn us from Albany came up, and I presented them with a thousand dollars each, that they had fairly earned by beating the record for their section by three minutes and forty-three seconds. But by the Hokey, here's the man I was looking for," cried the old man, as Slocum made his way to where he was standing.

"Well, Judge, and how are you, my boy? You are looking as spruce as a new pin; all got up to the nines, too. Going to dine with the boss of Tammany, I suppose?"

The lawyer joined heartily in the general laugh that this observation caused amongst the group of interested bystanders. "I can return the compliment, sir," said he, "train racing doesn't seem to hurt your health, though I confess it would try the nerves of some, but I am going to make a call up-stairs on some friends I guess you will be glad to see also."

"By Gosh, that reminds me," said Mr. Clark, "that I have a very pressing engagement of the same nature, too, so we had better go up together. Gentlemen, I must thank you for all your good wishes and for the pretty speeches you have made, and, Mr. Manager, it is my desire that no one in this hotel pays a cent for champagne this evening. I will stand the whole crowd even if it cleans your cellars out."

This was doing things on a truly magnificent scale and the manager bowed low, and the lavish eccentric offer caused a volley of cheers and laughter as the Western Cræsus and his legal adviser made their way to the elevator.

As they stepped in, the old man said: "I forgot to ask you where my son is, your wire did not inform me."

"Oh, he will show up soon doubtless," replied the lawyer evasively. He had been asked by Dora not to say anything about the position of affairs, in order to give the old man a startler. It so happened that Mr. Clark had not seen the \$20,000 advertisement in the New York papers, he was on the train at the time and so was in ignorance that Slocum had had anything to do with the finding of Dora, and as I have said, Dora hadn't said a word to Slocum about her previous acquaintance at the Netherland Hotel with the old man.

"I guess, Judge," said the millionaire, "that our friends are located near each other," as he and Slocum both stepped out of the elevator on the same floor.

"It seems like it, sir," replied Slocum, who was most considerably mystified when they stopped at No. 267, by his companion exclaiming:

"Why, by Gosh, Judge, this is the very suite I was bound for myself, unless that damned clerk has been jollyng me."

"There is something here I cannot understand," said Slocum, as they entered a very handsome private drawing-room, which was untenanted, since both Jim and Dora were at the moment engaged in dressing for dinner.

"What is the name of the parties you were going to see?"

"Mrs. A. N. Others, of San Francisco," replied the old man. A gleam of amused intelligence irradiated the intellectual countenance of the lawyer as he replied:

"It is a singular name, I must confess, Mr. Clark, very unusual, very," repeated he in a musing manner as if he thought a deal more than he cared to express.

At that moment a door opened and Dora appeared in the fullest of full evening war paint. She wore a beautiful princess dress of gray panne velvet, trimmed with silver fox, and on her head and neck glittered the magnificent diamond tiara and necklace Jim had just paid a fortune for at Tiffany's.

"Mrs. Fletcher, I mean Mrs. Others!" exclaimed the old man, rapturously, as he rose from his seat and advancing to meet her with both hands outstretched. "Oh, how glad I am to see you, how perfectly divine you look," and disregarding the presence of the astonished lawyer, he dropped his right knee on the carpet and seized her hand and pressed it fervently to his lips.

At that moment Jim entered the room. The old man on seeing his son regained his feet, and, after shaking hands with him, exclaimed: "Why, Jim, I am right glad to see you, my boy, but excuse me, how is this that I find you in Mrs. Others' suite, and coming too from her bedroom; you certainly appear to know my son, Mrs. Others, very intimately. How is this, Slocum, for you seem to know Mrs. Others, too?"

"What on earth do you mean, Daddy? You are crazy," said Jim. "This lady is my wife, so I have surely a right in her apartments."

"Your wife," replied the old man. "Then, madam, how is it you told me your name was Fletcher when I met you at the Netherland Hotel?"

"Have you met Mrs. Clark before, sir?" said the lawyer, who was as much puzzled as any of the trio.

"How long, Dora, have you known my father?" said Jim, impetuously.

All this time Dora was laughing till she was quite exhausted, while the three puzzled men stood staring at her in bewilderment waiting for an explanation. At length she said:

"You may think yourself a lucky man, Jim, that you have got me at all, for I might, if I had chosen, have had a good chance of becoming your stepmother. Daddy Clark was very, very kind to a poor broken-hearted girl, and asked me to be his wife when you got lost."

"So, Jim, you were the Mr. Fletcher about whom all this fuss was made, and this lady's husband. Then why were you masquerading under a false name, wasn't my name good enough for you? And you, madam, why did you also think it necessary to sail under false colors, and register in this hotel as Mrs. A. N. Others?"

"I only did it to surprise you, dear Daddy," said Dora, who was looking as beautiful as a peach, going up to the old man and putting her arms around his neck and giving him a hearty kiss on each cheek. "I promised in my letter to give you a good kiss, and see I have given you two, and I wasn't sailing under false colors either, for I am '*another's*,' and that '*other*' is your son, my darling Jim," leaving the old man as she spoke and throwing herself into her husband's arms.

Mr. Slocum, who had recovered from his astonishment, thought that now was a suitable time to put in a word, and so remarked:

"This is a bigger surprise party, Mr. Clark, than I reckoned on. Let me partly unravel the knots of the situation. You see your son, who was traveling under an assumed name with the notion of picking up a wife who should love him for himself and not for his dollars, fell in love with this lady here, proposed and was accepted. Then, instead of throwing off all disguises, he hung on to his incognito and continued to represent himself as a poor man, and would not disclose anything about himself or family. Canon Leighton, of Canterbury, England, Mrs. Clark's uncle, very reasonably required a clear explanation who he was, and what his means were. Jim, from (to me) some unaccountable reason, evaded these right and just demands, and things went on in this unsatisfactory condition, till Jim persuaded Miss Leighton to run away with him, and they were married in Paris under the assumed name of Leighton, and came on here with the intention of being remarried at Old Trinity Church, Broadway, as Jim seems to have entertained a superstitious notion that it was the proper thing to be united in matrimony in a church where his ancestors used to worship. The day before the ceremony was to have taken place, Jim, after celebrating with some friends, got mixed up with a low class of gamblers in a tough joint, and was clubbed and nearly killed. He was taken to and left at a hospital, where he remained till yesterday, having entirely lost his memory as the effect of the blow on the head he had received. Mrs. Fletcher (now that lady there, Mrs. James Clark) became nearly crazy with grief through brooding over her husband's disappearance, and while searching for him in a low down-town district, was lured into a bad house, drugged, and stripped, but succeeded in making her escape and was found dressed in rags and in an almost dying condition on the streets during the night of the blizzard, and by an extraordinary coincidence was taken to the same hospital where her husband was. Jim two days after, his memory having returned to him, overcome with remorse and grief, hastily quitted the hospital and came right along to my office. I learnt from him and the people connected with the Netherland Hotel the description of the appearance of his wife when last seen, and at once inserted an advertisement in the newspapers. I ascertained this morning from the Mother of the Mercy House that the lost lady was with her. The sequel soon followed, a happy reunion and a resolemnization of the nuptials at Old Trinity, and there stands the bride and bridegroom, tableau, curtain."

As Mr. Slocum ceased speaking, the scene that presented itself in this drawing-room had certainly a very stagey effect, and might have formed the closing episode in a thrilling sensational drama. There stood the lawyer, having finished his rapid resumé, with outstretched arm, the dexter finger of his right hand pointing to Jim and Dora, the former facing his paternal relative with a look of calm resolute joy on his face, his left arm tightly encircling the waist of his beautiful wife, who was cuddled up against her darling Jim, her head resting against his shoulder and her lovely eyes beaming with happiness as she looked up into the face of her dear lord and master with a whole-souled expression of timid trustfulness, that seemed to say, "My own, my all in all, till death and after," while in the center of the group, supporting himself with one hand on the back of a chair and with the other pressed against his forehead with an almost comic look of amazement, disappointment, and gladness stamped on the features of his ingenuous countenance, stood old man Clark, who was the first to break the silence that reigned for a few seconds in the room after the conclusion of the lawyer's extemporized oration, by exclaiming:

"Great Cæsar's ghost, but you are a bigger crank than I am, Jim. You don't deserve to have won such a prize, and you very nearly came losing it, too. By Gosh, sir, if you hadn't have turned up I would have married sweet Dora myself. You would have had me, you witch, wouldn't you?" said he, addressing the now smiling Dora. "But since I can't wed you I must be content to have coralled the loveliest daughter-in-law that a man ever possessed. Haven't you another kiss for the old man, sweet Dora?"

"As many as you like, my dear, kind Daddy," cried the said daughter-in-law, as she disengaged herself from her fond husband's embrace, and with a graceful bird-like movement swooping down on the old man, flinging her arms around his neck and deluging him with kisses that were so warmly returned that Jim, in a fit of pretended jealousy, exclaimed: "Hold hard, Daddy, that's enough, you are poaching on my preserves. Dora's mine, not yours."

"You greedy young dog," said the old man, "can't you spare me a few crumbs from your big cake?"

"It's funny, Mr. Slocum," said Dora, laughing, "to think of a son being jealous of his own father."

"It would be queer, wouldn't it, Judge," said Jim Clark, "for

a man to have to put his own father on the stand in a divorce suit?"

"It would be a leading case, truly," replied the lawyer.

"What an idea," said Dora, bursting with laughter, "I must look out or there will be serious trouble ahead between these two."

Just when perfect harmony had been achieved a knock came at the door, and Mrs. Slocum entered, and Dora ran to meet her new friend, whom she kissed most affectionately on both cheeks, and having helped her to remove the long emerald green velvet cloak, trimmed with blue fox and gold passementerie which concealed her extremely chic low-cut evening princess gown of turquoise blue satin brocade with sapphire blue velvet sleeves. Dora led her up to her father-in-law, and said: "I don't think you have ever met Mrs. Slocum before, my dear Daddy. Allow me to introduce her to you."

"I am most charmed to make your acquaintance, madam," said the millionaire. "Your husband is a great man, I may say, a very great man."

"You flatter me, Mr. Clark," said the lawyer. "But what success I have achieved in life I owe to my dear Bella."

"And all the happiness I ever expect to have I shall owe to my Dora," said Jim.

"Well, if you are not happy, Jim," said old man Clark, "all I can say is you ought to be with such a wife. Isn't Dora a peach, Mrs. Slocum?"

"She is quite too sweet for anything," replied the lawyer's wife.

"You are quite right, Jim," said Dora, laughing, "about what you said of your father's habit of throwing bouquets. I must give you a reward, dear papa, for such a sweet compliment," and she kissed the old man affectionately.

"If you go spooning pa much more, Dora," said Jim, "he will be buying up all Tiffany's store, and you will be so loaded down with jewelry that you won't be able to walk."

Just then a bellboy entered with two cards on a salver, saying a lady and a gentleman were in the office waiting to see Mr. and Mrs. James Clark. Dora looked at the cards and showed them to Jim.

"Do let us see them, dear," said she.

"Why certainly," replied her husband, "they are the whitest people anywhere, and we shall all be friends here."

"Please show them up," said Dora to the boy. And soon the Mother Superior, followed by the rector of Trinity, entered the room. Both were evidently surprised at the number of those present, but Dora soon set their minds at rest by saying: "My dear Mother and my dear Rector, I am so glad to see you. Allow me to introduce both of you to my father-in-law, Mr. Joshua Clark, who has come all the way from 'Frisco, like greased lightning, to search for me, and he has actually discovered me at the Astoria. Isn't it clever of him? He is quite a detective. But let me also introduce you to Mrs. Slocum, whom I hope to count as my greatest lady friend. If it hadn't been for her husband, I should be now scrubbing the floors of the Mercy House, and I am afraid, dear Mother, that I should have got a tired feeling."

"Dora and I, Daddy, owe our lives to these two most worthy people, the Mother Superior and the rector of Trinity," said Jim.

Old man Clark shook hands most heartily with the pair, saying: "Mr. Preacher and Mrs. Superior, you have put me under pretty considerable obligations. I guess those two" (pointing to Jim and Dora) "are about all the world to me."

"You should say Rector, and not Mr. Preacher," said Dora, laughing, "and this lady is Mother, not Mrs. Superior, there is no Mr. Superior."

"The good Mother anyway has no superior," said Slocum.

"Great men sometimes indulge in small jokes," said the lawyer's wife.

"I came to see Lady Cognita, I leave out the 'In,' since I shall have to know you henceforth as Mrs. Smith or Mrs. James Clark. Which is it to be?" said the Mother, smiling, "and to congratulate you on your marriage."

"Hullo, Jim!" said old man Clark, "what, another alias? Fletcher was bad enough, but how about Smith?"

"This was a necessary alias, I guess, which is more than can be said of the other, and it was an involuntary one, too," said Jim, "since when I was in the hospital, under this good lady's care, I was in the unfortunate position of a man who had forgotten his own name and identity. They had to call me something, Mr. Nobody would have sounded so queer, though for a long time I was reduced to mental equality with a mud turtle."

"Well, my dear," said the Mother, addressing Dora, "you look

a perfect queen. But, though you are wearing velvet instead of gingham, you will always be the dear Sister Incognita to me. But I have something to tell you, something which is more than a mere coincidence. The hand of a just Providence is apparent. Just after you left us this morning a woman was brought in dying. She had been run over on the street by a big wagon, and was dreadfully crushed. There was absolutely no hope. She said she was French and a Catholic. She gave her name as Rachel Lemaire, and said she had kept a bad house near the docks."

"Why," hurriedly uttered Dora, "that was the name of the woman, the proprietress of the so-called hotel, where I was taken to and robbed."

The Mother continued: "The poor wretch said she wished to confess to me and not to a priest. She said she had been suffering the tortures of the damned from the terrors of an awakened conscience ever since she, and another woman, a Mrs. Brown, had lured a lady into her house and pillaged her. She described the clothes you wore that day, and she and her companion in guilt had steeped themselves ever since in drink, purchased with their ill-got gains. It seems that this Mrs. Brown fell into the river, near the White Star dock, in a drunken fit only yesterday, and met with the same death she had intended to have consigned you to. Rachel Lemaire had been drinking heavily when she was run over to-day. I comforted her by saying that you were alive and well. The poor wretch kept on murmuring in French, 'Thank God, I die happy. Thank God, I die happy,' and I believe she did truly repent at the eleventh hour of her wicked life. She expired on the very bed, Mrs. Clark, on which we laid you when you were brought in."

"How horrible," said Dora. "But I believe that wicked woman, Mrs. Brown, was the means of saving my life. If it had not been for her I should, I am sure, have drowned myself. I was crazy at the time."

"'The judgment of God, vengeance is mine and I will repay,' saith the Lord," spoke the rector solemnly, who had been a silent listener to the Mother's recital.

"I came here to thank you, sir, again," said he, addressing Jim, "for your splendid contribution to my church, and to congratulate your wife once more on her marriage."

"It seems to me, Mr. Preacher and Mrs. Superior, that both of you have saved the life of this lady here, though I am in the

dark as to how it was done. Now, Jim, my boy, don't try and put up any of your bluffs on me, I raise you."

"Then I throw up my hand and quit the game," said Jim, laughing, "you hold a royal flush, I suppose, anyway if it were only a single pair it would be all the same, weight of metal must win. I don't pretend to be able to compete with you when it comes to a question of hard cash."

"Oh, I shall only put up my share of the boodle," said the aluminum king. "I don't want to make your efforts look small, so I'll just give the preacher and Mrs. Superior \$250,000 each more than you have done, my son, whatever that may be."

"Then you will have to write two checks for \$350,000 each."

The old man promptly obeyed his son, and handed to the astonished and grateful recipients, respectively, the two drafts.

"I, indeed, entertained an angel unawares," said the Mother Superior, "for the future you, Mrs. Clark, will share with St. Ursula the honor of being considered the patroness of our Mercy House. I shall name, with your permission, the new ward the 'Dora.'"

"Please, dear Mother, call it the 'Incognita,'" replied Mrs. Clark.

"Very well, as you will."

"By the way, rector, have you brought with you the black bottle?" said Slocum.

"I have," replied the rector, producing from a grip he held in his hand an ordinary receptacle for that fluid, that had proved the earthly perdition of the verger and Dora's salvation. Jim almost reverently took it and stowed it away in his dressing-room. "And now since present-giving seems in fashion," said Dora, "allow me to present to you, dear Mother, and to Sister Agnes, these two gold crosses as little keepsakes. I know you are not allowed by the rules of your order to receive gifts, but surely these cannot be regarded exactly in the ordinary light," and she handed to the Mother the two cases containing the magnificent crosses obtained at Tiffany's literally blazing with precious stones.

"A thousand thanks for the beautiful and pious thought, my dear Sister Incognita," said the Mother, "I will crave our Bishop's leave for a special dispensation to allow us to retain these most splendid crosses in memory of the giver; if he re-

fuses, with your permission, they shall adorn the statues in the hospital of the Blessed Virgin, and of the Holy St. Ursula."

It is presumed that the dispensation was obtained, as the rather slim collection of jewelry the Blessed Virgin and the holy saint possessed, were not further enriched by the addition of these two emblems of the Christian faith. It may be here said that Dora privately presented Mrs. Slocum with the diamond bracelet she had purchased at Tiffany's and sent the rector the gold English chronograph watch for himself, with an inscription inside, "From Dora. Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, my little ones, ye have done it unto me."

When the Mother and the rector had taken their departure, Dora said: "Now, my dear papa, after we have paid 'Frisco a visit, I want you to promise to accompany Jim and me on a trip to England. We would have no end of a good time."

"You bet we would," said Jim. "And, Dora, you could introduce Daddy to your aunt, he would be awfully mashed."

"And, Bella, you must persuade your husband to take you across and join us on the other side," said Dora.

"I couldn't possibly refuse a request from two such suppliants," gallantly said the lawyer.

"And I think also that Cinderella should show up at Canterbury," said Mrs. Clark.

"Wherever you go, my sweet Dora, you bet I'll be there," said the old man; "the only way to get rid of me, dear, in the future will be to kill me."

"I will smother you with kisses, papa," said Dora. "You will like my aunt, but you will feel inclined to kill her green parrot, it screams like a steam whistle, and it bit my finger, so I shouldn't be broken-hearted if it were wiped out."

"It bit your sweet little finger," said Jim, "then that bird is doomed."

"Well, all you people, dinner will be ready in about five minutes, and I don't know what you are, but I am perishing with hunger. This is the greatest day in the lives of some of us," said the old man. "I feel a pretty proud man, I can tell you, Slocum. I have won the trans-continental record, and find the loveliest girl in New York is my daughter-in-law."

"And I have found my darling Dora," said Jim, enthusiastically.

"All's well that ends well," replied the lawyer. "I don't

think any one will collect that \$20,000 reward again, though the notice will appear in the papers for the next week."

"Perhaps, Jim, you wouldn't give another \$20,000 to get me back, if I were lost again," said Dora, archly.

"Well, I am witness at any rate that your husband would give eight million dollars to recover his lost wife," said Slocum.

"And I would have given fifty million," said old man Clark.

"I am trying to figure out the sensation of having a father-in-law who could not only say, but really be able to give fifty million dollars for one's self. It sounds like one of the tales in the Arabian Nights," said Mrs. Slocum, reflectively.

"If you were my slave, darling," said Jim Clark, encircling Dora's waist with his right arm, and holding her hand with his disengaged one, "all the dollars in the world wouldn't buy you, but as it is I am your slave for life."

"No, I am yours, darling," replied Dora.

"I guess that, however you two may arrange this matter of detail, you, Jim Clark, have got pretty good value for that \$20,000 reward," said the attorney.

CHAPTER XV.

WESTWARD BOUND.

By the lawyer's advice, during the following days (Friday and Saturday) the happy couple kept pretty much to their private apartments in the Astoria, in order to avoid the chance of detection, as if it became known that Mr. and Mrs. James Clark were the Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher, whose mysterious disappearances were causing such widespread consternation, it is evident that they would be bothered out of their lives by newspaper reporters and other inquisitive folk, for, indeed, a regular panic prevailed among the wealthy classes, not only in New York, but in all other great centers of population in Europe, as well as in America. It was surmised that an era of kidnapping might have commenced, organized by a daring syndicate of unscrupulous miscreants whose object, of course, was blackmail on an heroic scale; consequently the lady members of rich families seldom went about unescorted and society men armed themselves and thronged the shooting galleries for pistol practice.

When it was quite dark Jim and Dora took long automobile rides through the city, the latter being plainly dressed and thickly veiled.

The old man kept his appointment at the Stock Exchange on Friday, his appearance creating quite a furore, all business being entirely suspended for nearly half an hour. Both the Bulls and the Bears ceased for awhile to exercise their leathern lungs by shouting, "Buy! Buy! Sell! Sell!" and gave those great speculating media "Atchison" and United States Wheat trust a brief holiday, and "puts" and "calls" became temporarily matters of indifference since the presence of the aluminum king *put* everything else in the shade, and the only calls of importance were those made by the vociferous brokers as they called on Mr. Clark for a speech from the visitors' gallery. These calls were not made

in vain, and the old man who, though no stump orator, could speak to the point, in the course of his remarks, referring to his railroad race, pointed out the advantage that would accrue to railroad corporations in the way of saving weight, thereby economizing fuel and increasing their dividends if they used aluminum exclusively for the construction of their rolling stock. This shrewd move on the old man's part resulted on resumption of business in a bullish movement setting in which produced a rise of $6\frac{1}{2}$ points in National toughened aluminum common stock and an almost equal fall in steel trust shares. The old man that very morning before entering the exchange had visited his broker's office and had bought two millions of aluminum, which he promptly sold at the advanced price and thereby left Wall Street a richer man by more than \$100,000 than when he entered it.

"That's paid the expenses of my trip, my dear," he gleefully remarked to Dora on his return to the Astoria, though it cannot be said he was anything in pocket, as he presented her with a glorious necklace and tiara of diamonds and sapphires that cost \$250,000 as a wedding present.

Mr. Clark was very fond of making these small coups on the Stock Exchange which hurt no one in particular. With his colossal wealth he could, if he had chosen, have convulsed the market and almost have created a panic and ruined scores say by suddenly selling huge blocks of his aluminum stock or otherwise monkeying with the market, but such conduct he considered as dishonest as picking a man's pocket or robbing a bank.

It was arranged that the Clarks should leave New York on Sunday evening. Of course, it may be asked why they didn't skip before. The answer is that all three, in fact, all five, as the Slocums were to be included in the church party, wished to go on Sunday morning to Old Trinity, Broadway, and attend what to the Clarks at least would truly be a thanksgiving service. The old man hadn't entered the church since he was a boy, but he had a great reverence for the edifice, and a tear glistened in his eye as he sat next to Dora and listened to a moving and eloquent address by the rector on the parable of the lost sheep, in appealing to his congregation for their assistance towards the newly created fund for the relief of the poor, destitute wanderers of New York City. The old man always carried a fountain pen and his check-book with him, and his contribution that day far exceeded that of the rest of the congregation put together. He felt

he never could do enough towards furthering the benevolent aims of the good rector. After the service the old man desired to see the vestry, which henceforth was to him and his son the most sacred spot on earth. The whole party then, reinforced by the rector, at Mrs. Slocum's suggestion, adjourned to Martin's. This famous restaurant has maintained since its removal to the old quarters of Delmonico's on Broadway and Fifth Avenue, in the first year of the present century, the great reputation it so worthily achieved in its former premises on Ninth Street. At Martin's are revived in the leading city of the world (for by this time New York had quite taken the shine out of London in point of population and of commercial importance) the extinct glories of the "Trois Frères" and of the "Café Anglais" where the leading gourmets of a bygone generation used in gay Paree to cultivate the abstruse science of gastronomy. Here a delicious déjeuner ordered by the Judge and paid for by the multi-millionaire, was partaken of, washed down by libations of chateau Uquem of a rare vintage. Mr. and Mrs. Slocum were regular habitués of the place, and the former was regarded by all the staff from the director downwards as a *ne plus ultra* authority on questions of food and wine, and his smallest wishes were attended to with a zeal and a despatch that the most portentously rich millionaire (whose solitary criterion of the quality of a dinner might be perhaps its cost) would fail to command.

Ten P. M. was the time fixed for a start, and that hour saw the Clarks quietly boarding the private train at the Central dépôt. Mr. and Mrs. Slocum and the rector were on hand to give the travelers a send-off. All the luggage had been previously sent down to the station. In bidding her new friends farewell, Dora said: "I hope, Bella dear, that we shall soon meet again, but it looks on the map a terrible distance right across this big continent to 'Frisco, and I suppose your husband's business prevents him leaving New York. But we hope at any rate to catch a glimpse of both of you on our way to Europe, as Jim and I (between ourselves) have settled that we must go across before long, as I want to see my people, and then there's the London season. I hope to goodness you and Mr. Slocum will be able to join us on the other side."

Mrs. Slocum laughed merrily as she replied: "I will only say *au revoir, sans adieu*, dear Dora, as we can't sometimes generally always tell; possibly the fates may allow us to meet sooner than

you anticipate, he who lives will see, as the French proverb hath it."

Dora was rather astonished and perhaps a little mortified at the light-hearted manner her friend displayed at parting, whereas she (Dora) felt much inclined to cry, and was further mystified by observing the shadow of a grin on the faces of the old man, of Jim, and even of the Judge, too. There was an unreality in this good-by business that Dora confessed she could not understand.

"So long, Rector, remember you have got to pay us a visit this summer in the little village on the other side, and bring your wife if she will come," said the old man, shaking the good cleric's hand most heartily.

"I will do my level best to get away, you bet," said the rector.

"I feel ready to weep, Jim dear," said Dora, as the train moved out of the depôt and prepared to take its plunge through that series of close, dusty tunnels through which the railroad as far as the Harlem River passes.

Jim laughed, but said nothing, and led the way to the drawing-room which had been, by the old man's orders, most beautifully decorated with the rarest and costliest flowers. On a central table were two magnificent bouquets of roses, the one of American Beauties and the other of Bridesmaids. Each had a card attached and on the first was written, "To Dora, from Bella, with love and best wishes," and on the second, "To Dora, from the Rector. God bless and preserve you."

"Isn't that sweet of them?" said Dora, as she smelt and kissed the lovely blooms, and then overcome with a feeling she could not quite explain, she sat down and burst into tears.

"My darling," said Jim, "whatever is the matter?"

"Oh, it will be so long before I see them again, and I love Bella so, she has been so kind to me."

Jim was evidently on the point of making some disclosure, when unperceived by Dora, whose face was buried at the moment in her hands, the old man made a signal to him by shaking his head and placing a finger on his lips, and then said cheerily:

"We shall see them all again in good time, my dear Dora; now dry your eyes. I want to know if you will care to see 'The Falls.'"

"What! Niagara Falls?" cried Dora, quickly recovering her-

self. 'My dear Daddy, of course I should. I have seen them in my dreams for years.'

"That's settled then," said the old man, "and our next stop after that will be Chicago."

No words of mine can describe the bliss of the happy pair now securely united by the bonds of holy matrimony. They had both been rescued from the jaws of destruction. Their mutual love had been refined and intensified by the furnace of suffering. The black cloud of horror that for a brief time enveloped and overshadowed them had been mercifully dispelled. Having tasted the bitterness of death, they were the better prepared to take their fill of the now tenfold increased sweetness of life. An unbroken career of commonplace prosperity too often is productive of restless satiety. Human existence is largely composed of actions and reactions, of expansions and contractions. Passivities to be enjoyed must be preceded by activities. In a word, happiness is increased by contrast and diminished by sameness. This is no mere idle theory, but is one easily demonstrable by referring to well-known examples in everyday life. Cyclists assert that it is more fatiguing to traverse a uniformly flat country, than one which is undulating in its character; and that the enjoyment of a coast down a long incline is enhanced by the labor of the previous ascension. The truth of the matter seems to be that not only are different sets of muscles brought into play, some being rested while others are employed, but the mind itself is refreshed by constant change of scenery. Monotony most certainly depresses the nerve centers and mental faculties, and so lowers the tone of the whole system, rendering it more susceptible to what is vulgarly called a tired feeling. An unvarying diet not only is distasteful to the palate, but actually prejudicial to the general health. It is astonishing the amount of work an average man is capable of doing by judiciously varying from time to time the nature of his employment.

Probably no one so completely realizes the value of mere existence as a prisoner in the condemned cell who has just been informed of his reprieve. Mere cessation from pain is the greatest boon a sufferer from chronic neuralgia could crave for. Only one who has lately undergone the tortures of parching thirst can duly relish the deliciousness of a cup of cold water. Jim and Dora's affection for each other was the natural outcome of the highest and holiest form of altruism. Each had mourned the other as

lost forever with the dull agony of dumb despair. Hence the ineffable gladness of their reunion seem to them an earthly foretaste of that celestial rapture that will be the portion of the redeemed on the resurrection morn when the tears shall be wiped away from every eye and loved ones shall meet to part no more.

Old man Clark was quite happy, too, in a modified sense. With philosophical resignation he had ceased to pine after the impossible and had brought himself to see (though it may partly have been a case of sour grapes) that a beautiful young wife is a dangerous if fascinating acquisition for a man like himself well advanced in years. However outwardly irreproachable the lady's married life may be, her ancient spouse will be continually haunted with the possible apparition of some dashing young Apollo in the full bloom of health and vigor who may with unflagging industry undermine her scruples and kindle the fire of passion in her heart, until one fine morning the injured husband awakes to find that the birds are flown and that he is left to the cold consolation of the divorce court. While the young sinners get all the sympathy of society and snap their fingers at the poor old fool. It is a sad mistake for winter to mate with spring, as that great poet Chaucer has allegorically depicted in one of the best of his inimitable *Canterbury Tales*. Whatever is right in this best of all possible worlds, and so the millionaire schooled himself to be content with lavishing a paternally platonic affection on the daughter-in-law he had before aspired to call his wife. He felt that he never could do enough for one in whom he claimed a species of proprietary right. Dora found an instance of her father-in-law's thoughtful care on boarding the train. The English maid whom the manager of the Netherland Hotel had engaged for Mrs. Fletcher (using Dora's pseudonym) was awaiting Mrs. Clark's pleasure. Dora was delighted, as she had taken a great fancy to the girl who had done her duty faithfully and well to her half-distracted mistress during the short period of the latter's residence at the hotel.

Before starting the old man 'phoned instructions to his secretary, Captain Dawlish, at Chicago, to order up the remaining cars of his train from San Francisco, and to have everything in readiness for the reception of the wedded pair. In due course the private train was sidetracked at the Michigan Central depôt on the American side of "The Falls," and three days of love, joy, and wonder were spent in inspecting from every point of vantage the great world marvel. Niagara was dressed in her winter garb, and the

Falls, matchless at all times, afforded now an indescribable spectacle. It would be offering the reader a gratuitous insult to dare to attempt a detailed description of that which has compelled the most versatile and eloquent writers to lay down their pens in absolute despair. "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread." Language has its limitations, superlatives are sometimes mere impertinences. For here we find nature's grandest epic writ in foaming waves pouring over the tremendous abyss under their blue self-made canopy of frozen spray with those wonderful many-tinted snow-bows, illumining the glorious scene, and like the spirit of God at the creation moving o'er the face of the waters.

With silent homage, hand in hand, their hearts filled with love and thankfulness, Jim and Dora during their three days' halt spent some happy hours each morning on Goat's Island. The old man on these occasions pretended to have important business to transact, and passed his time inspecting the great power-house and the neighboring factories. Several years previous to this the American and Canadian Governments had come to an equitable arrangement by which not more than a certain fixed amount of water was allowed to be taken from the Niagara River for power-creating purposes. Thus the Falls were saved from the danger that was continually becoming more and more imminent of being shorn of a portion of their beauty through the greatly decreased volume of water passing over them. The addition of ten million horse-power to the wealth-producing motive force of the continent would be but a poor compensation for a dwindled Niagara.

Our trio met at lunch and spent the afternoon of each day in expeditions to the whirlpool rapids and other points of local interest. They took all their meals and slept on board the private train.

When the time came to resume their journey, all three felt braced up and refreshed by their temporary retreat from the maddening throng. The great body of troubled water brings down with it vast masses of oxygen. There always seems to be a greater supply of ozone in the air round "The Falls" than elsewhere. I do not think that Niagara is as much appreciated from a health-giving as it is from a spectacular point of view. Again, it is so restful for the eye and brain to watch the tumbling, leaping, swirling, tossing waves as they race with frantic energy to their doom. And, finally, Niagara as a sermon in rushing waters is a most invigorating soul tonic. But she should be taken seriously.

Nothing is more out of harmony with the spirit of the Falls than to hear, during the tourist season on Goat's Island, peals of shrill soulless laughter interspersed with idle, nonsensical cackling proceeding from a group of human bipeds who have no more collective sentiment in them than a cage full of irresponsible chattering monkeys just escaped from a caravan belonging to an itinerant circus.

If when we are gazing at nature's most stupendous miracle, we encourage a feeling of reverential awe, our minds will be raised to the throne of the God of Nature in whose ante-chamber we are standing far more efficaciously than they would be by listening to the most eloquent and moving address ever uttered by mortal lips.

The Clark train left Niagara about 10 P M., the third day (Wednesday) after their arrival there, and proceeded to Buffalo, where it was transferred to the metals of the Lake Shore road (Mr. Clark preferred this road to that of the Michigan Central, since in traveling by the latter time is lost in crossing the Detroit River on the steam ferry), and started on its nocturnal journey to Chicago.

CHAPTER XVI.

A LEGAL QUIBBLE.

"HEIGHO," said Mr. Uriah Slocum, rising from his office chair and stretching himself. "I guess I have done a pretty good morning's work, four hours' steady, continuous application is enough for any brain worker at one time, and, Uriah, my boy," said he aloud, addressing himself, or rather soliloquizing, "your mental machinery is still in good shape, but how long it will continue so I can't say. Let me see," said he, looking at his office diary, and then at his watch, "it is just one o'clock, and this is Wednesday. The Clarks will be starting from Niagara somewhere about midnight for Chicago. Bella and I have to join them there to-morrow afternoon. Well, I have put things in as good a shape as I am able. I have to meet Bella at the depôt at 2.30 P. M.," and he touched the hand bell and the ubiquitous Jenkins at once appeared like Aladdin's slave of the ring.

"Will you give Mr. Sumner, my managing clerk, this paper? It contains instructions as to what he is to do in a number of matters. I have to start at once for Chicago on most pressing business and may be away some time, but I will advise Mr. Sumner by 'phone as to my whereabouts and keep him posted up. And here is a cable, Jenkins, in this sealed envelope. I rely on your despatching it to-morrow morning in time to be delivered at Canterbury, England, not later than 8.30 A. M. You must allow for the difference in times between the two countries. You will probably have to send it about 3 A. M., anyway it is very important that it should arrive for private reasons at the time I have named; also 'phone Mr. Eli Simpson at the office of the *Journal* newspaper, and tell him to come right along to my office, and, Jenkins, you have served me hitherto faithfully. I shall raise your salary \$5 a week, but don't tell the other clerks, or they will want theirs raised, too."

Mr. Jenkins thanked his employer most effusively, and with-

drew with a curious jerk, as if he had been violently pulled backwards by the coat tails through the doorway by one of his fellow-employees.

"There," said Slocum when the clerk had withdrawn, "so far so good," and he picked up a letter written in a feminine hand that had been lying on his desk, and re-read it. "I would go through fire and water for that sweet woman, Dora Clark, the writer of that note. I think I have obeyed her instructions in regard to the cable. She says she will also telegraph to her uncle herself from Cleveland to-morrow morning, so the two despatches ought to arrive about the same time. She will be surprised," continued the lawyer, musingly, "when Bella and I turn up at the Auditorium. He is a foxy old card, Joshua Clark, but, great Scot, it was precious hard lines on him, finding that Dora is the wife of his son. But Jim will make her a splendid husband, and she will be the saving of him. I am not sure that he would not have gone to the devil if he had not luckily met just the right woman to guide and keep him straight," and the Judge went on looking over his letters and papers and making audible comments thereon as was his wont till his labors were interrupted by the entrance of Mr. Simpson, the reporter for the *New York Journal*.

"How do you do, Mr. Simpson?" said the lawyer cordially. "Sit down in that armchair, help yourself to one of those cigars, you know the brand. I sent you half a dozen boxes of them, and you would like a wee drappie, there's Scotch and Rye by your elbow and a siphon. Now to business," said he, as the reporter obeyed him in every particular. "Have you got any forarder in solving the Fletcher mystery?"

"No, Mr. Slocum, I haven't touched it since that memorable interview I had with you at Strawberry Villa; but, of course, if I had had a free hand, I would have got to the bottom of the business, but I had given my word to you that I would not meddle with the affair."

"I am very glad to hear this, Mr. Simpson," replied the lawyer. "It is so much easier to deal with a man of honor. What fools people are not to go straight all the time; it would lessen the friction of life and put money in their pockets."

"And take money out of yours, eh, Judge!" quietly observed Simpson, with a merry twinkle in his eye.

"By Hamlet's ghost, I believe you are right," said Slocum,

laughing, "but all the same, if you had really tried, I don't think you would have found out much about the case."

"Well, I don't know," replied the reporter. "You gave me a pretty good line yourself. A quiet, self-contained man like you, Judge, does not point a pistol to a chap's head and hold him up for half an hour, besides bribing him in the splendid way you did, without good cause. It was earning a thousand dollars pretty cheap, and then those cigars and brandy, too, they have reconciled me to human nature and have made me look at things in a different point of view to what I did."

"Not two points of view at once, I trust," said Slocum, laughing. "I hope to goodness, Simpson, you won't be such a fool as to take to drink, as in that case the burden of your perdition will lie heavy on my soul. When you left my house the other day after our remarkable interview, I don't think you were in a condition to look at things from any point of view; in other words, you were as full as a goat. By the way, I wonder what the origin of that expression is; it may be because Bacchus, the God of booze, is always depicted as riding on one of those animals, but I want to hear before we go further what makes you think that this Fletcher business would have been such a soft proposition for you?"

"Mr. Slocum," replied the reporter, "you must give me the credit for being a far greater ass than I really am. It was dead easy to comprehend why, in the first place, you pulled down the blind of your study window. That, of course, was to prevent me seeing some parties who were just then leaving your house. I heard the wheels of the auto almost immediately afterwards, crunching the gravel of the drive, and then my forcible detention was obviously to hinder my following the auto and discovering who the parties really were."

"And who do you think they were, anyway?" said the lawyer, crossing his legs and folding his arms across his chest, with an amused expression on his face.

"Why, Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher, of course," said Mr. Simpson, rather contemptuously. He felt aggrieved at having his abilities so underrated, as he supposed, by the lawyer. "And what is more," continued the reporter, "that girl in the cloak and hood I saw leave the Mercy House, and who was afterwards joined by Mr. Fletcher, was the latter's wife, disguised as a hired girl."

"I supposed, Mr. Simpson, that this would be the natural conclusion you would have arrived at, but I am sorry to say you are

off your base altogether, and I am also grieved to learn that you have inferred that I told you a lie. Now, I once more inform you that the lady you saw leave the Mercy House does not boast of the name of Fletcher, nor was she Mrs. Clark. She was a poor girl, picked up on the steps of Trinity Church, Broadway, by the rector himself, during the late blizzard. Again, the gentleman you saw get into the auto was the same man who left my house while you were in my study. His name, I repeat, is Clark, not Fletcher. In regard to the lady, you have my permission to go to the Rector of Trinity and to the Mother Superior of the Mercy House and cross-examine them to your heart's content, and you are welcome to all the information you get from them about the identity of the poor girl. You will find it just as I have said. She was taken to the Mercy House, and worked there as a hired girl and came on here."

"Well, you are a very clever man, Mr. Slocum; or, rather, I knew that all along, and I must indeed be a fool if I really supposed I was going to get the better of you," replied the reporter.

"That being so, Simpson," said the lawyer, with a little chuckle, "I am going to reward you for keeping your head shut. Here is a document written in my own hand (I dared not have it typed), containing a full explanation of the matter. It seems that Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher, who had been recently married in Paris, France, returned to this country and stopped at the Netherland Hotel, Fifth Avenue, in this city, with the idea of getting remarried in Mr. Fletcher's right name. The day before the ceremony was to have taken place, Mr. Fletcher it seems went down-town to celebrate a bit, leaving his wife in the hotel. He was lured into a tough joint, knocked insensible and kidnapped. And his wife, when she was searching the slums for him, was also followed and seized. This double coup was perpetrated by the same gang of outlaws, for the purpose of obtaining a huge ransom. Mr. Fletcher made his escape, his wife was also rescued, the robbers have disappeared, and the now happy pair were reunited last Friday under the names of Mr. and Mrs. James Clark, and have since, in company with the former's father, Joshua Clark, the great aluminum king, gone West. You will perceive that I have also added in the paper that Mrs. Clark is the niece of Canon Leighton, of Canterbury, England. I want you to insert the account in a special late edition of the *Journal* to-night; you can add what frills you like about your zeal in your successful endeavors to obtain this intelligence. Meanwhile I am going West myself this

afternoon and absolutely refuse to answer any communications from any one except yourself, Simpson. I shall, for your private information, be staying for a few days with the Clarks at the Auditorium Hotel, Chicago. Now do you want to ask me any more questions? I have hardly a minute to spare, as I am due shortly at the Central to meet my wife."

"I don't know how to thank you," said Simpson, "you have made my fortune. The *Journal* presses will have hard work to-night to meet the demand for copies of that special edition. I will only ask you one question, Mr. Slocum."

"Out with it," replied the lawyer, rising to put on his overcoat.

"Was the gentleman I followed to your house Mr. Clark, alias Mr. Fletcher?"

"Yes," replied the lawyer; "at the same time you will observe, Simpson, that I told you the truth. The gentleman's name is Clark, not Fletcher. If you had asked at first if his pseudonym was Fletcher I should have been up a tree, and you would have mated me in one move."

"Now I understand what a legal quibble means," replied Mr. Simpson, laughing, shaking most heartily the lawyer's hand. "What train do you go by?"

"Two-thirty, Lake Shore," replied the lawyer, as he hurried away to get a snack of lunch and join his wife at the Central afterwards.

Just before the train departed, Mr. Simpson made his way to the stateroom where Mr. and Mrs. Slocum were just arranging their baggage de voyage, and was introduced to the lawyer's wife, to whom he handed a most magnificent bouquet, the costliest he could buy, and said, with a low bow, "This is a tiny mark, madam, of my esteem for the wife of the architect of my fortune, your husband."

CHAPTER XVII.

THE CANON PARTS HIS COAT TAILS.

LIGHT travels, it is estimated, at 192,000 miles a second; electricity is reckoned to cover about 240,000 miles in the same brief space of time, but thought can travel infinitely faster than either. This being the case, my reader will have no difficulty in following the electric spark as it darts along the cable that lies like an endless serpent, either on the bottom of the broad Atlantic, or bridging fathomless crevasses and deep valleys that diversify the vast unexplored submarine tracts. We need not wait while Mr. Slocum's and Dora's messages are being ticked off in the London office, and from thence transmitted to Canterbury. But we will forthwith invade the comfortable and elegant rectory house, the residence of Canon Leighton. The hour when we in spirit enter the cozy dining-room is about 8.30 A. M. The Canon is standing on the hearth-rug, with his back to the blazing, cheerful fire, immaculately dressed in clerical attire. The long tails of his black coat of glossy broadcloth are divided by his two hands, and so he is enabled to more effectually warm his nether person and convert himself into a living firescreen. Why Englishmen in particular should affect this attitude is a matter for reasonable speculation. Perhaps it is from a feeling of conscious pride that their nation is almost the only one that has not discarded the cheery sociable open fireplace for the useful, but ugly and unhealthy stove. Also because an Englishman (at least in his own eyes) is a real lord of the creation, one of whose most cherished privileges is to monopolize, as far as possible, the warmth of his own hearth. Or, again, because the hearth-rug forms a strategic position from which the British lion can command the group of his obedient crotchetworking, wool-knitting lionesses, and address them in dictatorial tones. However this may be, one thing is certain, that though in battle it takes a precious lot to make a Britisher turn his back on the enemy's fire, in piping times of peace it takes vastly greater persuasion (such is the invincible power of habit) to prevent him

doing so; the enemy in the latter case being his grasping, dishonest coal merchant. At any rate, he is sure that in the open grate behind him, he possesses at least a warm supporter. The keen-eyed student of national characteristics may safely make a bet before visiting an English home-gathering, where the sexes are pretty equally divided in a numerical sense, that he will find on entering that the hearth-rug is occupied by at least one of the male sex with his coat-tails separated in the manner I have described, and that this is almost as true in summer as in winter, even though the grate be filled with painted flames, or artificial flowers.

The Canon was obviously put out about something or other. His lips were firmly pursed, and his massive forehead had a frown on it that puckered up the prominent vertical furrows that separated his slightly-beetling brows, and brought into greater prominence those indelible signs of approaching old age, the tangled crows' feet that surrounded his bright, stern, gray eyes.

Family prayers were over and the second important function of the day was about to commence. The churchman was no sluggard, and tried to impress on his family by constant repetition those favorite British maxims that "It is the early bird that collects the worm," and that "Early to bed and early to rise makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise," though he did not condescend to explain how this last proverb applies to the case of woman. The table in front of him was groaning under the weight of the good things that were on it, and the tea urn was hissing in its appointed place, near which Mrs. Leighton presided. This good lady had been (so tradition recorded) a beauty in her youth, though now she would hardly be said to possess even the battered ruins of comeliness. She had a high, peaked, narrow forehead, small green eyes, thin lips and nostrils, and fleshless cheeks. She had the nervous, jerky manner of a doll, the movements of whose limbs are regulated by a wire running down its spine. How many elderly ladies of unprepossessing appearance there are of whom it is currently reported that they were fascinating buds some half century ago, which statement is out of the power of the vast majority of their friends and acquaintances to contradict. The Canon's three daughters, very smartly and fashionably dressed, occupied seats on each side of the table, the bottom end of which was reserved for the head of the house.

"Do come to breakfast, papa," said Rachel, "these devilled kidneys and grilled turkeys' legs, which you are so fond of, are

getting cold. One advantage of your long family prayers is that they give one an appetite. That chapter you read this morning about the parable of the loaves and the fishes has made me feel quite hungry; how impatient those five thousand persons must have become, sitting on the hard ground, waiting their turn to be served, and, too, how the twelve Apostles must have hustled to have got through with serving the meal."

"I notice, Rachel," said her father, solemnly, "that you have lately developed a spirit of irreverence. You must check this or it will grow upon you."

"Familiarity breeds contempt," replied Rachel, with a laugh, "the children of a minister hear so much shop that they get sick of it. I suppose that is the reason why parsons' sons so often turn out to be scapegraces. There's young Spooner, for instance; he has just been rusticated from Oxford, and we all know what a holy man of God his father is, and besides we are behind the scenes, and as a man is never a hero to his own valet, so a tremendous ecclesiastic who hurls platitudes at his congregation and damns them in heaps from the vantage ground of the pulpit is frequently by no means a flawless saint to his own children."

"Rachel, you shouldn't speak like that to dear papa," said Annie, who since Dora's departure had become her father's stanch supporter.

"Rachel, you are an ungrateful, impertinent girl. You and Agatha drove poor Dora away. She was worth a hundred of you, poor dear, and now she is perhaps dead; if she is her blood will be at your door," said the Canon.

"Arthur," said Mrs. Leighton, "how wicked of you to say such things. Dora has brought her misfortunes on her own head by her reckless folly in going away as she did with an utter stranger; we have no proof she ever was married to him."

"I am certain," said Agatha, "that they never were married; or, if they were, why has she committed suicide, as probably she has?"

"You were both of you very ready to take the unfortunate Mr. Fletcher's money, anyhow," sneered Annie; "the very frocks we are wearing at this moment were bought with it."

"My poor Dora," sighed the Canon. "God forgive me, God forgive me, for not being kinder to you," and the cleric turned round and leaned his elbows on the mantelpiece and buried his face in his hands to conceal his emotion.

"You appear to be much fonder of that girl than you are of your own daughters, Arthur," said Mrs. Leighton, snappishly.

Annie rose from her seat and went up to her father with the tears streaming down her face. "Don't give up hope yet, dear papa; perhaps we may have news soon," said she.

The butler at that moment entered the room with the London papers and two telegrams on a silver salver, which he offered to the Canon, who mechanically took the latter, while Annie caught hold of the newspapers.

"Hulloa," said the Canon, excitedly, as he tore open the envelopes, "two cables from the States! What's this?" shouted he. "The lost are found. From Slocum, New York City. And, hurrah! here's one from Dora herself, from Cleveland, Ohio.

"Dear Uncle, we have both turned up and are well and happy. The Auditorium Hotel, Chicago, will find us. Dora Clark."

The Canon in a delirium of excitement pushed the button of the electric bell frantically. The butler immediately appeared; he had been waiting outside the door to hear the news, as both he and all the other servants had been very much attached to Dora, and were very anxious respecting her fate.

"Harding," cried the Canon, "Miss Dora, I mean Mrs. Fletcher, is safe and well. Bring up a bottle of the best champagne, with glasses, for us to drink her health, and open a bottle for the servants to do the same. But why is it she signs herself 'Dora Clark'?"

"I can tell you, dear papa," said Annie, crying and laughing hysterically. "See here," said she, handing him the *Times* newspaper. "Here's a whole column with big letter headings."

"Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher found. They had both been kidnapped. Remarried on Friday in Old Trinity Church, Broadway. Now Mr. and Mrs. James Clark. Husband only son of Joshua Clark, the Californian millionaire, the Aluminum King. Great excitement in New York and San Francisco. New York *Journal* published the glad tidings in a special edition last night."

"Oh, this is immense news," cried the Canon, as the butler rushed into the room with the champagne and uncorked the bottle with a flop and spilled half of it with excitement, as he filled the glasses.

"Long life and happiness to Mr. and Mrs. Clark," shouted the Canon. The health was duly honored. Mrs. Leighton, Rachel and Agatha, of course, joining in the toast, looking like wooden

images. The wine, good as it was, must have tasted like gall and wormwood to them, after the unkind expressions they had just given vent to.

"Please, miss," said the butler to Annie, "will you lend me the *Telegraph* to take down-stairs for a few minutes? All the servants are just dying to see the account."

"Take it, Harding," said Annie. "We have got *The Times*," and to judge by the uproar that proceeded from the servants' hall one would have thought that the Canon's staid domestics had gone suddenly crazy. All that day, and for several days after, a succession of visitors poured in upon the Rectory, and the postal authorities at Canterbury were overwhelmed with the stream of wires and cables that came ticking in from all parts; not only from Great Britain and Ireland, but the Colonies, the United States, and even the continent of Europe. The case had created a prodigious excitement all over the civilized world, and the Leightons found themselves transformed into public characters. Among the telegrams was one from their Majesties, the King and Queen of England, and the Prime Minister. The joy of the good people of Canterbury was naturally increased by the fact that a lady from their very midst was now the wife of the only son of one of the world's richest men. A special service of thanksgiving was held in the Cathedral, and not only the Canon, but the Dean and Chapter and the Mayor and Corporation of the city, cabled to Chicago, felicitating the happy couple.

CHAPTER XVIII.

DIAMONDS AND DEVILS.

OUR travelers had just finished breakfast when the train entered the Illinois Central depôt, after a very fast run. They were met by Captain Dawlish, and accompanied that gentleman to the Auditorium Hotel, Michigan Avenue. The Captain had certainly done his work well, and if Dora had been a live princess, he could not have shown more forethought or a greater attention to detail. The finest suite of apartments in the hotel had been secured. A most charming room was allotted to Mrs. Clark as her private boudoir, and had been refurnished at Mr. Joshua Clark's expense. On one side it opened into her and Jim's bedroom, and on the other into a fine drawing-room, which in its turn communicated directly with a private dining-room, the old man's and the Captain's bedrooms being on the other side of the last named apartment.

The fame of the Clarks had naturally preceded them, and they found that their arrival created as much interest as if they had been scions of a European royal family, or a gang of champion prize-fighters on a tour.

After lunch the whole party sallied out to show Dora some of the chief attractions of the great Windy City. They hied them first to Messrs. Marshal Fields' great dry goods store on State Street. Dora was greatly pleased with this high-class establishment. She was then taken to see the Board of Trade and the Masonic Temple, having been safely dropped from heaven to earth in the lightning elevator of this last named building, Jim remarked, looking at his watch, that it was time for them to return to the hotel.

"What for?" said Dora, inquisitively. "I am not aware, dear, that we have any engagement. You and Daddy have got some joke on, it started before we left New York, and you two have kept it up ever since. I really think it is awful mean of you, Jim.

A husband should not have any secrets which he cannot share with his wife. Please, Daddy, tell me what it is."

However, all the answer she got was a violent explosion of laughter from the old man accompanied by sundry nudges and winks between him and his son. In vain she appealed to the Captain, for he frankly told her that he knew nothing at all of any scheme. So she had to abandon the quest, and they then entered their carriage and returned to the hotel, and Dora was soon presiding over the tea table in her boudoir.

The Captain had been rather distraught during the afternoon, and several times when he thought Dora wasn't looking, stared at her with a puzzled expression on his face. At last, during a slight lull in the conversation, he said, in a hesitating manner:

"Pardon me, Mrs. Clark, but did you have a relation in the Indian army of the name of Leighton? He was a very gallant officer and held the rank of major in the same regiment in which I was a subaltern. He was unfortunately killed in a scrimmage we had with one of the Pathan tribes on the Northwest Frontier. I only ask the question because there is a remarkable likeness between the late Major and yourself."

"He was my dear father," replied Dora quietly. "I am so glad, indeed, to meet a brother officer of his. You must tell me all about him when we are alone. How strangely things come about. I was only a little girl when my dear father left England for the East."

"You are quite a big girl now, Dora, anyway," said her husband, laughing.

"I hope I shan't get fat some day," said Dora; "that would be too dreadful. There is one comfort, the members of my family do not run to flesh."

"I feel inclined to run to flesh if it were in the shape of a good porterhouse steak, done pretty rare," said Jim.

"I guess, my dear," said the old man, "you are getting my son into training as a wit. He never showed up much in that line before he met you. But to change the subject. I have taken the stage box on the grand tier at the opera to-night, so, madam, you will have to put on your full war-paint and just take the shine out of the women folk of these pork packers. See here, there are two columns about us in the *Chicago American*, with portraits. Great Scot! we shall have a whole tribe of reporters here soon. Well, I won't see them this evening, anyhow. I leave you to

arrange an interview to-morrow, Dawlish. They will be as thick as turkey buzzards round a dead horse in the Great American Desert."

Just as Mr. Clark was speaking the door opened, and the English butler, whom the old man had imported himself, announced in his big, pompous manner, Mr. and Mrs. Slocum.

"How quite too charming! What a delightful surprise, dear Bella," cried Dora, rising from the tea table and embracing the lawyer's wife, and shaking hands very warmly with the Judge himself at one and at the same time.

"And do you mean to say, dear," said Mrs. Slocum, "that these two gentlemen" (pointing to Jim and his father) "never informed you that we were coming?"

"Not a word, Bella dear," said Dora, "though I knew there was something in the wind from their mysterious manner and whisperings, when they thought I wasn't listening."

"Men are better at keeping a secret than we women," replied Mrs. Slocum.

"Jim and I, Dora, planned this as a genuine surprise party, in return for the one you favored us with," said the old man.

"And I must say you have succeeded admirably, Daddy," replied Dora, smiling.

"The fact is," said Mr. Clark, "I have some very important matters of business to discuss with the Judge, whom I thought, too, required a change, and I left it to him to persuade his charming wife to accompany him on a run with us to 'Frisco, and on a little round trip afterwards."

"I want all you people to understand clearly," said Mrs. Slocum, "that I did not require the least persuasion to come."

"I hope you have got plenty of room for luggage on your train, Mr. Clark," said the lawyer, "for my wife has, as usual, brought some pretty big trunks with her."

"You will find all that O. K., Judge," said the old man. "I have requisitioned every car of my train for our journey. I hope, Judge, that you and your wife will manage to make yourselves comfortable."

"I am sure," said Mrs. Slocum, "that we shall never have traveled so luxuriously before. Now, Dora dear, please give me a cup of tea, and then we will retire to your room and have a lovely chat before dressing for dinner. I understand that we are going to the opera to-night, so we shall have to decorate pretty

considerable. But, I say, Dora," continued she, picking up a paper-covered volume from the table, "do you go in for dime novels, love and divorce, blood and thunder sort of things? I am quite ashamed of you."

"I plead guilty, Bella dear, for a penchant for sensational literature, but this one is wildly exciting. There is an account of a train hold-up awfully well told," replied Dora.

"I should have thought, Mrs. Clark," said the lawyer, "that you have had enough sensational experience of your own to last you for the term of your natural life."

"Oh, she is looking for more trouble all the time, aren't you, darling?" said Jim.

"I think at any rate we shall be safe enough with so many valiant gentlemen to protect us, eh, Bella?" said Dora, with a ringing laugh.

"I guess you have given me a very valuable hint, Dora," said old man Clark, "that will put us on our guard. Gentlemen, I must request you to carry your guns on your persons as long as we are on board the train. It is just as well to be on the safe side. I shall also arm the conductors and all the servants, so as to be ready against a surprise party of an unpleasant nature. Jim is one of the toniest pistol shots in the country, and I may say, without bragging, that I am still no slouch with a six-shooter. Slocum, I know you have had practice in holding up reporters, and, Dawlish, you have seen service and, of course, can handle a revolver."

"To tell you the truth, sir," replied the Captain, "pistol practice is shamefully neglected in the British army. I confess to being a good shot with a fowling-piece, and also with a rifle, but the less said about my ability with the smaller firearms the better. I will, however, put in a few hours' practice while we are in this city, so you can count on me at any rate to do my duty in case of need."

"You people," said Dora, "are talking as if an attack on the train was a part of the program. I really believe, Daddy, that you and Jim would enjoy a mix up. You are a most bloodthirsty pair."

"It is our duty to take needful precautions, my dear," replied the old man. "Including cash, jewelry, and gold and silver plate there will be something considerably over \$1,000,000 worth of plunder on my train, and besides it wouldn't suit my book, and

I am sure it wouldn't Jim's, to have to tamely submit to be robbed. I would rather forfeit \$5,000,000."

"By the Holy, you are right, Daddy," said Jim, impetuously. "If any one gets the drop on me I give him leave to put a bullet through my brain. Why, ladies and gentlemen, with my reputation I should be the laughing-stock of all the sports in the United States of America if I had to hold up my hands."

That night there was a grand performance of Gounod's Faust; but, though the rendering of that old-time, but immortal opera was most brilliant, the chief attraction of the crowded house seemed to be diverted from the stage, for, from the moment that the Clark party took their seats every pair of eyes and of lorgnettes, too, within range were directed to their box.

Dora simply looked superb in an exquisite princess gown of ivory satin, *decolleté* in the most fashionable Parisian style, and draped with the rarest point d'Alençon lace. The corsage fairly blazed with the diamonds her husband had given her, and her splendid tiara and necklace made the hearts of the fair Chicagoans throb fast with envy. When she entered the box she wore a long cloak of purple velvet deeply trimmed with ermine. This truly imperial garment was not altogether discarded (as the weather was very cold and the house none too warm), but partly thrown back off her shoulders as she sat down. Her appearance caused the ceaseless buzz of conversation to die away as if by a preconcerted signal. A tremor of involuntary admiration seemed to thrill through that vast assemblage, and it would have taken little to have changed the opening bars of the overture which the orchestra was just commencing into the national anthem, so entranced were all the musicians. In fact, the whole house was on the very point of rising to its feet and cheering wildly, simply to relieve its feelings. Dora, indeed, looked more than regal, for no royal personage of certainly modern times could have held a candle to her when it came to sheer loveliness and grace combined, and though that beauty could probably have held its own unassisted by adornment, still, as the sparkling of a priceless gem is increased by the tastefulness of its setting, and the merits of a noble picture are shown to advantage by a befitting frame, so transcendent beauty, such as Dora's, is further enhanced by rare jewels and exquisite apparel. On her right hand sat the old man, feeling as proud as any king of his daughter-in-law's evident triumph; on her left sat Mrs. Slocum, looking very handsome in

black velvet and point lace; the latter lady's beauty and diamonds would have commanded attention by themselves anywhere, but they were both paled by the glories of her next-door neighbor. Jim, Slocum and Dawlish stood or sat behind. Jim had an intensely-pleased, half-defiant look on his resolute face as he leant on the back of his wife's chair, as much as to say, "This lady is my very own property. I am glad that you all admire her."

Dora was not sorry when the curtain fell on the last scene of the final act, and the soul of the repentant Marguerite, having been conveyed by a brace of 140-pound theatrical angels to the stage Paradise, her earthly representative, a famous soprano, retired to partake of a substantial refection after her labors, while the tenor, Faust, and the rather portly Mephistophelean baritone, having gone to figurative blazes, proceeded behind the scenes to moisten their dusty throats with long draughts of Bass's ale or Guinness's stout from capacious tankards.

Dora, throughout the whole performance, had felt rather embarrassed at first by the prodigious sensation she had obviously created. It must be borne in mind that this was practically her *début* in public. No wonder that she felt slightly nervous, but she nevertheless played her part as a brand-new society queen with brilliant success; self-consciousness, that bane of ill-bred people, was in her conspicuous by its absence. There was a natural grace in her every gesture and movement. The old adage, that fine feathers make fine birds, had, in her case, no application. She was one of that select few who seem born to the purple, like a certain young American Duchess of Dutch ancestry, who, married when fresh from school, near the close of the nineteenth century, amazed the fashionable world by at once displaying an innate, almost miraculous, aptitude for the duties and graces of her exalted station.

There was a jovial after-the-opera supper party in the millionaire's private dining-room at the Auditorium that night. After a delicious meal, specially prepared by Mon. Joseph, that most delightful period at length arrived: I mean the coffee, liqueur, cigars and cigarette stage. It is then that if a man or woman is capable of saying anything smart, it is the appointed time to say it. But with most people it is all take and no give, though they put so many good things into their mouths, few or none issue from those necessary orifices. But this was not the case with the members of our party, and each one contributed his or her quota to

the rollicking mirth of the supper table. At length the Judge observed:

"If Faust really produced from his pocket a casket of jewels equal to yours, Mrs. Clark, no wonder that poor simple-minded Marguerite succumbed to the dire temptation. The two principal feminine weaknesses seem to be, curiosity and the love of personal adornment. The first caused the fall of our Mother Eve, the second proved the ruin of the fair Marguerite."

"It is my opinion," said Dawlish, "that Eve ate the apple as an excuse to clothe herself, and though her fig-leaf costume may not have been tailor-made in the strict meaning of the phrase, still it may have been very fetching nevertheless."

"In this sense," said Mrs. Slocum, "there is a parallel between the two temptations, and the *locus dramatis* in each case was a garden. There certainly is something very alluring about such a place. It was in a garden, Uriah, that you proposed to me."

"And you could not resist his special pleading, Bella dear," said Mrs. Clark, laughing.

"It was in August, after dinner, the full moon was shining brightly. I had just finished an excellent cigar, and Bella looked quite too too in a pink India diaphanous muslin frock, with polka dots. Shall I ever forget that night which made me the happiest man in the wide, wide world?" and the Judge smacked his lips as he finished his cup of Turkish coffee.

"That's a bully fine word, 'diaphanous,' anyway, but what does it mean, Dora?" said Jim, not in the least ashamed of his own ignorance.

"Transparent, stupid," replied his wife.

"Why am I transparent stupid, dear?" said Jim, mistaking her meaning.

"If it was transparent, I hope you wore something beside the muslin, Mrs. Slocum," said the old man. "If you didn't, no wonder the Judge was mashed."

This remark of Mr. Clark, who wasn't always very particular what he said, made Mrs. Slocum blush furiously, and her husband feel that he wished he hadn't spoken.

Pitying the embarrassment of her two friends, Dora, disregarding her husband's question, changed the conversation, by saying:

"By the way, I suppose you all remarked three men in a box opposite; the middle one of the trio was a very tall, big, dark man with a great scar over his left eyebrow. It must be a dread-

ful disfigurement to an otherwise very handsome face, as I could see it" (the scar) "quite plainly with my opera-glasses. Well, he and his companions were looking at me the whole time, and made me feel very uncomfortable."

"I don't think they were singular in this respect," said the old man, laughing, "there were hundreds of others in the stalls and dress circle who evidently took far more interest in my most charming daughter-in-law than in the stage Marguerite."

"But that is not all," said Dora seriously. "I saw those same men when we entered Marshal Field's to-day, and they were loafing around when we came out. Also, we brushed up against them in the lobby of the theater, and I heard the man with the scar whisper to one of his comrades, 'That's the lady with the diamonds.' I am sure that it was my jewels and not my personality that attracted these individuals."

"To ease your mind, dear," said old Clark, "I will have your gems placed in the strong room of the hotel to-night. I have a safe on board my train that will defy the attack of the most skilled bank robber, unless he is provided with high explosives."

The Judge sat still and said nothing, but seemed to think a great deal.

"Oh, these men are only some cranks," said Jim. "By the way, do any of you people know which is the largest opera-house in the world?"

There were various guesses, Dawlish hazarding "The Scala" at Milan; Slocum naming the San Carlos at Naples; Dora, Covent Garden, London; the old man, the Metropolitan, New York, and the lawyer's wife (for fun) the Yum Yum Theater, of Yokohama, Japan.

"You are all off your bases," said Jim. "The Auditorium, Chicago, the house we have just left, takes the biscuit; it affords sitting room to nearly 8,000 persons."

"Oh, what a surprise," said Dawlish, "you might have won a whole wad of bills by offering to bet on it."

"I have given my word not to gamble or bet except by the special permission of that lady," said Jim, pointing as he spoke to Dora.

"Isn't Jim a good boy, Daddy?"

"Very good and obedient, but the worst of it is, that whenever he does gamble or bet, you will get blamed for giving him permission, my dear," replied the millionaire.

"What martyrs we poor women are, aren't we, Bella?" said Dora with a mock sigh.

"Yours is a very pleasant kind of martyrdom anyway, dear," said Mrs. Slocum, laughing.

"Well, Bella," said Dora, "we had better martyrize these gentlemen by depriving them of our agreeable company, or our complexions will suffer by keeping too late hours, and we will entrust our gallant knights with the safe-keeping of our jewels," and she arose and took off her glittering tiara and necklace, and Mrs. Slocum quickly followed her friend's example.

"Don't let the dark man with a scar take my diamonds from you, Jim," said Dora, laughing.

"It would take more than five dark men to do the business, since my Colt would dispose of that number," said Jim grimly.

"And why only five, Jim," said the lawyer, "yours is a six-shooter?"

"Yes," replied Jim, "but I always keep the hammer down in an empty chamber for safety sake."

The ladies now said good night and retired, and Jim, accompanied by Dawlish and the Judge, went down the elevator to the office, and as they were returning, having carefully deposited the costly gems in safety, the Judge remarked in a low tone to Jim:

"I just caught a glimpse of the man with a scar as we emerged from the elevator; he was leaving the office in the direction of the bar-room; a dose of lead would suit his constitution admirably."

"Do you think he is a wrong 'un, Judge?" said Jim.

"I am sure of it," replied the Judge. And the three men rejoined Mr. Clark, and it was a late, or rather early, hour before they sought their downy couches.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE KODAKING OF THE ANARCHIST.

THE lawyer was in the habit of keeping a private diary, not in the spasmodic way most people do, for the purpose of merely jotting down silly trivialities. No, his was a faithful and well written up account of all the interesting episodes that happened in the course of his experience, together with thumb-nail sketches of the various remarkable persons who from time to time crossed his path, and many a romance writer or student of human nature would have given considerable money for a perusal of those mysterious volumes that were securely locked in the lawyer's safe, and which were scanned by no eye but his own. For not even was his beloved wife allowed access to them. These volumes contained secrets that would, like calf-bound bomb-shells, have blown sky high many a fair reputation and have exposed in all their staring ghastliness the criss-cross obliquities of man's (and woman's, too) fallen nature. Slocum's extensive practice brought him into contact with all sorts and conditions of men, which any philosopher might have realized by watching, on a busy day, the procession of different types of humanity that visited his office in the *Times* Building, Broadway, our philosopher would have seen pass by in kaleidoscopic succession the strangely different individuals that go towards making up the clientèle of a celebrated lawyer. First, perhaps, strides by a financial magnate of Wall Street, sleek, prosperous looking, and irreproachably attired to consult the sage concerning the legal aspect of some great joint stock corporation with much watered capital. This one might be succeeded by a popular variety actress who had just commenced a libel suit for farcically grandiose damages against a yellow newspaper, which suit will do more than her acting towards enhancing her reputation. The next on the list might be a fast young Newport swell, endeavoring to raise the wind in order to enable him to keep his end up in society, and to continue his

career of crazy extravagance. Then the rustling frou frou of silken skirts announces the arrival at the legal den of some Fifth Avenue dame who is consulting her attorney as to the advisability of obtaining a divorce against her husband, whose marital infidelities with the Totties and Hetties of the vaudeville stage are the talk of the town. And so on and so on. Thus we may learn that Mr. Slocum seldom lacked materials for filling the pages of his diary.

When out for a jaunt, such as the present one, his entries were more voluminous and more carefully worded than usual. Consequently I shall take an author's privilege and have recourse to the manuscript reflections of our legal friend for a succinct narrative of the events of the next few days.

MARCH 1.

There is no mistake about Jim Clark being a lucky fellow; what a glorious creature his wife is; she is the sort of woman a man could die for, but I don't feel at all comfortable about her; one can't tell what may happen in this toughest of all tough cities. There may be a scheme afloat to kidnap her, or steal her diamonds, or God knows what. That dark man must be watched; he has evidently confederates. I caught on to the fact that he and his two pals were shadowing Mrs. Clark in the opera last night before she did. I haven't been mixed up with detectives during twenty years for nothing. Any how, I have done all I could, for I went early this morning before breakfast to the chief of the Chicago police, and gave him a careful description of the man and his friends. I will keep my eyes open and take a chance of kodaking the scoundrels. I should not be surprised to find that they are wanted for some crime or other. The big fellow may be an Italian anarchist; that scar over his left eye looks as if it had been done with a knuckle-duster or the claw of a hammer. I didn't mention a word about it to any of the party at breakfast; it would have only alarmed them and done no good, but I shall be glad when we have left this hot-bed of villainy.

Breakfast being over, the Clarks had to submit to the necessary ordeal of being interviewed. Now, reporters are a much abused class of men, and mostly unjustly so, in my opinion. They are often looked upon by the un interviewed public as most impertinent, vulgar, and aggressive individuals. But the fact is, they constitute, as a rule, a very estimable, hardworking fraternity; they have to push and hustle, and in doing so are sometimes apt to

give offence; but it must be remembered that these men are not out for their health, but to gain subsistence for themselves and their families. Their business is to supply the newspapers that employ them with copy of a more or less interesting character; this is their *raison de'etre*, and if they failed in accomplishing their mission they would soon find themselves on the street. The press is the most tremendously powerful institution of modern times. The preacher, the promoter, the politician, and the popinjay of society are its instruments. Every one is influenced by it from the senator to the shoe-black. Hence it is only common wisdom to conciliate so irresistible a power for good or evil report. Agree with thine adversary quickly whilst thou are in the way with him, as the good old book says. It is impossible for any one who has said, wrote, or done anything remarkable now-a-days to escape notoriety, but notoriety may be either gilt-edged or black-edged, This depends to a greater extent than is supposed on the interviewed. Civility and readiness to oblige cost nothing, but their absence may lend a disagreeable coloring to the account of the interview in the columns of the next day's *Argus* or *Tomahawk*.

By my advice the reporters were shown into the private dining-room and provided with copious supplies of champagne and cigars, while I bore the brunt of the interview by helping to fill a page or two of each note-book with unimportant information. Then I summoned the three Clarks, who courteously answered the questions that were put to them; Dora, in regard to her Kentish home, her diamonds, and dresses, Jim about his European and wild Western experiences, and the old man in reference to his private train and plans for the immediate future. The magnates then left Dawlish and I to entertain our guests, who had a bully time, as they not only acknowledged, but proved by publishing the most glowing accounts of the old man's wealth and liberality, Dora's beauty and affability, and Jim Clark's grit and manliness. When we had got rid of the gentlemen of the fourth estate (as they say in the old country, the other three being the Sovereign, the Lords, and the Commons) we made a move in the direction of the Rock Island depôt, where we found our famous train on a side track in charge of a gang of detectives and railway officials. The desire of the general public to see the wonderful outfit was so great that Mr. Clark, with his usual urbanity, agreed to allow visitors to gratify their curiosity by the payment of a dollar a head, the proceeds to go to the Chicago hospitals. And it may

be said here that the treasuries of these institutions were benefited to quite a considerable extent by the sum so collected, supplemented by a most liberal donation from the boss.

Mr. Clark played the part of our cicerone with great glee. Neither my wife nor I had ever seen the whole train in all its glory before, and we were therefore all the more astonished and delighted at this extraordinary combination of convenience, luxury, utility, and splendor.

I must now put pen to paper, in order to give some sort of a description of old man Clark's private train which is a creation of his own. Land transportation has always been his great hobby. It does not require a study of the works of Spencer and of Darwin to prove to any sane intellect the universality of the law of evolution. We see it going on about us everywhere, and all the time, whether it be the formation by the nebular hypothesis of a solar system out of spiral whirls of incandescent cosmic dust, or the splendid up-to-date railroad locomotive from the ramshackling old rattletrap, Robert Stevenson's immortal "Rocket." By a similar process from a single car was gradually developed the old man's magnificent train of seventy foot long aluminum cars.

With some men immense wealth merely means the possession of so many bonds with the accompanying coupons, the satisfaction of having acquired the controlling interest in some mighty corporation. The proud consciousness of possessing the (to them, perhaps) one thing needful and the being able to plunge their arms to the shoulder in a bath filled with five-dollar gold pieces. Such men possess the potentiality of wealth, that is all. It is merely so much stored-up energy in their hands, and they lack the ability to release this fertilizing agent and to guide it into channels for their own enjoyment, as well as for that of others. Every man should have a hobby; it is a grown man's plaything; it helps to keep him young, to divert his mind from the harassing, absorbing occupations of money getting and money keeping, and if the hobby is a costly one, provided you are rich enough to indulge in it, what does it matter; it helps to distribute so much superfluous cash to those who need it, amuses you and hurts no one. So long live hobbies, say I. Mr. Clark did not care about holding great estates or of lavishing money on yachts and Newport cottages. So his horses, his autos, and his train, and I presume, when they materialize, his air-ships, are all the hobby-horses he cares (at least for the present) to ride.

The train consists of eleven cars and a special water tank, which is coupled on to the tender. This tank holds the reserve supply of water for the train. Each car is furnished with a cistern which, when full, will give a supply sufficient for ordinary requirements, including baths, and these cisterns are filled from the tank car each time the train stops, and the tank itself is refilled; should any extra water supply be required in addition, the tank is drawn upon to furnish the deficit. Thus there is no danger of falling short of the first necessary of life, as all the cars are constructed of that very light material aluminum, the additional weight of the tanks and of the cisterns is comparatively slight. Immediately following the water tank are two cars, named for short "the service diner" and the "service sleeper," in order named. These are exclusively for the use of the servants and train conductors. The first named is used for the following purposes, and is divided therefore into a corresponding number of distinct sections. First, for carrying the servants' baggage; second, for the cold storage of their provisions; third, for providing a kitchen pantry and small cellar; fourth, for a servant's dining-room. The service sleeper is divided into two distinct sections, for providing sleeping accommodations for males and females, with two bath and dressing-rooms for each section. I understand that when Mr. Clark is traveling with his secretary he only utilizes half of his train. The whole staff consists of a butler and three footmen, and a spare man, a French chef, a woman cook, and two kitchen girl helps, and ladies' maids varying, of course, in number, each lady guest being at liberty to bring her own attendant. This staff Mr. Clark considers (and rightly so) to be amply sufficient for all purposes. The servants' sleeper is on the Pullman plan. The men can smoke in their own section, the portion set apart for women being reserved as a general sitting-room for those of either sex who object to the use of tobacco. Next to the service cars come four cars, devoted to the private use (sleeping and otherwise) of the family and guests. These cars are named "The Bachelor," "The Married," "Mr. Clark's Special," and the "Bridal," and follow each other in order named. The first containing six state-rooms of ample size, each pair being separated by a bath-room for the joint use of the occupants of the two state-rooms; of course, each suite can be used if required for a married couple, one of the apartments in that case serving as a dressing-room. Our party being such a small one, this car is quite untenanted by guests, and so

the butler, chef, and the two conductors are allowed the use of it. The married car is a still more luxurious affair, and provides splendid accommodations for three married couples, a fine bedroom, bath-room and dressing-room (which latter contains a bed) being allotted to each suite, as well as a bed and bath-room for a lady's maid, who sleeps there so as to be on hand if required at any time by the inmates of the car. The Clark special is reserved exclusively for the old man and his secretary, and is furnished with every appliance conducive to convenience and luxury. In addition to the two suites, there is a private study, where Mr. Clark can transact his business, and in this is an exceedingly strong safe for the deposit of jewelry, money, and other valuables. The bridal car is a miracle of taste and beauty; on it money has been lavished like water. The bedroom is a very nest of love and splendor. This, of course, is the nightly abode of Jim and his wife; each has a beautiful dressing-room, and in addition there is a room for the lady's clothes and an exquisite private boudoir; there is accommodation, also, for her maid. Next to the bridal comes a bath car, where men and women can obtain a Russian or steam bath, there being two separate divisions. The old man is a stanch believer in this form of bathing. I am told that at Aluminum House at 'Frisco are the most perfect Russian and Turkish private baths in the world. In selecting his servants, Mr. Clark always gives preference to those who have learnt the art of massage, and as he pays exceedingly high wages, and is most considerate to those in his employment, he is always able to command the services of those who suit him in this respect. So, either of the footmen and women kitchen helps, as well as Dora's lady's maid, are available to act as shampooers in the bath car, if required. But in addition the spare man before mentioned is detailed specially to look after the baths and see that they are in working order night and day. Behind the bath car comes a car for cold storage, as well as for other purposes. Here all the provisions and wine for the use of the family and guests are bestowed, and there is also a strong safe where is placed the gold and silver-plate and a section for crockery of all descriptions, and an ample space for the luggage of the party.

The last three cars of this wonderful train are the "Diner," the "Drawing-room," and the "Smoker," in order named. In a portion of the "Diner" nearest the engine is located a superbly complete kitchen with a scullery and pantry. These communicate

by means of a corridor with the dining-room, which is richly and quietly upholstered in brown velvet and gold, the woodwork being in mahogany. The "Drawing-room," a splendid apartment, fifty feet in length, is furnished *à la Louis Seize*, in sapphire blue velvet, silver, and rose wood; is terminated by a delicious boudoir. On the end nearest the "Diner" is an apartment forming a sitting-room for one or more lady's maids within call of their mistresses. The "Smoker" is the room where I shall expect to pass the greater portion of each day, and is sufficiently remarkable to require a separate description. In the end nearest the drawing-room is a section for the use of a conductor and of one of the men servants who may be detailed to be in attendance on the smoking car. Next to this section is a small bar-room, where the requisites are placed for providing for every conceivable kind of drink, from a Manhattan cocktail or a mint julep to Scotch whisky, or Bass' ale in bottle or on draught (this last being the particular tippie of the great Jim). Past these two chambers runs a short corridor communicating with the smoking-room itself, the very ideal abode of the worshiper at the shrine of St. Nicotina. Here is every species of easy lounge from the orthodox American rocker to the English sofa armchair; also one finds every convenience for writing and reading, together with a small, though well-selected, library, including a very ample collection of English and French novels, besides works of reference and a goodly contribution of solid literature. It has given me great pleasure in noting for my future reference all these details, as this extraordinary train has made a great and abiding impression on me.

When we had completed our inspection, we returned to the hotel for lunch. Whilst washing my hands I was called on the 'phone by one of the chief officers of the police in the city. He informed me that he had every reason to suppose that the dark man with a scar over his eye is a dangerous character, an anarchist and an assassin, named Sarpi, formerly a bandit and the chief of one of the worst secret societies in Italy. For the New York police had recently been warned by the Italian Government through its ambassador at Washington of the recent arrival in the States of this desperado with several sworn comrades for the purpose of collecting funds to further their object, which was no less than the wholesale assassination of European sovereigns. The officer went on to say that the police had as yet received no instructions, either in regard to the shadowing or the arrest of the conspirators,

though it was known that they had been in Chicago for at least a week. This information made me think a good deal, and I was still pondering over the matter when my wife came into my dressing-room to inform me that they were awaiting my arrival to begin lunch. I must say that it does seem a terrible mistake that from fear of interference with the personal freedom of the individual, neither the English nor the American Governments will distinguish license from liberty. People, such as anarchists, nihilists, and all other "ists" of like nature are simply enemies of the human race, and should be exterminated. And the only way to effect so desirable an object would be to deprive them of any asylum in the shape of a civilized country. There should be a universal Bund like the International Postal Union, and all political criminals should be subject to a universal extradition law by which they should be liable to be handed over on demand to the government against whose members or constitution they are plotting.

Though I felt inclined to be rather gloomy myself, I found the rest of the party in the highest possible spirits, laughing and chatting merrily.

"Come, Judge," said the old man, "you shouldn't worry yourself about your business when you are out for a vacation."

"Oh, I wasn't worrying myself," I replied, "I was just obtaining some information concerning a little matter of mine from the police."

"And have you been successful?" said Mrs. Clark.

"I believe so," I replied carelessly, "but what are you people going to do this afternoon?"

"Bella and I are going shopping," replied Dora. "Daddy says he requires a nap, and Jim wants you Judge, and Dawlish to go with him to the Athletic Club and have a Russian bath; he has just received cards of introduction from the secretary."

"I don't feel inclined for a steam bath to-day. I think I will accompany the ladies," I said.

"We shall be charmed to have you, Judge," said Mrs. Clark, "but I am afraid you will be bored waiting around; we shall be probably two hours at Marshal Fields'."

"Oh, Uriah is a splendid 'squire of dames," said my wife, helping me out; "he has been on several quite long shopping expeditions with me in New York."

"Sorry you can't come with us, Judge," said Jim, "but what will be our loss will be the ladies' gain."

So it was arranged, and the ladies and I started after lunch to walk at my suggestion to Marshal Fields'. I was armed with my gun and my kodak, both ready for immediate use. I gave a wink to two private detectives I had arranged should shadow and protect Mrs. Clark and my wife, unbeknown to them, whilst they were in Chicago.

Before we reached State Street I perceived Sarpi (as I was sure that the dark man with the scar was none other than the noted anarchist) and the same two men who had been in his opera box the night before, a little behind us on the other side of the street. I am gifted with remarkably keen sight and considerable power of recognition, though there was no danger of mistaking the tall, powerful figure of the Italian. He and his pals were dressed, or rather overdressed, in the height of fashion, and, being all fine-looking men, attracted considerable attention. They must have plenty of cash anyhow, thought I; perhaps they were concerned in one or two of the successful burglaries that have recently taken place in this city. I entered Marshal Fields' store with the ladies, and, having seen them at length thoroughly absorbed in woman's most agreeable employment, I made an excuse and said I would have a smoke outside and call for them again. I left the building by the side entrance. The three Italians were standing in a bunch on the sidewalk with their backs to me as I came out; the man I felt sure was Sarpi was leaning against one of the large plate-glass windows of the store, in which were displayed several elegant newly imported Parisian spring costumes. Before I left the building I had rapidly disguised myself by putting on my face a big red bushy beard, whiskers, and mustache, with which I had provided myself. I am clean shaved like most Americans, and hirsute appendages disguise my homely identity most completely. I happen to be ambidexter, which I have found to be very handy at times. On this occasion I held my kodak ready in my left hand; with my right I clutched the loaded revolver in the side pocket of my overcoat. I coolly walked up to the window, glanced at the costumes, and before they were aware of my intentions, took snap shots of the three Italians.

"*Corpo di Baccho*," said my big friend, "what do you mean by that, sir?" scowling fiercely at me.

"Oh, nothing at all," I replied; "I am employed by a fashion-

able modiste to obtain pictures of model dresses, and I couldn't resist the opportunity of adding to my collection the likenesses of three such handsome gentlemen as you, Senor Sarpi, and your two friends."

The big Italian started as if shot, and then spat out an awful oath and glared at me fiercely in rage and astonishment. He, however, quickly spotted my two men standing, prepared for emergencies, about ten yards away, so giving vent to a broadside of terrific blasphemies, he and his comrades, evidently fearing arrest, which a street scrimmage would surely have entailed turned on their heels and walked away, and were soon lost to view amid the thronging crowd on State Street.

I lost no time in going to a photographer, in order to get the pictures developed, leaving word that I would call next day for them. I returned to Marshal Fields', where I found the ladies still deeply engaged. I loafed round the store till my fair companions were through, and then, after receiving several nice encomiums from them relative to my unbounded patience, escorted them back to the hotel, followed at a distance by our police shadows. As soon as I was at liberty I betook myself to the depôt of the Rock Island Road, and on inquiry found that persons answering to my description of the three Italians had visited the Clark train, and, having made a detailed inspection, had taken notes about some points that apparently interested them. I also discovered that they had boarded a west-bound train half an hour previous to my arrival at the depôt. This last intelligence made me breathe more freely; in fact, I plumed myself on having accomplished two good pieces of work: first, in having ascertained beyond any doubt that the big Italian was no other than Sarpi, the anarchist, and secondly, on having driven him and his two confederates from the Windy City.

When I had returned to the hotel I found the whole crowd at tea. I asked Mrs. Clark if she had seen her admirer, the dark man with the scar, during the day. She replied she had not.

I said: "I don't think he will bother you any more; he has left the city."

"How did you find it out, Judge?" exclaimed simultaneously all my companions.

"Oh, quite incidentally," I replied, and changed the conversation.

MARCH 2.

I took the developed photographs of the three Italians to the chief of police, and to my satisfaction, found that the picture I had taken of Sarpi coincided exactly with one that had only just been received of the notorious anarchist by the police from Italy. The chief congratulated me on my smartness, but since the regular police are not remarkable for this quality, I did not feel the compliment very highly. Afterwards I went and had a steam bath. We dined with the mayor of the city, at a semi-official banquet, and went to a ball afterwards. Both Jim and I were very glad to get to roost.

MARCH 3.

Three days at Chicago reach my limit. Chicago is a God-forsaken place in a physical, a moral, and a spiritual sense. Those icy blasts from Lake Michigan cut you in two in winter, and those sickening hot waves stifle you in summer. I have had to go there at various times and seasons on business, but was always glad to slide out again as fast as I could. I do not say it in any pharisaical spirit, but if I were compelled to reside in Chicago, I should always live in fear lest the damnable wickedness of the inhabitants might draw down fire from heaven and that I should be burnt up along with the rest. But this harsh sentiment may perhaps be said to be merely the prejudice of a biassed New Yorker.

We regularly did the city to-day, and as I like doing justice to everybody and everything, must say that Washington and Lincoln Parks are equal, or superior, to anything we can show of the same kind in Greater New York. The library and the art museum would do credit to any city. The Lake Park in front of Michigan Avenue, which was for the most part artificially constructed nearly twenty years ago, is an enormous improvement to the city. Of course, during our peregrinations we used electric autos and not the street cars, which latter are vile and slow. Talking of street cars: I consider that Detroit, Mich., leads the way in this respect. Chicago might well like a hint or two from this last named beautifully clean and well-arranged place. Oh, the dirt of Chicago, it is unspeakable. The toil of cleaning oneself is simply Sisyphean; like a woman's work, it is never done. You hardly dare blow your nose for fear that some great black has stealthily settled on your handkerchief and will leave a smudge on your face like those one sees sometimes on the countenances of London

lodging-house slaveys (as they call common helps over there). It is to the general consumption of soft coal that is due the noisome atmospheric impurity of the Windy City.

Why cannot there be obtained in Chicago, as in New York, an ordinance strictly enforcing the exclusive use of anthracite? I conclude that the reason why this is not so is that certain members of the municipality are interested, directly or indirectly, in the soft coal business, and what reform can be expected in a city that is practically run by Irish keepers of saloons, brothels, and gambling hells. There are plenty of successors to Bath-house John still flourishing in the precincts. The cut-throat politicians of Clark Street wield more power than all the millionaires of Prairie Avenue lumped together.

But the winter aerial filth of Chicago is more tolerable than the microbe-breeding dust, which, in spite of street waterings, choke in summer the weary wayfarer. The fact is, that leaving the principal streets and avenues out of the question, Chicago is a very uncleanly, unhealthy city, and this said dust which, if not so terrific in the awfulness of its black sweeping clouds as the dreaded simoom of the Sahara, is vastly more fatal to human life. The latter at rare intervals may overwhelm with merciful celerity in its tempestuous course the infrequent desert caravan, or the solitary traveler; whereas the former, carrying along with it the trillion germs of countless putrefying substances lying in the dirty side streets, sows broadcast the seeds of consumption, of diphtheria, and of enteric diseases in thousands of homes.

In the evening we went to a big dinner party. There were a lot of overdressed women there, and the champagne was anything but first-class. I sat next to the much bejewelled wife of a great pork-packer; she confided to me that she thought Chicago was quite too awfully nice for anything. I pitied her. Perhaps some of the well-seasoned inhabitants of hell make the same remark about Pandemonium. There's certainly no accounting for tastes, but we humans can get accustomed to anything—it's a question, after all, of bringing up and of environments.

CHAPTER XX.

A MOMENTOUS DECISION.

MARCH 4.

IT had been arranged some time previously that we should travel by the Rio Grande Road, in order to give Dora an opportunity of seeing the Grand Cañon and the Rockies. I for one was not sorry when we boarded our train, and had slid out of Chicago to-day. Somehow I could not rid myself of the spectre of apprehension that seemed to haunt my soul. I could not get the thoughts concerning those three Italian anarchists out of my mind. On inquiry I found that they (the Italians) had been questioning the conductors about the route of the train and the date of our departure, and I wasn't at all sure that they did not obtain still more important information—an artfully applied tip will do a great deal. I disclosed my fears to the old man and tried to get his consent to our line of route being changed to the Union Pacific, so as to baffle any plans the rascals may have concocted, but I only got laughed at for my pains.

As we assembled in the "Diner" for lunch Jim cried out: "Cheer up, Judge; buck up, old man, you look as melancholy as a boiled owl or a sick monkey; brace up and take a glass of champagne."

I followed his advice, not wishing to act like a wet blanket on as jolly a little crowd that ever traveled together, and applied myself steadily to the Pommery. We all of us spent the afternoon in the "Smoker," reading, smoking, playing at poker, or shooting darts at targets with Quackenbush air-rifles, an excellent mode of passing the time, by the way.

At Jim's request a hardened aluminum plate was brought in on which he pasted a paper target with mucilage, and then we men practised at it with our six-shooters. Though the target was a large one, Dawlish managed to miss it altogether twice. However, his shooting improved, and one could see that he was possessed of a good eye, as well as of steady nerves. He is a man

I took a great fancy to at sight; he is a big, frank, bluff Englishman. I am sure that he is as brave as a lion. A glance at his clear, steadfast blue eyes tells as much, and I am a pretty good reader of character. The exercise of my profession made me that. Dawlish is a man who would stand by a friend to the death. Jim demonstrated what a remarkable shot he is. He had a clean target placed on the plate and fired twelve shots in rapid succession, the full length of the smoker, and only two balls went outside the two-inch bull's-eye. My wife took possession of the target when it was done with to keep as a memento; it was simply minus its center, which had been literally shot out.

I began to take a more cheerful view of things when I had got outside an excellent dinner, and the best part of a magnum of château Léoville of 1893. What a perfectly wonderful train this is, not a blessed luxury or convenience omitted. My wife is in raptures about it. How fond she is of Dora, as I love to call Mrs. Clark privately to myself sometimes, though, for the matter of fact, I don't think either she or her husband would tear my eyes out if I called her by her first name to her face. I can't help feeling that the future destinies of Bella and I are somehow bound up with that of the Clarks. It is strange how things come about in this queer world.

MARCH 5.

We arrived in the afternoon of this day at Colorado Springs; it had been decided before we left Chicago that we should stay a full day here. So the train was side-tracked and we all betook ourselves to the best hotel of the place, which we found crowded with nice people. Our arrival created quite a sensation, as the Clarks were for the moment three of the most talked-about people in the whole country. Bella and I found several New York friends, who envied us our trip in the famous aluminum train. All the people in the hotel went clean crazy over Dora.

MARCH 6.

It is perhaps needless to say that we did Pike's Peak to-day. I had done it before, so there was nothing new to me. We ascended to the summit and had a grand view of the Rockies, and returned with sharpened appetites. We dined in the restaurant at the ladies' request, and so had to content ourselves with the hotel food, which I don't mean to say was actually bad, but the old

man's chef spoils one for ordinary fare. Still I believe it was a pure piece of vanity on the part of Bella and of Mrs. Clark insisting on our patronizing the restaurant. If women are possessed of really smart clothes they will put up with any old thing in the shape of food rather than lose a chance of showing off their finery. I verily believe our ladies would eat crow or mule meat in the public room at Delmonico's, Martin's, or Sherry's rather than sup unnoticed with Lucullus in a private room.

MARCH 7.

If I were to live to the reputed age of Methuselah, the startling events of this day would make it stand out clear in my memory as the least forgettable one of my existence. We had determined to make a late breakfast *en route*. When we boarded the train we found the cars most beautifully decorated with flowers, and soon we men were all heartily shaking dear old man Clark's hand and the ladies were as enthusiastically kissing his cheeks (I know my wife had been egged on by Dora to do her share of the performance) in honor of his having attained his sixty-third birthday. Of course, the principal festivities were left till the evening, but that didn't prevent a huge three-handed solid gold flagon containing a most artfully concocted champagne cup, or punch, as it is called here, the artistic work of the English butler (may his shadow never grow less, which it is not likely to do anyhow till he dies), being passed around at breakfast. The noble old fellow seemed quite affected at the whole-souled fashion with which we drank his health, and he had to get on his legs to return thanks, which he did in a few unstudied words, for to tell the truth he is no great orator, but I can recall his pleasant, rugged countenance illumined by the bright sun's rays as he said, with quavering voice: "My dear friends, I have on this my birthday (which reminds me I am creeping on) much indeed to be thankful for to Almighty God, but especially that these two loved and loving ones" (pointing to Jim and Dora) "have been spared to cheer and comfort my old age. What would all my wealth be to me without them?" If any man ever spoke the absolute truth from the bottom of his heart, old man Clark did, when he uttered these simple words, and we all knew it, too.

Well, we spent the day principally in the observation car and the smoking-room. The two big locomotives didn't make much ado in dragging our light train of aluminum cars up the long, steep

gradient that terminates just the other side of Leadville. It was all new to Dora, and she was much impressed by the awesomeness of the Grand Cañon and by the beauty of the Harvard and Yale Mountain Peaks. We amused ourselves much in the same way as we had done on our first day out from Chicago, and in addition Captain Dawlish recited some of Rudyard Kipling's ballads, and showed that he (Dawlish) is quite an elocutionist. I wish some scientist would explain to me the reason why we Americans have our voices generally pitched a deal higher than those of the English people. Is it the effect of the climate, or what? I wish it were otherwise. It was most restful to sit and listen to the mellow voice of this English gentleman, and to mark the sharp contrast between the soft, low, well-modulated tones of Mrs. Clark and the comparatively shrill, metallic ones of my dear wife; the contrast was not at all in favor of the latter. I think I shall read her this page of my diary some day. She is too good a sportswoman to get rattled over it.

At last we reached the Divide and were booming down the Pacific Slope of the Rockies at a fast gait.

An hour before it was time to dress for dinner, the old man asked me to accompany him to his private sitting-room, as he had a business proposition to discuss with me. When we were seated he broke the ice by saying: "I want to open a little scheme to you, Judge, that has given me a good deal of thought, and, as this is my birthday, I am made aware that I must be setting my house in order. The fact is, I am not satisfied with my business manager, and should have got rid of him some time since, if I had had any one to put in his place. The duties are not arduous, and principally consist in protecting my patents and in collecting my royalties, which, as you know, amount to over \$15,000,000 a year, and then there is the \$70,000,000 I have in the big Pittsburg aluminum works, which give me a controlling interest in that concern, and nets me at least \$10,000,000 annually, besides nearly \$80,000,000 I have invested in stocks and bonds. All this takes a cool, clear head to look after. I can't expect my son to Jim to attend to it, but I want, in the event of my death, to leave my affairs in reliable hands. If Dawlish had been a lawyer I should have offered him the post, but though he is invaluable to me as my private secretary and is a most hardworking, trustworthy fellow, still his ignorance of law is an insuperable bar. So, now, without any further palaver, I offer you the berth. I

know you will be sacrificing the ambition of your life if you accept, I mean the certainty of a judgeship of the Supreme Court at Washington, and your charming wife would be torn away from her dear New York, but I wish you nevertheless to consider it. I will give you a million down on the nail and a salary of \$100,000 a year; if that is not enough, say so, and I will make a higher bid. You needn't give me an answer unless you like until we arrive at 'Frisco, but I trust we shall come to terms; you cannot tell the pleasure it would give me, and as for Dora, she would be wild with delight. I guess this is the longest speech I ever made, so, Judge, I hope you feel flattered."

"You mean I feel flattened, sir," I replied. "The magnificence of your offer takes my breath away, to say nothing else, but I am a man of business like yourself, and I will not take long to decide this point. I will let you know probably this evening. I want a short time for reflection, and also for consultation with my wife, so, offering you, sir, my profoundest thanks, I will, with your leave, retire to my apartments."

I am possessed of a retentive memory, but if I was not I don't think I could have forgotten a word of the above conversation. It was by far the most important one I had ever had. When alone I rapidly reviewed the pros and cons of Mr. Clark's proposal. I was generally regarded as a wealthy man, and my practice indeed, which is a very lucrative one, brings me in a clear annual income of \$50,000, but then I have to work very hard for it, and I feel I cannot go on toiling in this fashion much longer, that is what had decided me to accept a judgeship of the Supreme Court at Washington, which I know would be offered to me when the next seat on the bench became vacant, as leaving out my personal merits I have a very strong pull with the party in power. I know my wife was looking forward to living in the Capital and mixing with the best set. Now how was this to be done? Instead of being possessed of a million, as was supposed, I am only worth about a third of that sum, if that, as I hold a lot of shaky securities and quite a number of speculative mining shares. Though for some years my professional income has been large, it has not always been so, and Bella and I, though ostensibly living in a quiet way, have both of us cultivated expensive tastes, and, moreover, I have been unlucky in several large stock exchange deals. How often it happens that the knowing brigade get left, while the simple juggins blunder on to wealth. My life is only insured

for a small sum, but as a lawyer should do, I am often (though a particularly sound, healthy man) pondering as to my latter end, and the result of my figurings out is that my dearest Bella at my decease would not be as well off as I would wish her to be, and even during my lifetime we should not in Washington roll in riches on an income of \$25,000 a year, for that is the most we should have, including my official income. Now I will, in this my diary, though it may never be perused by any eye but my own, put on record my long-established opinion concerning the remuneration of public servants and other matters in this almighty great country. Generally speaking, this remuneration is miserably inadequate in the case certainly of the more important civil functionaries. The salary of the President of the greatest and wealthiest country on the face of the globe is obviously insufficient. It is a wonder that so many Presidents have been honest men, and it is with difficulty one can blame those who obviously have failed to resist the alluring temptations that have been placed within their reach. A President should have at least \$100,000 a year, so as to give him a chance of honestly laying by during his term of office a provision for his family. He should also have a retiring pension of, say, \$25,000 and a senatorship for life. This would enable him to live at Washington in a manner befitting his dignity, and at the same time give the State the benefit of his great experience. At present the country all the time is being threatened with the possibility of witnessing the disgraceful spectacle of an ex-President living in necessitous circumstances. My country leads the world in most things, and among others in the cynical and cold-hearted indifference with which she treats her public men. Then again, look at our ambassadors. Isn't it disgraceful that their salaries in some notorious cases little more than cover their house rents? Why in the name of fortune should the American Ambassador at the Court of St. James be paid only one-half what is considered necessary for the decent subsistence in the society he is supposed to move of the British Ambassador at Washington? It will be answered that Republican simplicity requires it. Bosh, I reply. Do American millionaires in London and Paris display any signs of Republican simplicity, and surely the splendid array of Fifth Avenue brown-stone houses and of Newport cottages give the lie to such an answer. Supposing our Ambassador in London were to reside in a boarding-house or second-class hotel, which the leanness of his salary would justify

him in doing, does any one suppose that his plea of Republican simplicity would shield him from the contempt and abuse of his fellow-countrymen, and yet the underpaid official would only be administering a well-merited rebuke to the parsimony of his country, and while on the subject of ambassadors: the United States should have a proper foreign office, and the scandal should be abolished of seeing a man who was just getting accustomed to his post as national envoy to some great foreign power suddenly relegated to private life at the caprice of the wire-pullers of an incoming President. Again, referring to my own profession: why should a Judge of the Supreme Court at Washington only receive two-fifths of the salary of his British ermined, bewigged, but not more capable brother? But the fact is, that the public service in my country is starved, in order that there may be more for politicians to steal. Again, why should our barbarous spoils system be allowed to exist? In monarchical England no one except the Cabinet Ministers change office. Here in like case there is a rush of hungry office-seekers. In England men are chosen for their worth and aptitude, almost irrespective of party, to fill positions of trust, both at home and abroad. Here, as a matter of course, only those who are active partisans of the gang in power can hope to receive a share of public patronage. The consequence is that the country is not always served by the best and ablest men who too often are excluded through the existence of a system of the grossest nepotism and partiality, and is also terribly the loser by such exclusion. We may rail against monarchies and blow about the sovereignty of the American people as much as we choose, but the educated Americans all know that this great country of ours is being run by about a score of men who practically hold in their hands the wealth of the nation, and are using the machinery of government for the purpose of filling their own pockets. Some of our plutocrats, who are frightened by their own excess of wealth, endeavor to throw dust in the eyes of the people by dotting the country with public libraries and endowing universities. Man cannot live by books alone, and over-education is often a curse, not a blessing. There will come a time when this great nation will wake up to the consciousness that it has been hoodwinked and robbed on a stupendous scale. You cannot, as I think Lincoln said, fool all the people all the time, but all this sovereign people has been fooled for a pretty considerable long time, I guess. Nevertheless, even a worm will turn

at last; this, the greatest nation in the world, will some day realize that its prodigious export trade is supported and paid for by the sovereign people itself, and that the tariff system, instead of benefiting American workingmen, makes it more difficult for them to live by the appreciation of the price of everything. Is it to be supposed that these trust corporations are actuated by philanthropic considerations? They know that in Europe they have to meet tremendous competition, so great that the foreign export trade of home manufacturers is almost in many cases profitless. It is a gigantic bluff, but aided by the high tariff, these same trust corporations recoup themselves by making their huge profits out of the American people. A partial reduction of the Tariff, together with the introduction of a graduated income tax (which was most mysteriously on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court at Washington), would curb the aggressiveness of the trusts, and would prove the salvation of the State.

I, Uriah Slocum, believe theoretically in a Republican form of government. But when I have an object lesson before my eyes of the same form of government on the most magnificent scale the world has ever seen, producing an unholy progeny of harpy trusts, satanic Tammany Halls, tyranny of wealth, greedy corruption, and political bad faith, then I not only begin to lose confidence in Republican institutions, but to tremble for the future destiny of my country.

After this long digression, I return, as the French say, to my muttons. I had now to review my position in the event of my closing with the old man's noble offer. I should, in the first place, lose my judgeship, and Bella would be parted from the fascinations of New York and Washington. But (and this is a very big BUT, in capital letters) my income would be about trebled, including the interest on the \$1,000,000. I should have just enough work to prevent my rusting away. Bella would be splendidly provided for, and we should live in daily communion with our best and truest friends. In a word, we could not fail to be happy. In thus balancing the pros and cons of Mr. Clark's offer, I unhesitatingly decided to accept it, and only awaited my wife's assent, and I rather anticipated a smart little battle here, knowing how wedded Bella is to that hollow humbug called "society." At this moment I heard the rustling of skirts, and the door opened and my wife appeared, and, running up to me,

threw her arms round my neck, and cried: "Oh, please, Uriah dear, do accept."

"Accept what, my love?" I replied, pretending not to understand, though I could pretty well guess her meaning.

Then she poured into my ear the story of how Dora had been working on her feelings, and urging on her to help to try and persuade me to fall in with the old man's view. I was immensely relieved to know that my wife was at one with me on the subject.

"But, Bella dear," I said, "have you counted the cost? You will see (if I take hold of this job) mighty little of Eastern society any more. Will the San Francisco four hundred be an adequate substitute for that of New York or Washington?"

"Why, certainly," replied my wife, laughing, "considering how little we shall be at barbarous 'Frisco, you goosy; do you suppose that Jim and Dora are going to waste their lives on those Californian sand-hills? No, my dear, the ecstatic pleasures of the London season will await us each year; I guess that's a pretty good substitute, with Goodwood, Cowes, and Scotland thrown in afterwards, for even New York and Washington."

"But," retorted I rather feebly, "how will this programme suit the old man; he is wedded to California?"

"I don't exactly know, nor do I care; what I do know is that wherever Dora leads, there the old man follows, you bet," said Bella. "But you haven't told me your decision."

"I am one with you, darling," I replied. "The court is unanimous."

"Hurrah! Hurrah!" shouted Bella. "But, dear, how about your judgeship?"

"Oh, that will have to slide. I shall have to exercise my judicial talents in other directions," said I, laughing. "For instance, in selecting the Emperor's wines and cigars, and in helping you to choose your frocks."

"I must rush away to tell Dora," cried my wife, kissing me in the most delightfully reckless manner.

"And I will hie me to the Emperor on the same mission," replied I.

A happier crowd never sat down to a meal than ours did that evening in the "Diner." There was an air of generally-prevalent exuberance of spirits.

The old man had to again respond to his health, and he replied by proposing that of my wife and myself, mentioning the

great joy that filled his heart at my acceptance of the post of grand Vizier. Dawlish, like the good fellow as he is, congratulated me in the most generous manner. At the Emperor's special request, Dora had arrayed herself in the same dainty dress she had worn at the opera, together with her splendid outfit of diamonds. My wife was attired in a lovely princess gown in buttercup satin, with brown velvet train that suited her brunette style of beauty exquisitely.

After a superb dinner, in the production of which the chef had excelled himself, we men spent a certain time in the drawing-room car with the ladies, and then said good night to them, put on our lounge suits, and reassembled in the smoker for the serious study of the noble game of whist. And before attempting to chronicle the exciting scenes that follow, I will take a new pen, light another pipe, and commence a fresh page. I adopt a good plan in writing up a private diary. The pages are plain, with no days or months marked. I insert dates where I need them. Thus a day's entry may cover twenty pages, or only half a one. An ordinary diary book would be useless for my purpose.

CHAPTER XXI.

A TRAIN HOLD-UP.

BEFORE commencing our partie, which gave every promise of being a prolonged one, since this was a special occasion, and all we four men happened to be not only devotees, but pretty good exponents (indeed, Dawlish may well be classed as a master) of the prince of card games, we spent a short time in the observation car, gazing on the weird scene that presented itself to our eyes.

A transient blizzard on a very limited scale had lately powdered the sage brush of this desolate region with a light covering of snow, the particles of which glittered like diamonds in the blaze of electric light shed from the cars of our swiftly-moving train.

The starry constellations shone with celestial glory in the unfathomable depths of the steel blue sky, all the brighter by reason of the marvellous clearness of the Utah atmosphere. The Northern light, a phenomenon but rarely seen in these latitudes, illuminated the horizon like the glare of a far-off forest fire. The distant buttes loomed gaunt and grim in their serrated outline like the ruined castellated strongholds of some forgotten race of primeval giants. The whole panorama being vividly suggestive of a dead and lifeless world.

In spite of the boisterous gaiety of my three comrades (and mirth is generally contagious) an o'ermastering sense of impending unavoidable peril seemed again to oppress my mind. Being usually a most matter-of-fact, unimpressible individual, I could not account for this. I am perfectly healthy, and, unlike so many of my countrymen, am as absolute a stranger to dyspepsia as a red Indian. Nor do I believe in second sight, nor in spirit warnings. So I tried to shake off this morbid horror, and make a determined effort to appear cheerful by mildly bantering Jim Clark on the Eastern magnificence of his attire, a gorgeous outfit

in dark blue velvet, trimmed with gold bullion lace, he had had built in Bond Street, London. He defended himself from the charge of Sybaritism on the plea that he had to decorate a bit in self-defense, as a counterbalance to the splendor of his wife's apparel.

The monotony of the landscape soon beginning to pall upon us, we sought refuge in the hospitable smoking-room.

Having cut for partners, the Emperor and I prepared to do battle with the other two. Jim won the choice of seats, and proceeded to occupy a chair at the whist table with his back to the observation car, and therefore facing the corridor entrance, previously referred to. This is an important point to bear in mind with a view to subsequent happenings. The Emperor and I posted ourselves on Jim's left and right hand, respectively, while Dawlish ensconced himself in a cosy, well-cushioned armchair, fashioned of hardened aluminum. He is a very tall, long-backed man, who had served a sufficient period in Indian Cantonments to have thoroughly acquired the art of knowing how to make himself comfortable. Behind the Captain's chair stood a species of buffet, on which rested a large cellaret containing a most choice assortment of liquors to suit every taste, together with several boxes of cigars of famous brands, and by each man's right hand was a miniature table on which was placed his glass and loaded revolver.

It is for my own future satisfaction that I am thus careful in noting these trivial details, though I shall ever preserve a mental negative of the whole scene in the photographic department of my brain, as clear as it presents itself now to me in the very act of describing it immediately after the event.

Jim and his father were playing with each other for what seemed to me pretty lofty stakes, namely, \$100 points, and \$1,000 on the rubber, the Captain and I being content to risk comparatively small sums. But then, what did it matter to two such money magnates as the Clarks what they gambled for, and besides, in this case none of the cash went out of the family.

"Well, my partner and I had scored the first rubber, and had marked up a single against a double towards the second, when the train suddenly pulled up. We took no notice of this, but finished the game, our adversaries proving victorious, thereby winning the rubber by six points.

A very short interregnum of a few minutes ensued, which was

devoted to the replenishing of our glasses and the lighting of fresh cigars. I remember remarking to the Emperor that we were stopping quite a long time.

"Oh, probably it is a lubberly freight train that blocks the way; they take their time to side-track in these parts, I can tell you. A tortoise is a smart lively bird compared to some of the Rio Grande engineers," replied the old man with unconcern.

Satisfied with this answer, I shuffled and cut the cards, which Jim dealt, and turned up the knave of clubs. My hand was a rotten one; there wasn't a certain trick in it; it was one of those hands that would have been impossible even for a Cavendish to have done any good with, and all that was in one's power was to do as little harm as possible. Unless my partner was strong, all was lost. The Emperor led a small diamond; Jim took the trick with the ten, the best card of that suit that I could produce being the nine. Jim then showed his strength in trumps by playing the king of that suit, following with the ace, his partner's queen falling. He then led the knave; as he played this card I looked up and saw the expression of his face suddenly change, as if by magic, from an inscrutable poker impassiveness to one of fierce implacable resolution.

In an instant, just as I heard the words, "Gentlemen, hold u—" (the sentence was never finished), uttered in sharp metallic tones by a strange voice, with a Spanish accent, Jim let fall his cards, and with lightning rapidity, snatched his gun from the table beside him, and fired three shots in quick succession, apparently right at the top of his partner's head. Simultaneous with these explosions came the jarring sound of metal striking metal in my immediate vicinity, the discharge of a pistol at the corridor end of the car, a horrible gurgling groan, and the resounding thuds of two heavy bodies striking the floor. The whole of this stunningly startling piece of business did not take more than barely four seconds to enact, and I should judge for about an equal space of time the furious din was followed by silence unbroken, save by the involuntary ejaculations of the three witnesses to the tragical episode. I believe I shouted, "Good Lord." I can swear that my partner cried, "Great Scot," while there was not a shadow of doubt but that the Captain gave tongue to that brief verbal comment that is so valued by Englishmen of all classes as a means of affording a harmless vent to bottled-up feelings, "I'm damned!" If he had said, "I'm shot," he would have been

nearer the mark, for certainly he had just passed through a most terribly trying ordeal, for even the strongest nerves. It is no joke for a man in the midst of a peaceful game of whist to have his *vis-a-vis* suddenly pick up a pistol and fire straight at his head, so straight that he can feel the bullets almost passing through his hair, at the same time to experience a concussion in his back and to be not quite sure that his spine is not broken in two. So, instead of being blamed for the strength of his language, the gallant Captain should be complimented on his grit for being able, under the circumstances, to make any vocal commentary at all, whether forcible or feeble.

Recovered from the first shock of surprise, we three interested spectators started to our feet with one accord, each with his gun in hand pointed towards the entrance of the car, threatening to riddle any fresh intruder with streams of balls. In our haste my partner and I recklessly overturned the little tables on which were severally placed our drinks, scattering broken glass and priceless brandy over the costly Axminster carpet, while the Captain, in his eagerness to avenge himself for his fright by getting into action as speedily as possible, dashed the shield that had preserved his life, in plain words his trusty armchair, backward, as he sprang into an erect attitude. In the sternest of life's realities there is often a spice of humor, and so amid all the useless confusion of tardy haste on our part, it was grimly comical to observe the man who had saved us from disgrace, if not from death, coolly sitting in his chair, replacing with no indecent hurry the exploded shells in his six-shooter by new ones, all the time unconcernedly smoking the big Regalia he had lighted at the commencement of our prematurely terminated rubber. Having completed the necessary operation, he kissed the death-dealing weapon almost reverentially, finished his Scotch and soda, then strode with the commanding mien of a son of Atreus to where we were examining the ghastly disfigured corpses of two men, who little more than a minute previously had been full of life and energy. "Good work, indeed, my dear boy," cried the old man fervently, grasping the hand of his beloved and now intensely-admired son. "They are dead as Julius Cæsar." And so they indeed were.

It would seem that before the leader (apparently a Mexican desperado) had had time to utter the whole of his surrender summons, or to level his pistol, a cordite-propelled expanding bullet from Jim's 32-caliber Colt revolver pierced his brain, his

follower must have discharged his gun as he stumbled over his comrade's corpse, and as he did so death came to him on swift but leaden wings, one ball gashing his jugular, and another smashing through his teeth and tearing a wide hole in the back of his skull; one might almost say perhaps that the very mortal spasm that clenched his fist pulled the trigger of his weapon. Never did annihilation come with such awful suddenness to reckless bravos who had little expected such a terrible reception from a quartet of quiet card-playing society gentlemen. The mask had fallen from the face of the second bandit, and, strange to say, I was not surprised to recognize the features of one of the Italians I had kodaked outside Marshal Field's store. I wished that it had been Sarpi himself. Jim just glanced, as I thought, rather contemptuously at these mutilated proofs of the fearful accuracy of his aim, muttering as he did so almost musingly: "Yes, expanding bullets are the sure thing." Then turning to us as if impatient at wasting a moment of time, he cried: "Gentlemen, follow me; our work is only just begun." He assumed the leadership, as a matter of course. It was simply his right, for hadn't he done all the fighting? Hadn't he just displayed coolness, courage, and skill in a most frightfully trying situation that were almost supernatural? There is nothing so inspiring as the heroism of a hero, and there is nothing so demoralizing as the cowardice of a coward.

Jim Clark could henceforth count on us three men following him into the jaws of death, aye, right through the gates of hell, too. We found the conductor and the servant gagged and bound. They had been sleeping at their post, and had consequently fallen easy victims. Just then a woman's voice rang out clear and true. I could make out that it was Dora's, and we could all hear distinctly the words she uttered; they were only two: "Jim, help!"

"O, God, they are murdering our wives," I shouted. Jim turned to his father and said, hurriedly, in a voice husky with emotion: "Release these men, Daddy, and come along with them. The others follow me. Put away your guns, you may hurt the ladies. O God, that we may be in time." And he dashed to the rescue; Dawlish, with his massive strength, pushed me aside in his eagerness to get there. I followed close behind him. We rushed straight into the drawing-room car, and what a sight there met our bewildered gaze.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE PASSING OF THE ANARCHISTS.

IN the center of the room stood Dora Clark, struggling in the fell clutches of a huge masked ruffian. He had already annexed her tiara and necklace, both of which, with several of her bracelets, lay strewn on the floor, and was, as we entered, busily engaged in tearing the clusters of diamonds from the berth of her white satin corsage; in so doing he had grievously disarranged her dress, exposing to view her glorious snow-white bosom. With his left hand he gripped the glossy coils of her lustrous hair, savagely pulling her head back, in order to facilitate the consummation of his nefarious object. But it was no case of tame submission on her part, for Dora was battling for her diamonds and (for ought she knew to the contrary) for her honor, with the desperate valor of a lioness defending her cubs. She had seized the bandit's right wrist and was vainly striving to liberate her heaving breast from the desecration of his marauding fingers, at the same time convulsively pushing her other hand into his face, in order to hinder its approach to hers.

On an adjacent couch a second outlaw was leaning over the recumbent figure of my darling Bella, stifling her cries with one hand, and with the other stripping off her ornaments. With an awful oath Jim hurled himself on his wife's ravisher, who turned to meet him, and the two grappled in mortal fray. Leaving Jim to settle his private accounts, I hasted to Bella's succor. But Dawlish was before me; with a vicious half-hook his right fist crashed on the robber's ear, and as the latter, half-dazed, faced to meet his aggressor, he received a smashing left-hander from the Captain on his chin, while I came up in time to administer an ugly punch below the belt; on such occasions one is not inclined to be careful to observe the niceties of fair play or the Marquis of Queensberry rules. Completely knocked out, the robber fell prone and senseless.

A wild shriek from Mrs. Clark drew my attention to the duel. Though strong and wiry as a mountain lion, Jim had been worsted in his encounter with his gigantic opponent, who, to my horror, had thrown my friend, and was now kneeling on him with a wicked-looking triangular dagger in his uplifted right hand. Dora was clinging to the bandit's arm, but the weapon nevertheless descended apparently on to Jim's neck. Just at this juncture Dawlish, who was endowed with remarkable strength and activity, and (as I afterwards learned) had been a champion athlete (in his day), springing in, caught the herculean outlaw by the shoulders, hurling him backwards, and then proceeded to choke him into a state of insensibility. As he tumbled down the mask fell from the robber's face, and Dora exclaimed in a terrified voice: "The man with a scar!" and fell fainting into her husband's arms, as to my intense relief he arose unharmed. The long, deadly-looking stiletto was still quivering in the floor, where the force of the blow had stuck it. Dora's frenzied intervention had providentially diverted the murderer's aim, or Jim would have seen his finish, and the Italian anarchist would have had one more crime on his dark blood-stained soul to answer for at the tremendous tribunal before which he was so soon to appear.

Reinforcements were at hand, for old man Clark, accompanied by the released conductor and servant, now appeared on the scene. The Emperor was now as cool as a cucumber. Words were out of place. It was supremely a time for doing, not talking, and before everything the Emperor is a man of action; he showed that by directing the servants to assist Dawlish in securing the robbers, and while Jim was tenderly laying the senseless form of Dora on a couch, kissing her passionately the while, and I was endeavoring to console my wife, who was sobbing hysterically, he rushed to the end section of the car and quickly returned with the two ladies' maids, who had also been bound and gagged, and directed them to look after their mistresses. Having resigned our darlings into the hands of their attendants, who, in spite of their frightened condition, showed considerable presence of mind, Jim now resumed the command, and rapidly issued his orders, which were these: That Dawlish should assist him in clearing the remaining cars of the highwaymen, if they had not decamped already, and that the old man and I should descend from the train and proceed one on each side of it, and at a distance of about ten yards from it in the direction of the locomotive, keeping in line as far as possi-

ble with the central division. The object of this maneuver was to kill or capture any of the brigands who might try to escape. The conductor and servant were to drag the prisoners into the dining-room and there mount guard over them.

Well, I followed my instructions to the letter, and was soon creeping slowly along at the prescribed distance from the cars. All was as quiet as the grave; it was a still frosty night, there was a ghostly air about the whole scene. The telegraph posts cast long shadows, which, owing to the radiance thrown by the electrically-lighted cars, looked like solid obstructions. It did me good to get out into the fresh, cold air. I said to myself: "Uriah, my boy, you have had some pretty queer experiences in your time, but this beats all. What would some of your New York friends think of you, Uriah, if they could see you now brigand hunting, gun in hand, not knowing but that at any moment a truculent highwayman might take a pot shot at you?" and I confess this gave me an overallish feeling for a moment, but then I thought of the brave Jim, our leader, and how well he had played his part this memorable night, and I resolved to do my duty or die in the attempt, and then again, I thought of those two scoundrels pillaging our wives, and perhaps, if left to themselves, attempting something worse, and the very idea made me think of Macaulay's splendid lines in his ballad of "Virginia," where the young Icilius refers in soul-stirring phrases to that which "turns the coward's heart to steel, the sluggard's blood to flame," and my heart seemed to change to the consistency of hardened aluminum (to be strictly up-to-date, and I resolved to give and take no quarter, as I cocked my revolver and felt to see if I had any loose shells ready in the side pocket of my Tuxedo smoking coat. I hadn't long to wait to have my courage and coolness put to a test; and mind you, it is always easier to be brave in a crowd with your trusty comrades around you than alone and unassisted, when you have to depend entirely on your own resources.

Just as I was passing the Emperor's private car, keeping by the sound of their footfalls as well as I could abreast with our hero and Dawlish, the report of Jim's pistol, followed immediately by the sound of a falling body, broke on my ear. I knew it was Jim's gun, for three reasons: the first was because he used in his shells cordite smokeless powder which makes a whip-like crack, and secondly, because Jim was sure to be in the lead, and therefore would naturally fire first, and thirdly, because he never missed.

There is another of these rascals gone to his account, and a good job, too, soliloquized I. At that moment a man leaped down from the next car ahead and sped right across my path. I fired twice, with no effect, but a bullet from my third chamber struck its mark, and he staggered. I ran towards him and fired again; this brought my man to the ground; as I came up to him he half raised himself, and uttered some inarticulate cry in Italian, probably imploring mercy; it may have been so, but he got none, as at a range of three yards I ruthlessly shot him through the head; as I did so I recognized him as the last of the trio I had kodaked. While I was blazing away I heard two rapid reports on the other side of the train, and I knew that the old man had also got into action. Just as I was stooping down to examine my victim's face I was startled by hearing an English view halloa uttered by a familiar voice close beside me. I happened to know it was a view halloa, as I had on several occasions been out with one of the Long Island packs of foxhounds. I raised my head in time to see Jim Clark crossing my path, running at a fast gait in a direction at right angles to the train, and at the same time I descried almost in a line with Jim the figure of a man who had evidently just left the servant's sleeper; he also was making tracks at his best pace. Both runners were heading for the same point on the level plain, where my eye detected a group of horses and a couple of men. Now, in order to reach his friends and thereby to insure his safety, the fleeing outlaw (for, of course, I concluded that he was one of the gang) had to traverse (so to speak) the hypotenuse of a right-angled triangle, whereas Jim had only to follow its next longest side, and as the latter was running four feet for the other's three, it was quite clear, in spite of his start, that the unlucky bandit would be cut off. I naturally joined in the chase, leaving my mark on level terms with Dawlish, who was five or six yards behind the leader. Jim, who was a speedy sprinter, rapidly closed in on his quarry. The highwayman, realizing that it was a case of now or never, shouted wildly to his pals to come with the horses to his assistance, then suddenly halted and fired twice at Jim, who was now within twenty-five yards of him, and the latter being by this time only a short distance ahead of Dawlish, who in his turn was followed by me at an interval of six or seven yards. As the man loosed off, Jim pulled up and jumped back so suddenly that I feared he was hit, but he somewhat relieved my feelings by taking a snap shot at his adversary,

who gave vent to an unearthly yell, dropped his pistol, and seemed to make one more desperate effort to get away. I could see Jim raise his gun to a level as coolly as if he were practising in a shooting gallery, and fire, both he and his human target being just within the verge of the bright zone of light cast by the brilliantly-illuminated cars. The miserable wretch sprang into the air and fell forward on his face, and I knew that he had been shot through the heart.

While this was transpiring, Dawlish and I, in order to create a diversion and to prevent the horse keepers coming to the rescue, kept pouring a rapid long-range fire on them. When seeing that their comrade was grassed, or rather, sage brushed, and not wishing to meet a similar fate, after firing a wild ineffectual volley at us, they mounted and rode away.

"I hope you are not hurt, Jim," cried I, anxiously, when Dawlish and I had reached the spot where our hero was surveying his handiwork and reloading his destructive weapon.

"No, thank God," replied the ex-cowboy, "but if I hadn't tried the old Apache dodge of jumping back as that coyoté fired" (pointing to the dead man), "I probably should have been. That chap has been a Mexican Vacquero, if I mistake not, and this gun of his is a 44-caliber Colt frontier pistol; that's what the cowboys always use. I see that you brought down your bird, Judge, shake old man," and our leader shook hands with me and Dawlish. We knew well what those hand-grips meant better than a whole torrent of words could have told us.

We then ran back to the locomotive, where we found the Emperor (who had slain his man) with the engineer and fireman whom he had released from bondage. The engineer informed us that he had pulled up in answer to a red lamp that was being waved by a man beside the track, and before either he or his mate knew what the trouble might be, eight pistols, held by the same number of masked ruffians, were pointed straight at their heads, and they had no alternative but to hold up their hands.

The Emperor now made an excellent suggestion to the engine men, which was to go at a foot's pace for the next mile or two, as probably the robbers, to guard against the chance of the train not stopping at their signal, might well have taken the precaution of tearing up a rail or two, in order to throw it off the track, and this proved to be literally the case. Jim added a rider by saying that he intended to hang the two prisoners before the train made

a start. I suppose, strictly speaking, as an interpreter of the law, I ought to have mildly protested against what was certainly taking it into our hands, but when I thought of the scene in the drawing-room I was tongue-tied. As for the others, they would have called in Judge Lynch, even if Jim had not. Then we proceeded to the service sleeper and released all the domestics. One could hardly blame the poor devils for not showing fight. They had no leader as we had, and most of them were in bed, and, moreover, would infallibly have been massacred to a man if they had offered resistance. The ladies had retired to the "Bridal" car, and Jim and I found them together in Mrs. Clark's private boudoir. They had heard the firing, and had been terribly anxious respecting our safety, and were overjoyed at our return uninjured. Now, I don't believe in a man who boasts that he has never shed a tear. How the deuce can a husband who is as fond of his wife as I am of Bella remain dry-eyed when she is hanging round your neck, crying with joy, kissing you a thousand times, and calling you by every endearing epithet. I say again, if a man can remain unaffected in such circumstances he is no man at all, but a blooming iceberg. I am not ashamed to say I cried like a good 'un, and the inflexible Jim, now that all the fighting and danger was over, broke down and allowed his tears to mingle unrestrainedly with those of that glorious creature, Dora. He is as worthy of her as she is of him. I can't say more, and will not say less. So let it go at that. We did not tell our wives the whole story, as we did not wish to shock their feelings, and we agreed as long as possible to keep from them the piece of wild Western justice that we were about to perpetrate, though, of course, it must come out soon, when the whole civilized world would be revelling in one of the most thrilling incidents of the new century. I will go further, and say one of the most extraordinary affairs that has ever taken place. We merely said that probably we should not get to bed for some time, if at all, that night. So the two ladies agreed to sleep together, as neither in her nervous excited condition felt as if she could be left alone.

The ladies told us hurriedly that they were both on the point of retiring after their usual nightly chat about frills and furbelows, when the train stopped; they were not more alarmed than we were, and went on conversing. Just as Dora had touched the bell to summon her maid, to her and Bella's horror, four masked men

entered the room. The biggest of them, who turned out to be Sarpi, gave some directions in Italian, and two of the men passed on in the direction of the smoker. The leader then, in broken English, ordered the ladies to give up their jewels. Dora gained a short time by fumbling at her necklace, as if unable to unfasten it; seeing the bandit's impatience she at last handed it over to him; at that moment came the sounds of the firing, and the big bandit, knowing there was no time to be lost, snatched the tiara from Dora's head, and after a desperate resistance on her part, was proceeding to further acts of violence as we entered. My wife had put up quite a fight with the other bandit before she was overpowered. I tenderly kissed my Bella and bade her good night, and Jim did the same to sweet Dora, and then we withdrew and joined the old man and Dawlish in the dining car, where we proceeded to hold a rough species of drum-head court-martial on the two prisoners for form sake, and I, in the capacity of judge, pronounced the sentence of the court, which was that they should be both hung forthwith. Sarpi protested that he was an Italian subject, and demanded to be handed over to the representative of his country in the States. I replied that the Italian Government would, I have no doubt, be infinitely obliged to us for ridding the world of such a monster, anarchist, assassin, public robber, and universal pest, but apart from that consideration we had come to the conclusion that he and his companion in crime had justly forfeited their lives on account of this night's work. The other man begged in broken English for mercy, but I told him that he had come to the wrong shop for that article. We did not wish to stay any longer than was absolutely necessary around this locality. So first having given some of the servants orders to clear the cars from the stains of slaughter and to convey the bodies of all the dead bandits, either inside or outside the cars, to the foot of a certain telegraph post, we indicated, on which, zealously assisted by the remainder of the staff, we proceeded to hang Sarpi and his comrade, and arrange the six dead bodies of the rest of the gang on a cairn of stones at the foot of the post. I caused to be nailed on the same post a small placard, on which I inscribed a very laconic relation of the affair, directed to the sheriff of the county in which the tragedy took place, with our four signatures at the end of the document, the Emperor's, Jim's, Dawlish's, and mine.

"We had better make sure," said Jim, as we were quitting the

gruesome spot. "We will tell the ladies we were firing a *feu de joie*," and he deliberately emptied all six chambers of his revolver into Sarpi's suspended body, and I gave his companion a similar dose; this was the signal for a regular fusilade, and if there had been the slightest spark of life left in either of the outlaws, it must have been speedily extinguished; it is wonderful how straight some people can shoot when there is no danger to themselves around.

"Well, boys," said the old man, looking with great evident satisfaction at the group of corpses, "I guess that is pretty artistic. I'll have a fine monument erected on this spot. I judge there will not be any more train robbing for a while in these parts. By Gosh, Jim, I'm prouder of you than if you were President of this great country, best on record, best on record. Now, friends, we will board our train and get something to eat; I feel kind of empty. How is it with you, Jim?" continued the Emperor, affectionately linking his arm in that of his son.

"I could chew up a raw monkey," replied Jim.

I confess I did not feel a desperate hankering after victuals and I don't think Dawlish was particularly ravenous, as I saw him (old campaigner as he was) give a little shudder as we left the ghastly scene, and it was enough to make a man's flesh creep to see in the glare of the incandescent lamps that ring of dead men seated like weary warfarers taking lunch leaning against each other and the telegraph post, but the illusion was dispelled by the two dead bodies suspended over them in the air. Somehow I could not resist the temptation of securing pictorial souvenirs of this shockingly unique spectacle. So I hasted to my dressing-room, and soon returned with my camera and took several of what proved on development to be remarkably good negatives, but then the *poseurs* kept so still. While I was taking the photographs I instructed the servants to search the bodies and possess themselves of all the papers on the persons of the dead outlaws, and I dare say they found a good many other things besides such as watches and rings. To the victors belong the spoils, and it was no business of mine, and I didn't trouble as long as I coraled the documentary evidence. I then rejoined my comrades in the smoker.

I have made a tremendously long rigmarole of this affair, but I really do not see how I could have curtailed the narration much without depriving it to some extent of its verisimilitude, but as it

is intended solely for my own private perusal, I don't see it matters a row of pins to anybody else. It will be a source of future pleasure to me, that is a sure thing. There was not a trace of the late terrible doings to be seen in the smoking-room. The pool of blood and brains had vanished, or rather the piece of carpet so terribly defiled had been removed and a length of drugget stretched temporarily in its place. But as long as this car is on its wheels the dark crimson blotches, where the smoking gore had soaked through the deep pile, will never leave the oaken boards of the flooring underneath.

The footman, whose duty it was to see to the restoration of order in the car, had perpetrated (unconsciously, no doubt) a grim piece of humor. Everything was exactly the same as it had been before the irruption of the bandits. The whist table was there, the chairs, including the Captain's armchair (as it will always be called now), with the bullet splash on the back (a fine advertisement for the hardness of the new metal, by the way). The little tables, with glasses on them by the side of the chairs, the cellaret on the table. Yes, every detail was perfect; there was only one point omitted. There were no revolvers. No, these were in our pockets, and there certainly would be no occasion to take them out again.

The first thing we all four did was to mix ourselves a long drink apiece, and after clinking glasses to drink to each other in an eloquent silence that meant so much. The Emperor made the first remark when we were seated and had lighted our cigars.

"Thank God, gentlemen, we and our dear ones are alive and well. We owe it all under Divine Providence to my son there. Jim, shake hands, I am indeed proud of you, my son. You have shown yourself to-night to be not only a very brave fellow, but the prince of gunners. I knew you could shoot, but yours was the toniest diamond breastpin kind of shooting ever seen. I had my back half turned when you started, and it was all over before I got fairly ready; you gave those fellers no sort of a show."

"If I had, Daddy, we should not be here, but I have been practising the lightning snap shot the best part of my life, and have got it down to a pretty fine point, but then my nerve is good," said the ex-cowboy.

"By the Lord, you are right," cried Dawlish. "The question is, Jim, have you got any nerves?"

"Talking of snap shots, gentlemen," said I, "those I make

with my camera are quite as rapid, though not so deadly as Jim accomplishes with his six-shooter. Here are some specimens. Did you ever see these individuals before?" and I took out from my pocket and handed round the developed pictures of Sarpi and Co. I kodakked outside Marshal Fields' store.

"Great Cæsar's ghost!" cried the Emperor, "where and when in the name of all that's mysterious did you take these pictures, Judge, not on board the train, eh?"

As this was a good joke we all laughed, and when I had explained, the old man said:

"Why, Judge, what a detective you would have made. But what was all that talk during the trial in the dining car about that big bandit being an anarchist?"

I gave him my reasons for being certain that the man he referred to was named Sarpi, and was the scoundrel who attempted the King of England's life, besides being chief of an organized band of assassins. Apart from any other evidence, what I had said could be fully proved by the papers found on the dead bodies of the train robbers."

"They will make you a knight of the garter and of the Holy Ghost and of the Golden Fleece, and I don't know what else besides, Jim," said Dawlish, laughing. "Besides, you will be coralling quite a valuable collection of autograph letters of thanks from all the crowned heads of Europe."

The butler then came in, and in the most ceremonious, ordinary working day sort of manner, announced the fact that supper was waiting in the dining car.

I noticed that during the progress of our meal the servants looked at Jim with a kind of adoring, frightened sort of way. Nothing seemed to come amiss to our hero. He ate and drank everything in sight.

"Fighting seems to agree with you, my boy," said his father, "It is a pity you cannot have a scrap like this occasionally."

When we had returned to the smoker, Jim suggested a resumption of the game, to which proposition we all agreed, as it was impossible to go to bed just yet with a chance of sleeping. The engineers having by this time replaced the torn up rails we were proceeding on our way. As we were restarting the interrupted rubber, with the same partners as before, Jim remarked to Dawlish:

"It is precious hard lines, Captain, those cursed robbers coming

when they did, as we had a safe trebble. We were four by honors, and I had a tarnation strong hand in hearts besides five trumps, but before we begin I must apologize for having to shoot so close to your head, but I had no alternative, and you were in no sort of danger, at least from my shots."

"No apologies are necessary, my dear boy," replied the Captain, "but I wonder I have any hair left on my cranium." Which reply made us all smile, as the gallant gentleman's thatch was getting rather thin on the top.

Jim and Dawlish had the luck of the devil, and when we had finished our last rubber, the Emperor had lost several thousand and I several hundred dollars.

The dawn was breaking when my companions sought their downy couches, leaving me engaged in writing out a succinct account of the whole business for the *New York Journal*. I had told both the old man and Jim that I considered it advisable to lose no time in sending out an official report, and they both agreed with me, and also with my recommendation to stop the train at some station boasting of a telephone office.

I kept the train waiting for half an hour at a small roadside depôt. I was soon in telephone communication with my friend Simpson at his private residence in Brooklyn. He was tremendously surprised to hear from me from an obscure little hole-in-the-corner place in Utah, and still more surprised when I told him my object in thus bringing him up. He was deliriously grateful when I had done pouring my story into the receiver of his telephone. After this I boarded the train and sought some much-needed rest.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A TRIUMPHAL PROGRESS.

MARCH 8.

BEFORE retiring for the night the Emperor had informed me that the attempted hold-up had induced him to alter his plans somewhat for the ordering of our tour. It had been arranged in Chicago that we should stop off two or three days at Salt Lake City, but now under the circumstances he had decided to leave this out of the program and go straight through to 'Frisco, which I thought was a very sensible plan, as certain members of our party were so very much in evidence now as public characters that we should not have a moment's privacy in the Capital of Mormonism, and we did not wish to turn our noble selves into a cheap raree show for the benefit of the vulgar, and the sooner we reached the semi-seclusion of Aluminum House the better, and every member of the party thoroughly indorsed the sentiment at breakfast this morning. Mr. Clark gave a handsome gratuity to the engineer and fireman at Ogden (where we changed locomotives) for the zeal they displayed in replacing the torn-up rails, and in other respects. It was not their fault that they were held up; it wasn't to be expected that they should sacrifice their lives.

The news of the train attack had not apparently reached Ogden from New York when we arrived at that junction, and Mr. Clark asked our retiring engine men to keep their mouths shut until we had slid out, but as the day advanced it was soon apparent that the telegraph and telephone had done their work, as at all the little Nevada oases that we passed through the scanty population turned out to give us a cheer as we rushed by. I hate that weary ride through Nevada from Ogden to Reno, how tired one's eyes get at looking at the eternal sage brush, and those gaunt-looking Buttes in the distance. There is a distressing monotony in the scenery, and a most depressing sense of utter desolation. Some day, perhaps, when the pressure of population necessitates the irrigation of

these at present infertile plains Nevada may rank as a great stock-raising and even a corn-growing State. But at present it does not pay to irrigate except for fruit raising on a very limited scale, hence the population which was artificially fostered during the great silver boom in the fifties now is away below that required by the constitution as warranting a claim for Statehood. I suppose it would not do to reduce a State to the rank of a territory, but it does seem an absurd anomaly that Nevada should exercise with its tiny population of less than 50,000 persons (mostly tough) the same influence in the Senate at Washington as New York or Massachusetts with their millions of (on the average) the best educated people in the world. The only way to remedy this monstrous condition of affairs would be to give each State, in addition to its normal number of two, an extra Senator for every, say, half million of population. This would largely increase the Senate, but at the same time would bring an influx into that body of a number of highly-educated intelligent men, with the consequence that that enormously influential assembly would consult its own dignity and refrain from making those gigantic breaks and blunders that, from time to time, cause it to pose as the wonder and laughing-stock of the civilized world. There is no doubt that we badly need reform in the machinery, both of our national and State Governments. In regard to the latter, let us look at the New England States for instance; their method of representation remains, for the most part, where it was a hundred years ago. One need not go farther than New Haven, Conn., a city I am well acquainted with. Well, in this year of grace, 1921, its population is fully 180,000, and it still only sends two members to the Legislature at Hartford. Whereas there are quite a number of small places with a population under 10,000, which have equal political influence with New Haven. This state of things is as scandalously bad (and considering the amazing improvement in general enlightenment), worse than the condition of the political misrepresentation of England and Wales previous to the great Reform Bill of 1832. There was no doubt a goodly array of rotten boroughs in old England then; are there none in New England now? Let the Democrats see to this. They are the interested parties with a large majority voting the Democratic ticket in the State of Connecticut; it is an extraordinary fact that the Republicans command a considerable majority in the House of Representatives at Hartford. The stronger

side is gagged and bound by the weaker, and the gag and the chain are both made of a *dollarous* material, a dolorous condition indeed. After this bad pun I will resume my narrative. I am not in politics, thank God, so it isn't my business anyhow, but I like seeing my opinions in black and white occasionally, even if it is only for my own edification.

The system now in universal use of locomotives tanking up *en route* obviated the necessity of stopping, except to change engines. The only place we pulled up at between Ogden and Reno was Humboldt City. I think it is rather a slur on the memory of the immortal traveler, geographer, and naturalist to associate him with a little one-mule place like this. A number of people tried to board the train, and Jim had to go out and speak to them, which he did in a very brief, modest manner amidst shouts of "Bully for you, my boy." "You are the man for us." "Hoorah for Jim Clark, the bandit plugger!" In the face of such patent marks of popularity what could Jim do but order the butler to serve drinks all round, and then there were cries for Mrs. Clark, and when Dora made her appearance on the stoop of the smoker, there was silence for a few seconds, and then a yell went up of mingled admiration and adoration from this rough crowd of miners, cowboys, trackmen, and fruit farmers, who had never seen anything so lovely before as she. There were desert men who had ridden in on their half-broken little hardy ponies twenty miles and more, who begged to be allowed to kiss her hand, and one great bronzed-bearded giant craved in husky tones for one of her gloves. Dora at once acceded to his request, and he kissed it reverentially, and fixed it in his hat amid the envy of his mates. I'll bet rather than lose that treasured trophy he would fight till he was dead. There is a chivalry in the hearts of some of these wild uncivilized Westerners that vividly recalls the woman worship of medieval knight errantry, and puts to shame the superficial lip service of our Eastern dudes. I know that this struck Dora in the same way as it did me, as when she reentered she was in a tremble with emotion, and her bright eyes were filled with tears. A touch of nature makes the whole world kin is as true an aphorism now in this twentieth century of ours as ever it was. It was marvelous when one thinks of it with what celerity the intelligence of the attempted hold-up had spread already, but it gave us a taste of what we may expect when we arrive at our destination.

It was approaching midnight when we reached Reno. The depôt was crammed with a seething mass of humanity, and it was with difficulty that the change of engines could be effected without slaughtering some of the cheering excited people, who seemed reckless what happened to them as long as they got a sight of the hero and heroine. Both Jim and Dora had to show themselves, in order to satisfy the eager throng. The same two locomotives that had taken the Emperor out on his record-breaking run were waiting to haul us over the Sierras to 'Frisco.

Before we started, the old man, Jim, Dawlish, and I made our way through the crowd to the head of the train, and we all, amid deafening cheers, climbed on to the plates of the two engines and shook hands most cordially with the engineers and firemen, who had decorated their locomotives very tastefully with laurel and seemed as proud as haughty dukes that to themselves had been accorded the prized privilege of pulling the famous train with its still more famous inmates on the last stage of its triumphal progress. At last we commenced our midnight ride over the Sierras. At Reno was handed in the advanced guard of that deluge of congratulatory telegrams and cables that I knew must overwhelm us when we had reached home. I say home advisedly, because Bella and I must consider that henceforward we were to form an integral part of the Clark establishment.

MARCH 9.

I am not a great sleeper—brain workers rarely are—at the same time, I have always been from habit and inclination an early riser. I have found it best to do one's heavy work in those quiet peaceful hours that follow the first blush of dawn. Of course, in New York it is not always possible to get up with the lark, especially when one has been feasting on those delicious little birds along with a lot of other dainties at Rector's or Sherry's well after midnight in company of one's wife and a select party of friends, having first patronized Wallack's, the vaudeville, or perhaps the opera. These outings were of frequent occurrence with us, and after a harassing day's work a small diversion (as the Irish say) does one a power of good, but I always made up for these dissipations by retiring to roost at a reasonable hour when there was nothing on in the shape of evening amusement on the carpet, and my wife is thoroughly in accord with me on this point, as she is a wise woman and knows that as a health and therefore a complexion preserver an hour's sleep before the

time when graves do yawn and ghosts do perambulate is worth two after. I had one of my fits of insomnia on this particular night, and so left my deliciously comfortable bed, where my wife was peacefully sleeping just as the light of another day was beginning to illuminate the wild mountain scenery, and our train was rushing down the Pacific slope of the Sierras, and the sun's rays were trying to pierce the gloomy depths of the valley surrounding that precipitous frowning bluff of Cape Horn. I dressed and made my way to the smoker, lit a cigar, and helped myself to a Scotch whisky and soda in the little bar-room, and sat down to write up my diary, as I never seem to get any time to keep it posted up; what with the pleasures of the table, the charm of conversation with those one loves, the fascination of whist, etc., etc., there really does not seem to be a vacant ten minutes during the day. Early as was the hour, I believe the whole of the English colony of fruit-growers were assembled at the little Auburn depôt to see the aluminum train go through, and possibly mistaking me for friend Jim, the crowd raised quite a cheer. By the time we had got on to level ground I was joined by the old man and Jim. The latter seemed a little anxious and worried.

"What's the matter, my boy?" said I.

"Oh, nothing much," replied the hero, "but I feel in a desperate funk."

"That's good," said I; "fancy you being alarmed about anything."

"Why," replied Jim. "it's this way; perhaps they may want me to make a speech when we get to Oaklands, and I would rather face a crowd of robbers any day than to stand on my legs and jaw. I made an awful mess of it before those good chumps at Humboldt City, but what I should do in front of a big mob I can't say. I shall have to get you to jaw for me; you are a daisy orator, Judge."

"They will want to run you for Congress, Jim," said his father, "and then you will have to go on the stump."

"I'll see them damned first," said Jim, bluntly; "I would rather go to Cape Nome."

"And leave Dora?" said the old man, laughing; "she would probably object to accompany you."

"Oh, then we would go to Europe and live there," said Jim.

"And desert your old father and your country. I am afraid,

Jim, great man as you are, you are but a poor American," replied his sire, who looked rather crestfallen.

"Oh, you must come, too, Daddy, of course," replied Jim, "and the Judge and his charming wife."

"And the Rector and the Mother Superior," said I, laughing. But I could see all the time that the Emperor did not relish the idea of semi-expatriation at all; he was a true blue Californian, and thought there was no city in the world that matched his beloved San Francisco. So I thought it best to change the conversation, and got Jim to recount some of his adventures with Rocky Mountain grizzlies and Californian lions.

"Well, my boy," said the old man, "I will allow that you have been a great hunter. The only bears I have ever run up against were two-legged ones near Wall Street, and here let me give you a bit of sound advice. Never sell stock you don't own yourself, and then you never will be short, and don't buy or sell on margins; that is a fool's game. If you think a good sound stock has a bullish tendency, buy whole blocks of it, and you may make a nice little pile, but buy the stock right out for cash, and you can't get left."

"That's all very well for millionaires," said I, "but the small people haven't the spare money; they must either go on margins or leave the whole business alone."

"Let them do the latter," said the old man emphatically, "no man has a right to speculate or gamble (same thing, don't you know) unless he can afford to lose the money. It ought to be a penitentiary offence to run a bucket-shop. I think the damned fools of the world should be protected a little. The most pernicious invention of modern times is undoubtedly the ticker; look at the scores of tape fiends there are in every broker's office wasting their time and money."

"I guess I never cared much for gambling on stocks," said Jim, "anyway, but I'll go the limit on a poker game, or a faro layout."

"I thought you had quitted gambling, Jim," said I, laughing.

"Oh, I have, except when Dora gives me leave, but she will always do that every time I ask her and give her half a dozen kisses."

There was silence for quite a while, and then Jim exclaimed: "Here we are at Sacramento." We all three (Dawlish was still

in the arms of Morpheus) rose and adjourned to the observation car.

"Thank goodness," continued Jim, "we are not going to stop here."

"I am afraid," said I, "that it will cause a deal of disappointment, as the good folk doubtless expect to get a view of you, Jim, and to hear you speak."

Indeed, it must have been as I said, for as we dashed with the roar of a sixty-mile-an-hour gait through the depôt, we could catch a glimpse of the sea of upturned faces and the waving of countless hats, and for one brief moment could hear rising high above the crash of the train the din of many voices like the confused sound of a distant waterfall.

I chaffed Jim at breakfast about his nervous tremors, and said: "Look at your wife, how calm and collected she is; she has a much greater ordeal to go through than you, for she will have to face the scrutinizing eyes of the 'Friscan society ladies, who will come to take stock of their new queen."

"Oh, Judge," said the sweet creature, "do you think there will be many ladies at the depôt?"

"As many as that building will hold, you bet," replied I, seriously.

"Oh, Bella, how do I look please? Tell me true; I forgot all about that," and she really seemed much more perturbed than her valiant spouse at the thought of not being quite up to what the fulsome newspaper reports had described her.

"Oh, you will do, dear," said my wife, blithesomely.

"The 'Friscans will think they raise angels in England," said I.

"I say, Judge," exclaimed Jim, "if you go on flattering Dora like that, you will make her as vain as a peacock. She thinks an awful lot of your opinion."

"That's more than my wife does; am I right Bella dear?" said I.

"Oh, what a story, dear; you know I think you more infallible than any blessed Pope," replied Bella.

"I say, Jim," said the old man, "to what sex do you consider Dora belongs? You compared her with a peacock just now. You surely mean a peahen, and that's no great shucks in the way of a compliment, as a peahen is by no means a lovely bird."

"You've scored one there at any rate, Daddy," said Dora, laugh-

ing. "When shall I get Jim out of the habit of making these extraordinary breaks?"

Never had the fair lady looked more entrancing. She had attired herself in her costume of black velvet and chinchilla, and her eyes were as bright and killing as the bullets from her re-doubtable husband's pistol. All this badinage had the effect of dispelling the cloud of apprehension in that gentleman's mind, and he now looked forward with tolerable equanimity to the future.

Though I had chaffed Jim unmercifully, I confess to feeling a bit nervous myself, as our train drew up on the arrival platform at the Oakland terminus of the Southern Pacific Railroad. It must be trying for even the players of secondary parts to have to act before a densely-packed audience in a great strange theater, and that was what our party had to do, Jim and Dora taking the leading rôles, and the worst of it was, all our parts were totally unrehearsed.

The arrangements were perfect; short as was the notice, Mr. Norton, the superintendent of the station, showed himself fully equal to the emergency. A double rank of policemen and railway men lined each side of a narrow avenue that led down from the train to the steam ferry, keeping back the tightly-wedged mass of cheering humans, chiefly of the masculine gender. Mr. Norton received us in a most courteous manner, congratulating us in a manly way, praising Jim for his prowess and Dora for her pluck and beauty. The latter was the most self-possessed of our crowd, and kept bowing gracefully like a real queen, right and left, as we passed down the aisle, while prominent business men in silk hats and frock coats, cheek by jowl, with the horny-handed sons of toil in dirty overalls, reached over the strong shoulders of policemen and porters to pat the back of the hero. The old man also came in for his share of applause. But it was on the 'Frisco side of the ferry that society had congregated, as the ladies naturally feared to face the rush and tumble of the dépôt. Here it was that the old man was met by his numerous friends, and here it was that we were personally received by the Mayor of the city and the bigbugs, and here it was that Dora had to sustain the scrutiny of hundreds of pairs of eyes that were disposed to be captious and envious, but ended by falling themselves under the spell that Dora seemed to cast around her wherever she went, and she could well say with the great Cæsar: "I came, I saw, I conquered."

The Emperor's automobiles were waiting to take us up to Aluminum House. The Mayor and a few of the old man's most special friends accompanied us to Sutro. The streets were alive with people, and cheering was loud and continuous all along the route. All this was very gratifying, but we were glad to get away from the madding throng, though we knew that there was about the busiest time any of us had ever had before us, but take things as they come: sufficient unto the day is the evil, and also the good thereof.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE LAWYER PUMPS THE SECRETARY.

MARCH 20.

I CAN barely realize that I haven't opened this blessed diary for eleven days. I must have become insensible to the passage of time, which, after all, is to a great extent a figure of speech. Time is very nearly (as a metaphysical idea) coincident with consciousness which may be more or less intense; one reads of some men who in a few moments experienced whole æons of agony, and of others to whom the elapse of weeks in a fever of delirium seemed a single instant. We know not what time is; that is, we cannot properly define it. St. Augustine said, in answer to an inquirer: "I know when you do not ask me." Hobbes defined time "as the phantasm of before and after in motion." Aristotle tried to give a concrete idea of it by stating that it is "the number of motion according to the former and the latter." The two last definitions, at any rate, are obviously inadequate, because the notion of time is involved in the expression "before and after," "former and latter," and the first is merely the very acute observation of a philosopher. The fact is, time is an inscrutable mystery. I am fond sometimes of amusing myself by pondering over such matters; it is a relief to the bustle and frivolity of the world. I like endeavoring to convey in words concrete notions of things difficult or impossible of comprehension. My privately elaborated definition of time is, "The display of phenomena caused by the dual revolution of the earth round the sun and its own axis." Of course, there must be a hidden flaw in this, but to me it seems to fill the bill perhaps better than those above quoted.

We often affirm that time is money; it would be more correct to say "Time *may be* equivalent to money," because it is golden or leaden, according to how we employ it. We also say "time flies." This, of course, is absurd. We may put it in the form "Time may seem to any of us individually to fly," but it doesn't

do so in reality; in fact, it goes slower to us moderns than it did to men in the paleolithic age, since it has been ascertained (such is the delicacy and accuracy of scientific investigation) that the action of the tides has sensibly retarded the diurnal spinning of the earth in space to the extent of about a second during the last hundred thousand years. In other words, our day is longer by one-sixtieth part of a minute than it was in the period when the woolly mainmoth or the festive pleiosaurus cavorted around as is admirably depicted in the old back numbers of that sarcastic and clever periodical, *The New York Life*. But time goes slow to some persons; for instance, to a middle-aged nephew waiting to handle the dollars of a wealthy perennially cheerful octogenarian uncle, who seems to his despairing relative (whose own power of enjoyment is gradually slipping away from him) to have made a pact with the scythe-bearer or to have copiously drunk of the fountain of eternal youth. Time, on the other hand, goes terribly fast to the exhausted pugilist who, with the zealous aid of his seconds, is vainly hoping to pull himself together and avert defeat; how desperately he strives, in mind at least, to retard the passage of those thirty seconds, at the expiration of which the fateful word "Time" will be called by the remorseless referee, and he will have to stagger into the middle of that 24-foot ring to face his seemingly untiring adversary, and perhaps to receive a crashing blow on the point of the jaw or on the solar plexus that will cause him to be indifferent to the passage of the enemy (as time is sometimes called by foolish idle people), since he (the pugilist) will be temporarily lost to the world. Time is also of the essence of the contract as is laid down by Blackstone and Chitty, or rather by Ulpian and Gaius, ages before these two great English lawyers began to eat pie.

And then there is the delightfully vague language in which one of the Hebrew prophets writes of the future happening of some (to him) tremendous catastrophe "in a time, a time, and half a time," which may equally mean a million as a thousand years hence. Then think of all the ingenious contrivances for computing time that men have employed. The clepsydra, or water clock; the gnomon, or sundial; the hour glass, the regulated dropping of water, and lastly, the marvelous evolutionized mechanism of the clock and the watch. The mention of the last-named reminds me that mine has stopped because I forgot to wind it up last night. Well, I should die at my post if this state of things

went on much longer, working day and night, with ne'er a let up, but Dora tells me that we shall start for Europe in a few days, and after all, this is only a spurt, and my ordinary duties are not of a very onerous description.

The fact is, since we arrived here the United States postal machinery has been pouring upon us an appalling flood of telegrams, cables, letters, and even postal-cards, congratulating Jim, Dora, the Emperor, and all of us collectively, and individually, on our victory over the robbers. Jim must himself have received several thousands of communications from all classes of persons. The hold-up business has evidently assumed an aspect of international importance, and when it was conclusively shown that the majority of the slaughtered bandits were political assassins, the red terror seems to have received a very severe, if not a mortal, blow, as the Italian Ambassador, in a carefully guarded letter of congratulation to Jim, hinted. But the Kings of Italy and England, also the Czar of Russia, the Emperor of Germany, and even the Sultan of Turkey, did not hesitate to cable their personal thanks to our hero for removing, in the person of Sarpi, the head center of anarchy, and these messages were supplemented by others from Prime Ministers, Secretaries of State, Chiefs of Police, and other personages, expressive of their appreciation of the service Jim had performed to society at large. Poor Dawlish has been buried under a mound of letters. The old man brought up from his down-town office a couple of telegraphists and stenographers to lighten Miss Satchell's and our labors in replying to this multitudinous correspondence. I say "our," because I felt it my duty to assist in getting through the job to the best of my abilities. I go to the office each day to attend to my duties as head manager of the old man's business, but soon found that those duties were generally of a very light character, and really only required my active interference in the case of a litigation in respect to infringements of any of the Emperor's patents. So, after a couple of hours each day, of nominal supervision of the work of the very competent staff, I returned to the house to assist Dawlish and his underlings. And we had to pitch in, I tell you, with a vengeance. It would have been hopeless to expect Jim, in any case, to answer personally any but the most important letters, such as the one from the Italian Ambassador; Jim has neither the tongue of a fluent speaker nor the pen of a ready writer, and hates work at any time; besides this, he, Dora, the old man, and

my wife have been hard at it most of the day, returning calls and receiving callers. It was hardly to be expected that Jim should occupy the remainder of his leisure time answering laudatory and congratulatory epistles. So the brunt of the work necessarily fell on Dawlish and myself. Of course, in the great majority of cases, signed typewritten letters or telegrams sufficed, but there were missives from scores, nay hundreds, of bigbugs, which could not be treated with such scant courtesy. Dawlish and I accordingly took this work in hand, and to-day, thank God, we have got through, and I don't expect there will be much more to do in this line.

In addition to having had to work like beavers during the day, we have been kept busy at night, what with dinner parties, balls, at-homes, theaters, and other junketings. We had to dine with the Mayor and lunch with the Governor of the State, and, thank God, breakfast with our noble selves. That is the only meal at which we can converse with ease and comfort. My wife, I know, has been of great assistance to Dora, who must be nearly bored out of her life by the well-meant attentions of kind but vulgar people. I emphatically say that I wouldn't care to live altogether in 'Frisco. Everything is all right but society, and that is all wrong. There is a low standard of manners and breeding. It does not seem an extraordinary thing to see a drunken dude at a ball or at an at-home, and I must say the ladies, from what I have seen and heard, are, generally speaking, as innocent of hypocrisy in concealing their peccadilloes as the artless savage maidens of the plains.

If the Clarks make London their future headquarters, which is certainly not a contingent remainder, but a vested certainty, in spite of the Emperor's potential opposition, then I shall transact the whole of his business from an office in that city. Mr. Clark's is a kind of business one can supervise just as well in one place as another, now that the telephone has been so immensely perfected. "At last we are through," I exclaimed to Dawlish, as we flung our respective selves into American rockers, about 4 P. M. to-day in the central court.

"At last," replied that excellent gentleman, with a profound sigh of relief; "what will you have? I am going to imbibe a quart of draught Bass."

"That's the ticket," said I. "You can't improve on that lead, old man. Nothing like good malt and hops after all. Never touch

those filthy lager and light beers; they are wretched muck compounded of glucose, coloring matter, bitters, and deleterious acids that injure the coats of the stomach, and are conducive to the most fatal forms of kidney trouble. Good Scotch whisky and Bass's draught ale suit my book."

"I am with you, Judge, all the time," replied Dawlish. "Manufacturing and selling beer that is injurious to health (as nearly all those lager and steam beers are that won't keep more than six months) should be punished with a ruinous fine and a long term in the penitentiary."

"You could never enforce the law," I replied, "the brewers would square the inspectors."

"The only way would be to encourage the rascals to play the spy on each other by giving the informer half the fine," said Dawlish.

"But," replied I, "the brewers have too great influence in the State Legislatures. The only real remedy would be a United States law against adulteration. As a matter of fact, no beer or ale should be brewed except with good malt and hops. It should be criminal to use acids and glucose. I am of opinion that all legislation on matters of universal importance, such as public health, divorce, food adulteration, and forestry should emanate from Washington, and be treated as bankruptcy and education have been. It is a scandal to allow the ignorant corrupt jays that chiefly compose the State Legislatures to have the power of monkeying with matters of first-rate importance. Let them muddle along with comparatively small questions of local interest."

"In some respects and along certain lines," said Dawlish, "the more a government is centralized the better."

"How do you like living here, Captain?" said I. "You ought to be quite an authority on the comparative condition of things in this country and your own, and I can see that you are unprejudiced and observant."

"Well," replied the Captain, "I like this country very much, and I have always got on capitally with the people. There are very few Englishmen who have even the most superficial acquaintance with the United States of America or their inhabitants. The comparative few, barring, of course, business men, who venture across, spend two or three hustling days in New York, pay a brief visit to Boston, then rush hurriedly to Niagara, swoop down frantically on Chicago, and return home, and tell their

friends that they have done the States, and are henceforth consulted as oracles on the manners and customs of this great and extensive country. Beyond a question, the ordinary club habitué in London is on the average a better read man than his compeer here, but the American will know probably ten times more about England than the Britisher does of this Republic. I think this is distinctly a deplorable condition, as it leads to puerile mistakes and dangerous delusions on the other side, one of which is that Englishmen regard Americans as brother Anglo-Saxons, when, as a matter of fact, they (Americans) are a conglomeration of most of the European races. In Pennsylvania, New York, the Virginias, Ohio, Kentucky, and the New England States, you find a certain proportion of the population sprung from English, Welsh, or Scotch ancestors, but, generally speaking, Irish, Germans, Italians, Poles, and niggers constitute far more than one-half of the population. These heterogeneous elements are bound together by the bonds of a common tongue and self-interest, but the Anglo-Saxon element, or, to speak more plainly, the English (as such a being as an Anglo-Saxon only exists in the perverted imagination of writers of fiction and of newspaper leader writers), though still very powerful intellectually, socially and commercially, is in a hopelessly small minority; but the purblind Britisher is not aware of this, and is surprised by the semi-hostility often evinced by American people and the American press to what is euphemistically termed the great Anglo-Saxon alliance."

It interested me to hear a regular John Bull talk in this plain, honest way, and I thought I would take this opportunity of drawing my friend out still further, so, lighting a fresh cigar, I remarked:

"You have traveled a whole lot about the Union with the Emperor; would you mind giving me, Captain, your candid opinion about our clubs over here, as compared with your English ones?"

"Yes, sir. I consider I am competent to reply to your question," replied Dawlish, "since I have been an honorary member of nearly forty clubs in this country, and am still a member of the Rag (the Army and Navy), the Travelers, the Naval and Military, and the Junior Carlton Clubs in London. In the first place, their rules enable the American clubs to exercise a great deal more hospitality to strangers than do the English ones, and I think that, on the whole, they come up to the ideal standard of what social institutions should be perhaps better than the Eng-

lish clubs, but the former err by going too far in this direction, and the consequence is, that there is a very serious amount of drinking and dissipation which is generally conspicuous by its absence in the highly-decorous, quiet, and rather formally cold Pall Mall Palaces. The system of giving credit in American clubs is, I believe, a distinctly bad one, as it encourages extravagance, and it does not allow provisions, cigars, or wine to be sold at such a cheap rate as they would be if they were paid for by the members in ready money. In London a man can get a dinner for less than a dollar at his club which he couldn't possibly obtain at a restaurant for anything like the same money. The same in regard to wine and cigars, everything is absolutely first-class in quality and very moderate in price, but this great advantage is only obtained by a most rigid adherence to the cash and no credit system. A man in a first-class London club may have a swell coterie of friends, or may not, but he usually seeks his club, not to talk, drink, and have a good time, but to write his letters, read newspapers and books, dine by himself as often as not, and spend his evening (if he doesn't go home) with a favorite book in the smoking-room, or in playing a rubber of whist, or a quiet game of billiards. Many of the great American clubs are assimilating themselves unconsciously to the English style. It would be an excellent thing if the first-class clubs of Pall Mall were to break down their cast-iron rule of not admitting temporary members. It is hard on the American clubman when in London that he cannot easily find a harbor of refuge to rest himself awhile, but must write his letters and see his friends in his hotel."

"Thank you, Captain; I am as inquisitive as a reporter, but do you prefer San Francisco to New York as a residence?"

"Oh, don't mention the name of reporters! What an awful time we did have for the first three or four days after our return here," said Dawlish. "Jim swore he would shoot some of them if they teased him any more, and this threat made them skin out pretty slick, I tell you. You were down-town at the office at the time. I laughed till I almost burst myself—but pardon me, I haven't replied to your question. I will answer without hesitation. I can say that I prefer San Francisco chiefly on account of the superiority of its climate. Of course, New York is away ahead in almost every other respect, but from my own experience, as well as from that of my friends in the States on the Atlantic seaboard, genuine hospitality is as conspicuous by its absence in the

East as it is by its universal presence in the great West. A New York or Boston man will rarely offer you a meal unless he expects some equivalent in return. God help you if you are broke in the Empire City, for no one else will. A stranger in the East receives a welcome, the temperature of which is regulated by the reputed length of his purse, and if he possesses, or affirms that he possesses a title (it may be only an Italian Countship which costs about \$1,500 to purchase) he is worshipped as an idol by all the high-born buds and matrons of Beacon Street, and of Commonwealth and Fifth Avenues."

"What strikes you, Captain, as the principal differences in the prominent English and American men of business?" I said.

"That's an easy question to answer, Judge. I think the American is more enterprising, readier to catch on to novel methods, to work in new grooves, and to take more chances in establishing fresh openings in his line of business than his English brother, who is rather too conservative in his notions. But the former has nothing, as a rule, to interest him outside his particular business; he looks upon any relaxation as waste of precious time. His only enjoyment is making money, he too frequently is utterly ignorant of the art of spending it. He hardly ever goes in for politics; perhaps he is too honest and remembers the old adage, 'You cannot handle pitch without defiling yourself.' He has, generally speaking, no large landed estate, is no sportsman, doesn't care for farming, has no taste for gardening, nor even for literature outside the mental pabulum afforded by his Sunday newspaper. When he retires from business, if he ever does (as he generally prefers to die in harness from heart or kidney trouble occasioned by too great application, combined with too much eating and drinking, and generally too little exercise), he is really at a loss what to do either with his time or money. He possesses little or no authority over his wife or his children. His girls form their own associates, and rarely consult him except on financial questions. His boys go to a university, where they mostly only learn expensive habits. They become club and society men, play golf, tennis, learn European habits, and acquire a rooted distaste for anything in the shape of work. In fact, the father of the family in such a case—if he is an easy-going fellow—finds himself a cypher in his own house, and feels that a screw is loose somewhere, but cannot exactly locate the spot. If, on the other hand, he plays the tyrant, the result is still worse; his daugh-

ters make disreputable marriages with any adventurers who happen to come along, and his boys play the hypocrite, and sometimes disgrace him by outrageous goings on. In either case all this disastrous state of things is caused by the boss devoting all his time to his office and business, and none to his family and household.

“The English successful manufacturer or merchant has, on the other hand, generally well-defined ambitions outside his mill or his counting-house. When he has made a big pile he either sells out to a joint stock company or takes his sons or his ablest business subordinates into partnership, and, having made things snug, prepares to have a good time himself. Perhaps he may retain a general supervision of the business for awhile so as to prepare it for his ultimate complete withdrawal. He purchases a large country estate, entertains on a grand scale, subscribes to the foxhounds, and does his best to get into county society, and to obtain a seat in the House of Commons. While he is actively engaged in business, he probably had some hobby or recreation in the shape of running a model farm, game shooting, or fox hunting, or perhaps the study of one of the ologies or experimental chemistry. He continues to cultivate his particular hobby after his retirement, and besides, interests himself with the tenants and laborers on his new estate, and dresses in the country gentleman's orthodox costume of knee breeches, gaiters, and shooting-coat; he rides about on a stout cob, and looks himself into matters connected with the repairs of farm buildings and fences, the drainage and the subsoiling of his land, and the well-being of his dependants.

“There are so many more avenues of useful unpaid public employment for men of the leisured classes in England than in America. So our magnate may, if he choose, assist in the administration of the affairs of the city in which he made his wealth without stealing its franchises or misappropriating its funds. He can also seek election to seats in his county and parish councils, and be appointed a magistrate and deal out justice to trespassers, petty thieves, and poachers. If he has a family he frequently succeeds in marrying his well-dowered daughters to the sons of neighboring squires. His eldest son, on whom will devolve the bulk of the family wealth at his father's death, is perhaps sent to Oxford or Cambridge, and afterwards becomes a nominal member of the bar, and assists his father in the management of

his estate, and in due course takes unto himself a wife of aristocratic lineage. The younger sons either enter their father's business, one of the liberal professions, or seek their fortunes in the colonies.

"It is impossible in such cases to draw anything but rough outlines, but I believe the above descriptions will be found to meet the cases, more or less, of a majority of the eminently successful business men of the two countries, respectively."

"I feel quite convinced, Captain," said I, "of the truth of your very clear and candid observations, but, nevertheless, I think there is rapidly springing up among our business men a feeling that the accumulation of wealth is not the only thing to live for."

"That is true," responded Dawlish. "The millionaires of America have proved themselves to be the most magnificent philanthropists the world has ever seen. The names of Peabody, Carnegie, and Rockefeller are immortal, but the gist of my argument is that the American business man, though he knows so well how to amass the money, has not yet fully comprehended the science of enjoying any material portion of it himself. It is all work and no play with him. I maintain that this is wrong."

"I am going to ask you one more question, Captain, and that a very delicate one, so please don't knock me down. It is this: Why is it that you have not married out here; I am sure it cannot be for want of opportunities?"

"Well, Judge, it isn't the first time I have been asked that question, and on more than one occasion the questioner was a fair lady. My reply has invariably been that my devotion to my employer forbids me entering the holy estate, which, of course, is all kid, as the old man has been trying to bribe me into getting spliced, as he says that Keziah doesn't think it respectable for a young man to be single, which makes him laugh till he cries. He once told me he would give me \$5,000,000 if I would marry his sister; he loves his joke, the Emperor does. But you are the only individual to whom I shall have told the real reason for my celibacy. The fact is, if I choose a bride it will be one of my own countrywomen. The American girl of the best class is one of the most winsome charming creatures on the face of God's earth, but she is a craft constructed to race for prizes in landlocked havens, and to sail over summer seas, and, generally speaking, cannot weather the furious gales and heavy seas of adversity. While she is much more brilliant, adaptable, and versatile than

her English sister, she lacks the solid qualities of the latter. Life is not all ice-cream and strawberries, and I should prefer to trust my happiness to one who would be a good pal to me whether I had money to burn or not, in health or sickness, till death do us part. I want a wife like Mrs. Clark, not so beautiful (I can't expect that), but as good, sensible, God-fearing, pure-hearted as she is, who will stick to a man and help him to fight his battles for him. Jim is a lucky man, and he knows it, too, and so does the Emperor, you bet. Why, I can notice a great change in Jim already. He hardly ever goes near his clubs; he hasn't touched a card outside this house since his return, and is no longer wayward and devil-me-care as he used to be."

"My dear Captain," said I, "you are interesting me intensely, but I must now implore you to descend from very excellent generalizations to determinate particulars, and demonstrate to me the definite reasons for your prejudice against my country-women from a marriageable bachelor's point of view."

"Since you particularly desire me to do so, Judge, I will comply with your wishes, though I am aware that I shall be skating on pretty thin ice," replied Dawlish.

"To commence with, the United States of America are rightly regarded as constituting woman's earthly Paradise. It is an acknowledged truism that she is treated here with greater courtesy, chivalry, and consideration than anywhere else. In fact, a species of woman worship may be said to prevail in this country. Herbert Spencer, in his classical work of Sociology, shows very clearly that the higher a nation advances in the scale of civilization, the greater esteem is shown for its women. According to this the United States of America must have arrived at the very apex of culture. The Teutonic element very largely prevails in the States, and from time immemorial women in Europe have occupied an immensely higher position among the Northern nations of German and Scandinavian origin than they have among the so-called Latin races, though, singularly enough, it is the latter that have elevated Mary, the mother of Jesus, to the supreme rank of Queen of Heaven in the celestial hierarchy. Though I admit that this was accomplished in the fourth century as a protest against Aryanism and to compensate the Egyptian converts of Alexandria for the necessary dethronement of their once pet Deity Isis.

"Almost anywhere and at all times throughout the Eastern and

Western States (I purposely omit the South on account of the occasional gross animal propensities of colored men) a woman can go about unchaperoned and unprotected, safe from the danger of being insulted, which is more than can be said of Europe generally and (I say it with shame) of my own country.

"The American woman at home also enjoys an amount of liberty unknown to her European sisters. As a mere girl, her parents do not venture to give her advice on serious subjects. They entirely neglect to teach her the duty of parental obedience. She makes her own friends, some of whom perhaps are quite unknown to her father and mother. She receives those friends by herself in the family house. The virtues of occasional self-effacement and self-control are unknown quantities to her. Her parents encourage her in love of dress and display, and it never enters their heads to check or reprove their daughter on account of her eccentricities or extravagance. She comes to regard her father, brothers, and her husband (when she gets one) as her slaves. Indeed, the last named esteems it his privilege to toil all day, deny himself even harmless luxuries in order that his wife should wear silk gowns and Paris hats, and cut something of a figure. Women take their tone from their men-folk, and the only lesson the American girl learns from her male relatives is the blind adoration for one god, and one only, 'the almighty dollar.' Everything is subordinated to outward show and social prominence, that is what at one time made the States the happy hunting-grounds for countless counts, beggarly barons, and landless lords. The rich American girl, thinking in her ignorance that these impecunious foreigners possess the same blind reverence for the female sex as her own countrymen, and eager to grasp a pinchbeck title that probably would be disallowed by the Chamberlains of the Courts of St. James or of Vienna, was apt to entrust her happiness and her fortune to an adventurer, who, having secured his prize, speedily proceeded to destroy the first and dissipate the second. In my country a woman's fortune is secured on her marriage by a strict settlement in the names of trustees. So that neither she nor her husband have the power (even if they wished to do so) of spending the principal, and consequently of robbing their children. Here a marriage settlement would be generally considered as an undue interference with the liberty of the free American girl. Apparently here, too, a man who marries a wealthy girl and spends her money is seldom thought

otherwise than smart. In England he would be considered an unprincipled scoundrel.

“Again, the American woman is taught to regard marriage, not as a sacred function, entailing solemn mutual responsibilities, but as a light-hearted convention, which can be set aside when its bonds are become inconvenient and galling to either of the contracting parties. It has come to this, that one of the weightiest ante-nuptial questions for the consideration of the average American girl is the amount of alimony she will obtain in the event of a by no means improbable contingency. In fact, the marriage ceremony has come to be regarded here as a sort of introduction to the divorce court. This very idea tends to wither all sense of religion in the American girl’s heart, for surely to every true woman the marriage tie should be held to be the most sacred thing on earth. A nation, after all, is only an aggregation of families, so anything that tends to injure the family tends to undermine the very foundations of the state. A woman’s sheet anchor is her religion, though it may only be a superstition. Nothing is more hateful and more unnatural than a woman who is a pure materialist, and it pains me to have to say that, charming as is the American girl, her education and environments cause her to be in too many cases mercenary, materialistic, impatient of control of any kind, and irreligious. And though there are doubtless plenty of women who make excellent wives on this side, I have come to the conclusion that a man situated as I am takes far greater chances of drawing a blank in the great matrimonial lottery in this country than by seeking a helpmeet in his own, where, generally speaking, girls are brought up to obey their parents and their husbands in all rational respects, to fear God, and do their duty in that state of life unto which it has pleased Him to call them.”

“My dear Captain,” I replied, “there is such a tremendous amount of hard, plain, unpalatable truth in what you have just said that I should be further injuring the cause of my client, the American woman, by replying to your arguments. I accordingly throw up my brief. Have you, by the way, noticed,” continued I, “how quietly and effectually Mrs. Clark has taken the reins of government out of the hands of the Emperor’s sister?”

“Keziah never held the reins at all,” replied Dawlish, “the dear old lady is actually afraid even of the housekeeper. She was a fish out of water as nominal head of this house, and it cost her

no pang to abdicate and retire into private life, but here is the push returned from that afternoon tea party at the Sawyers'," and as he spoke the three ladies and the two gentlemen entered the court.

"Give us a whisky and soda, or something," cried Jim, throwing himself into an easy chair. "These vulgar 'Friscan chumps give me a tired feeling, with their inquisitive questions and their idiotic cackling and tittle-tattle. I couldn't stand it much longer. The women here are dowdy and ill-bred, and the men are mostly moneyed cads and boozing bounders." (This last was an expression Jim had picked up in London and which he was fond of airing.)

My wife burst out laughing, and said: "Oh, Mr. Jim" (she often called him that to distinguish him from his father), "how unkind and ungrateful of you when all these good folk have been petting and lionizing you for the past fortnight."

"They would entertain me far better by leaving me alone, and not by turning me into a raree show," replied Jim. "Thank God, I am married. I would as soon unite myself to an Indian squaw as one of those women, who do not know how to talk, dress, eat, or walk decently. Why, you, Dora, and your wife, Judge, in this motley crowd, look like thoroughbred racers in a mob of mongrel Mexican mustangs."

"I am afraid you are inclined to be very uncharitable, Jim dear. You will, at least, allow that they are very good-hearted people," said Mrs. Clark.

This innocent remark of Dora's only made Bella laugh the more. I could see that the Emperor was rapidly becoming rattled, though not a Californian by birth, still he had long ere this completely identified himself with the great Western State, and had built the splendid palace we are residing in with the fond hopes that his son would bring his wife (when he had got one) to pass most of his time in 'Frisco. He could now see that since his son had returned from Europe and had married that he was a changed man. The only ones of his former qualities that he seemed to still retain were his hardihood and courage. Dora had completely tamed and civilized her wild Western husband, and he was also quite imbued into European tastes and fancies which had engendered a dissatisfaction with the customs and ways of his own country. Since I considered that I held a general retainer (as we

lawyers say) for the Emperor, I felt obliged to intervene, so I said:

"I think your opinions are too harsh and one-sided, Jim. Are there no ill-bred cads and tasteless women in New York and London? From my long experience of the former city, I should most decidedly say that they do exist there in considerable numbers, too, and, judging also by certain specimens of well-born English people I have come across, I feel convinced that a talented author of a new book of snobs would find plenty of material for his work in the little village across the water."

Dawlish, as junior counsel for the defense, chimed in by saying: "I quite agree with you, Judge, in all that you have said. There are no creatures on God's earth so insufferable as the British snob and the British cad, and I am a Britisher who says so. As for toadyism, there is more of a certain kind of that weed in London than there is in New York, and the dollar is just as almighty in the old country as it is in the land of the spread eagle. Personally during my residence in 'Frisco, I have been the recipient of very much kindness and hospitality, and it would ill-become me to stand by and not speak up for those who, if they are somewhat behind their Eastern brethren in polish and refinement, are away ahead of them in sincerity and hospitality."

"Bravo, Captain!" said the old man, much mollified. "I wish you would instil some of your sensible, clear-headed ideas into the head of my son, who, now that he has done Europe, appears to take a pleasure in running down the country of his birth, the land of the Stars and Stripes, the birthplace of liberty."

"You are slightly off your base there, dear Daddy," said Dora, laughing. "If old England had not fought for and preserved the sacred spark of freedom, there mightn't perhaps have been any United States at all. Did you ever hear of Magna Charta, Daddy?"

"I think I remember seeing something about it in one of the Sunday newspapers, but I forget what they said it was; wasn't it the name of the ship that carried Columbus?" said the old man in a measured sort of voice.

This display of abysmal historical ignorance caused us all, including even Jim, to laugh unrestrainedly.

"I see that I have made a break," said the old man, good-humoredly. "You shouldn't lay traps for your old father-in-law, Dora."

"By the way, sir," said Dawlish, "assisted by my noble friend, the Judge, I can report that all the replies to the congratulatory correspondence have been completed and despatched, and I am arranging to have the more important communications placed in suitable glass show-cases in the library as you requested me."

"I am really very much obliged to you, Dawlish, and the Judge, too, for all the trouble you two have taken in the matter," said the old man.

"Not at all, Mr. Clark," replied I; "speaking for myself, it will always be a pleasure for me to be of service to you in any way. You have made quite a fine collection of autograph letters from prominent men of the times over this hold-up business, and the cables and wires form quite a remarkable display by themselves."

"Don't you think, my dear Daddy," said the fair Dora, going up to and kissing her father-in-law, "that since we are become such famous people it will be only right for us to show ourselves to our admirers on the other side?"

"I am sure the King of England and all the big-bugs would be too flattered to be introduced to Jim and you, and Bella, and I would like so much to be presented at the Queen's drawing-room, and dear Aunt Keziah must come with us."

"No, Dora dear, fond of you as I am, I will not venture across at my time of life," said the spinster, smiling. "I will stay here and take care of the house in your absence, but I can see your father-in-law will have to go."

"There's no resisting this sweet witch," said old Clark, "she will corral me as a British subject next. Have your own way, Dora. I give in, but when shall we start, and when shall we return?"

"In answer to the first half of your query, Daddy," replied Dora, "I reply in three days; in regard to the last I can only say, I don't know, but I suppose some time or other."

"Hoop la," said Jim. "I shall always get you, Dora, for the future to tackle the Governor if I want anything done."

"We must go to Paris first, Dora, and get some frocks," said my wife.

"You bet your sweet life," replied Mrs. Clark, "but I shall get more of my clothes in London. If you go to the right dressmakers and exercise your own judgment there, you will be dressed just as well as if you did all your business in the fair capital of France."

"You and I, Bella, will have to stop off a bit in New York," said I, "as I have to clean up my business, and we have to say good-by to our friends. I shall transport several of my clerks, including Jenkins, to the office here."

"That will be kind," said my wife. "I am afraid, dear Dora, that this stop-off is a dire necessity; it clean slipped my mind; I haven't a business head like Uriah."

"You have a very pretty one, Bella, that's more to the purpose. I didn't marry you because I required a law partner," replied I.

"I think you and your wife would have had a good chance of winning the Dunmow flitch, Judge," said Dora.

"What's that, dear?" said my wife.

"I have made," replied Dora, "a study of old English customs, and know all about this particular one, which was, or is (since I believe it has been revived of late years), the formal presenting on the first of May of each year in the village of Dunmow, in the county of Essex, England, of a flitch of bacon to the married couple who can lay claim with good reason to not having quarreled once during the first year of their married life, evidence being heard to establish or destroy the validity of the claim, and this, of course, naturally leads to most amusing scenes in the mock court of justice."

Neither I or Bella said anything, but we both knew that our married life has been a very happy one. Bella and I never had any serious differences, and the only thing that we have had to deplore in our ten years of wedded bliss is that we have not been blessed with any family, though hope in this direction is not dead, as I am only forty-five and Bella's summers are two short of thirty. I flatter myself that we both wear well. I confess, between myself and my fountain-pen, that I was rather surprised at Dora's easy victory in bringing the Emperor round to her way of thinking after making every allowance for the great influence she undoubtedly has over him. In spite of all his spread-eagle talk, he caved in to-day with remarkable suddenness. I should like to know the reason—for reason there is. The old man's foible in his vanity, and I think that he secretly would be awfully tickled to cut a big figure in London society, as undoubtedly he will, as the three Clarks will be the lions of the next London season as sure as I am writing up this diary. But there is something even behind this. He has hinted to me mysteriously several times of late about a set of aluminum automo-

biles he is having constructed somewhere, probably at Pittsburg, and the other day he was deploring the fact that the roads in California were not so good as they might be, and wished that we had the English or French Macadam over here. He may be contemplating an auto tour in the old country. So, in reality he is probably rejoiced at being willingly dragged in Dora's train across the Atlantic. I wonder if this solution of the problem will turn out to be correct. Who knows? What does it matter! Kismet, Bismillah.

PART II.

TURNED TABLES.

Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet,
Than that of painted pomp, are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious Court?

—*As You Like It*, Act, II., S. 1.

CHAPTER I.

THE TERRACE OF THE COMMONS.

It is about six o'clock in the afternoon of a warm day in the third week of May, 1921. The scene is the river terrace of the House of Commons, London. The day had been sultry, but there is always a little breeze playing around on the bosom of old Father Thames. From this vantage spot one can see to the left the noble Westminster Bridge, second only in beauty to the elegant structure built to commemorate the decisive battle of Waterloo, and which latter has the proud distinction of having attracted the great sculptor Canova from Rome, for the sole purpose of viewing its symmetrical proportions, and the classical curvature of its arches. Facing the Houses of Parliament, the six huge well-built blocks, that constitute the mammoth hospital of St. Thomas, show up to great advantage, and beyond these, on the right, nestling among the surrounding trees, is Lambeth Palace, the modest town residence of the Archbishop of Canterbury, with the interesting Lollard's Tower adjacent to it, the dark scene of medieval religious persecution. The division bell has just rung and the four hundred more or less of legislators had betaken

themselves indoors to record their votes, the vast majority of these honorable gentlemen being only regarded by the leaders of their respective parties as mere animated voting machines. As for offering their individual opinions, they are, for the most part, not required to give them in any other form. A certain clique of members habitually occupy the floor alternately on either side of the House; they do the talking, the others the listening, voting, sleeping, eating, drinking, reading, and, last but not least, flirting; facilities for all these functions being provided for the people's representatives in profusion by a considerate government, with the result of the House of Commons obtaining the well-earned soubriquet of "the best club in London." As for the chances of airing their eloquence, most of the members do not get beyond their maiden speeches, many not even so far as that preliminary stage, to the disgust of their perfervid constituents, who are deceived by the confident fluency of the aspirants for their suffrages surrounded by a crowd of applauding and encouraging friends, clients, and toadies. It is strange how dumb, nervous, and tongue-tied some parochial windbags become when they have to address the speaker before a coldly critical, slightly caustic audience. How often have we seen a rural Demosthenes, or some Bombastes Furioso, in the shape of a workingman's candidate shorn of his eloquence, helplessly fumbling with and mixing in inextricable confusion in his silk hat the carefully elaborated notes of that speech that was to reverberate throughout the Empire, and cause the terror-stricken members of an invertebrate Cabinet to tremble in their shoes, and finally after twenty minutes of disconnected, impotent drivel, the nerveless wretch is ruthlessly coughed down, his ambitious dream dispelled and his tin-horn reputation hopelessly shattered. In the Peers' chamber it is widely different; removed from the fierce rough and tumble competition that prevails in the lower house, their lordships conduct their attenuated debates in a serene atmosphere of otiose, well-bred dignity. Yet the potential eloquence of these titled senators, many of whom have been elevated from the Commons as a reward for the display of distinguished ability, and of meritorious public service, is generally more ornate, vigorous, and polished, and their collective wisdom infinitely more commanding and unbiased than that evoked by the clash and din of party strife in the neighboring assembly. There is practically only one party in the House of Lords, a rampant radicalism as well as a lively liberalism seem

both equally to droop, wither, and shrivel up, in the presence of a sedate, if somewhat stagnant spirit of conversation. But to return to the terrace of the Commons, shorn for the moment of its crowd of budding Disraelis, and possible, if not probable, Gladstones. Out of the many groups of deliciously gowned women, mingled with gallant and distinguished men, who sit laughing and chatting around the various tea tables on the commodious area, one only will interest us to the exclusion of any other. In the center of this coterie Dora Clark holds her court in a ravishing toilet of oyster white *crêpe de chine*. Near her are her husband, old man Clark, and Canon Leighton, with his daughter Annie. The ecclesiastic has a pompous and prosperous air, and beams upon his now idolized niece just as a petted Angora Grimalkin reposing on his velvet cushion at some fashionable cat show, and purring loud in supreme content, might look up with half-closed eyes at his kind mistress, who, having supplied her favorite with a saucer of the richest cream, is gently stroking his long-haired pampered carcass. Annie Leighton, a graceful pretty girl, evidently chic and refined, sits next her father. Her figure is nearly perfect, and if her features are slightly irregular, and lack the classical perfection of Dora's, still one forgets this slight blemish when her face is lighted up with a merry rippling smile as it frequently is. Annie is away ahead of her sisters in everything, and has lately become her father's chief companion. The two elder girls have never really forgiven their sire for the terrible back-handed blow he had administered to each of them, as previously related, and consoled themselves in the society of their narrow-minded mother. Birds of a feather flock together, and this well-assorted trio passed most of their time, not devoted to petty parish and society functions, to the pleasant occupation of slandering their neighbors and in the acrimonious ventilation of their mutual wrongs.

Captain Dawlish had to remain behind in 'Frisco to attend to some private matters of his Principal, but had orders to rejoin the party (as soon as he got through) in London, as the old man felt quite lost without his faithful secretary.

It will be remembered that we left the Clarks at Aluminum House, San Francisco, just preparing for their European trip. They did not linger long in the States, a day or two each at New Orleans, St. Augustine, Fla., and Washington were spent *en route*, and then a big White Star liner conveyed them across

the herring pond. Mr. and Mrs. Slocum remained behind in New York to enable the former to settle up his business prior to devoting himself exclusively to his duties as the old man's general business director. But he and his wife were under strict orders to rejoin the Clarks at their earliest possible convenience. Dora knew right well that her now bosom friend would be bewailing every day of the London season that she missed. On their arrival at Liverpool the Clarks went straight through to Paris, stopping off for a week in the French Metropolis to allow Dora to order a number of bewitching toilets at M. Félix, and then a move was made to Monte Carlo, and in a very brief time Mrs. Clark was acknowledged as the queen of beauty at the world's great gambling resort. It is needless to say that Jim and Dora, after their late sensational adventures, were all the go. Dora allowed Jim to amuse himself at the tables, and he and his father together succeeded in twice breaking the bank at *trente et quarante*.

The old man's London agent had in the meanwhile succeeded in securing for him, at a big figure, the remainder of the lease of one of the finest houses in Park Lane rendered vacant by the sudden death of a South African multi-millionaire, and by the first week in May the three Clarks were duly installed in their town residence.

Dora had not yet favored Canterbury with her presence, she postponed the celebration of her triumphal entry into that city until the close of the season, but she graciously received her now obsequious relations, and with a rare and tactful magnanimity wiped away from the tablets of her memory all records of an uncomfortable past.

"Oh, Jim dear," said Dora, "do you think Bella and her husband are really in town? The 'Titanic' arrived last night in Liverpool."

"Well, pet, all I can say is," replied her husband, "that they must be on their way here, as we left word at the house as to our whereabouts, and Slocum sent me a 'phone just now from Park Lane. That's what made me disappear an hour ago. I thought at first I would keep it dark as a surprise."

"Well, I guess," said old man Clark, "there's no surprise party can beat that one at the Waldorf-Astoria when I found that Dora was married to my son. It was pretty rough on me, eh, Canon?" said the old man, addressing Dora's uncle.

"In honor of the valor displayed by the inhabitants of my

county, sir," replied the church dignitary, who was fond of airing his historical knowledge, "the Saxon kings of England used to march to battle with a banner, on which was depicted the fighting man of Kent, and this was the flag under which the gallant Harold and his equally gallant Kentish Housecarles met their deaths on the fatal field of Senlac, and it has since formed part of the county's armorial bearings, but I think this should be changed to the conquering ladies of Kent, for before the bright eyes of our Kentish dames many a noble American gentleman has gone down, and the most notable victory of all seem to have been achieved by my fair niece here."

At that moment three persons were seen approaching. In a moment Dora arose and ran to meet them. "My dearest Bella, how glad I am to see you," cried she. "I thought that you and your overworked husband were never coming, and, Mr. Slocum, how delightful to see you again, and can I believe my eyes, the dear rector, too?"

"Yes, it is his reverence," replied Mrs. Slocum. "Uriah and I at last persuaded him to cross the pond. He has not had a holiday for ever so long. His wife resolutely refused to come, as she is a shockingly bad sailor, so the rector is here en bachelor. But, my sweet Dora, how perfectly divine you look."

"I can return the compliment Bella dear," replied Dora, and Mrs. Slocum did indeed look her best in a princess dress of striped foulard silk.

"Yes, Mrs. Clark," said the rector, "this good lady and her husband induced me to take a holiday and cross the Atlantic with them, and, to tell the truth, I did not require much persuasion, as your bright eyes are quite strong enough magnets to attract a man three thousand miles away, but I have here a missive which I have no doubt will give you great pleasure in perusing," handing, as he spoke, a letter to Dora, which she opened, just scanned, and then put in her pocket, saying as she did so: "I am equally obliged, dear rector, for your gilt-edged compliment, and for this welcome epistle, but what your wife would have said, if she had been standing here, and had heard the former, I don't know. But, Bella, you would have laughed this afternoon," continued Dora (after the necessary introductions had been effected), "I took Daddy Clark down to Clapham to pay a visit to my deaf aunt; I noticed that the green parrot had disappeared, and I shrewdly suspect that my cousin Annie here has killed it, because parrots

never seem to die a natural death, and she (Annie) took my place when I went away with that gentleman" (pointing to Jim) "to New York. Now, honor bright, Annie," said Dora, laughing, "aren't you a murderess? I promise not to tell the old lady."

"You are right, Dora," replied her cousin, "I confess to having committed the awful crime. The parrot bit my finger as it did yours, and so distracted my nerves with its very realistic attempts to imitate the whistle of a railway locomotive that I was compelled, in order to preserve my sanity, to administer poison."

"I don't blame you, my dear," said the Canon. "What with birds, beasts, and reptiles, that house is simply unendurable to any one except to the keeper of a menagerie or of a dime museum." The fact is, the worthy ecclesiastic, since his niece's golden marriage, had ceased to trouble himself concerning the disposition of the old lady's small fortune, and all of his three daughters had of late flatly refused to go near the place.

"Poor auntie," said Dora. "She is deafer than ever, and Daddy Clark shouted himself hoarse through her ear trumpet, when he should have spoken in quite a low tone, and finding that auntie did not understand him, he reversed the instrument and converted it into a megaphone, with unsatisfactory results. I am afraid that Daddy did not get very far in his flirtation with the poor old deserted maiden."

"I should have to invest in some patent spongy iron lungs," said the millionaire, "if I did. But just fancy my sweet Dora having ever been worried out of her life by that old fossil."

"Dora is not yours, pa; she is mine," said Jim. "You are continually making that break."

"Now, that's too bad," replied the old man. "I will stake out at least one claim in the property anyway; I won't let you have this Eldorado in petticoats all to yourself; it isn't a square deal."

"Now, don't quarrel, you two," said Dora. "Really, Mr. Slocum, isn't it awful, a father and son fighting over the same lady?"

"Well, Mrs. Clark, if you ask me," replied Slocum, laughing, "I consider that your father-in-law has had precious hard lines. He considers that Jim jumped his claim."

"And so he did," said the old man, "and Jim looks at me like a Californian lion when I steal a single kiss; it's too bad, too bad."

"Beware the green-eyed monster, Mr. Jim, as the great Will has it," said Mrs. Slocum.

"I don't know who the great Will may be," replied Jim, whose knowledge of Shakespeare was on a level with his ignorance of the Bible, "but I should advise him to keep his green-eyed monster from cavorting around after Dora, unless the said monster is bullet proof, or I will put half a dozen pieces of lead into him before he knows he is corpsed, and pa would chime in pretty quick with his gun. Wouldn't you, pa?"

"You bet I would, Jim," replied his sire, "and in less than five seconds we'd have that monster as full of holes as a sieve." A gentle ripple of restrained, well-bred merriment went round the circle.

"Well, you all may laugh," said Jim, "but I mean it. Pa and I are doers, not talkers."

Both the men seemed rather surprised that the laughter rather augmented than subsided. And Dora thought she ought to try and relieve them from their embarrassment, by saying:

"My dearest Jim, this green-eyed monster is only the poetical way William Shakespeare has of expressing his idea of jealousy. Mrs. Slocum merely meant to warn you against being too jealous, that's all. But nevertheless I fully appreciate, I assure you, the privilege and advantage of being protected by two such skilled gunners; I shall always feel so safe for the future. You need not be in the least afraid of any man or monster cavorting (as you say) after me; your reputation as a pistol-shot is world-wide. But, Jim dear, it will be time for us to go directly, as we have to get home to dress for that dinner at the Savoy. So, if you good people will excuse us for a few minutes, I want to read to my husband in private the letter (from a very dear mutual friend) which the rector has just handed to me, so come along, Jim dear, and we will peruse it together, in that recess of the terrace parapet over there, and you will soon forget all about green-eyed monsters and such silly talk." And Dora led away her obedient spouse, and when they were seated, she said merrily: "Really, Jim, I shall have to get you to come to my school on week days, as well as Sundays; we will read Shakespeare, and all sorts of other things. Won't we, dear?"

"I will do anything you like, darling," replied Jim. "I should learn at no end of a rate with you as school marm; I know I am beastly ignorant, and poor pa knows even less than I do, so we are always making these bad breaks. What a lucky thing it is that I have such a clever little duck of a wife."

"A pretty big duck," replied Dora; "remember I am only three inches shorter than you, darling, and weigh over 150 pounds; it will be more correct to call me a solan goose."

"No, pet," replied her husband, "you are a real live canvas-backed duck; that is the best bird in the universe."

"Some people might call me," replied Dora, "a red-headed duck. The two kinds are about alike."

"I am sure your hair is not red," replied Jim; "it is the loveliest golden auburn."

"You are becoming quite a skilled flatterer," replied Dora, laughing. "But now to business," and she commenced reading the letter, which was from the Mother Superior of the Mercy House.

"MY DEAR LADY COGNITA:

"The rector told me he is going to Europe, and would see you in England, so I thought you might like to have him give you a letter from me, rather than it should be sent through the mail. You will be glad to hear that our hospital is booming. Do you know, your noble father-in-law sent me another splendid donation of \$150,000 three weeks ago, to make up his contribution, as he said, to a round half million? Wasn't it grand of him? So we are quite rich. The new wing is begun, and we all feel so much relieved and delighted at having got rid of our money troubles. Most of the friction and worries of life proceed from having too much, or too little, of the circulating medium, generally the latter. I hope you, your husband, and Mr. Clark senior will have a good time in the old country, and that in the midst of your gayeties and pleasures you will sometimes cast a thought in the direction of the Mercy House on Second Street, New York City, where the prayers of the holy sisters are always going up to the throne of grace on behalf of you and yours. With my kindest regards and best wishes to Mr. Smith, alias Mr. Fletcher, alias Mr. James Clark, and to your excellent father-in-law, not forgetting Mr. and Mrs. Slocum, believe me, dear Lady Cognita, ever yours most sincerely,

"ALICE, Mother Superior.

"P. S.—Sister Agnes and I always wear our gold crosses; they are the only bits of vanity we have got, and we value them above all price."

"Isn't that a sweet letter, Jim?" said Dora, carefully folding

up the epistle and placing it in her pocket. "What a charming saint she is, and loves her bit of fun, too. I am so glad the bishop allowed them to keep their crosses, but perhaps they didn't ask his permission after all."

"I wonder," said Jim, meditatively, "if those boss saints you talk to me about on Sunday ever had a good time on the quiet. From what you have told me, life with them must have been like being in church and Sunday-school all the time with nary a let up. They never seemed to have a bear hunt, or a scrap, or a quiet game of straight poker, or even a good hearty laugh after the day's work, when sitting round their camp-fires with their pipes in their mouths. But they may have had all those things, but it would not have done, I suppose, to have said anything about them in the Bible. It would have been a dead give away, so they were always described as going about in boiled shirts and good clothes, talking sentences taken out of copy-books."

"You've got some queer notions, Jim," said Dora, laughing. "But you are partly right; every one in the Bible seems entirely deficient in humor, except old Samson, and he was always getting into trouble. They all seem too much in earnest to ever have a good laugh. I suppose they had no time for frivolity, though many of the very best and holiest men of modern times have been endowed with a keen sense of humor. But, Jim dear," said she, "I have a notion to get you and Daddy Clark to help me in the work I shall start when we are back in our Western home, of assisting and relieving the outcasts and destitute. I can never forget my own dreadful (but as it may prove) salutary experience. You have told me there is a shocking amount of misery in 'Frisco. We have made a good beginning with the New York Mercy House, a great blessing waits of such work, and our lives and wealth should not be devoted entirely to the pursuit of pleasure."

"Your wishes shall ever be mine, dearest," replied her husband, "and I know that old Daddy will do anything in the world to please you. I don't deserve such an angel as you to keep me right."

He and Dora sat for a few minutes hand in hand, watching the rays of the western sun gilding the dark gliding waters of the famous river. Their hearts were too full for words. She felt what a blessed work she might be the means of achieving, backed by such colossal wealth, and he knew well that he had

gained what all his dollars could not have purchased, the perfect unwavering affection of a good, pure, true-hearted woman.

"We must join the others again now," said Dora. Jim started as if aroused from a reverie. "What were you thinking of, dear?" said Dora, as they were strolling back to rejoin their party.

"I was thinking of the Mercy House and the Mother Superior, and how thankful we ought to be that we are both of us alive and well to-day," said Jim.

"You are indeed right, dear," replied Dora. "I sometimes think that the most heartfelt prayers are not always those repeated parrot-like in church. It is the unstudied, unsyllabled supplication rising spontaneously, like incense from the altar of a grateful heart, that must be the most acceptable to our Heavenly Father."

"Well, my dear," said old man Clark, "that must be an interesting letter; it took you two some time to talk over its contents."

"It is from one who is very dear to us all," said Dora. "She throws some bouquets at you, dear Daddy," handing as she spoke the letter to her father-in-law.

"The lady who wrote that must have had an interesting past history; some severe disappointment, I guess," said Slocum.

"She may have had a past history," said Dora, "but without it neither Jim, nor I, would probably have had a present or a future one for the matter of that."

"Where are your traps, Rector?" said old man Clark.

"At Claridge's Hotel," replied the cleric.

"Then they will have to be sent to my shanty in Park Lane," replied the old man. "You are my guest as long as you remain on this side, and I wish you, Rector, and your wife could come and live with us altogether. Then my establishment would be complete; that is, when I have secured a family medico."

"And the Mother Superior?" put in Mrs. Slocum.

"Daddy will be wanting to marry her if she did," said Dora, laughing.

"Well, they could be legally spliced," said the lawyer. "The laws of the United States do not recognize the validity of monastic vows."

"That may be all right," said Jim, "but I vow that I am getting pretty hungry."

"Oh, Jim dear, there is really no romance in you after all,"

said Dora, laughing. "Fancy your breaking in in this way like a cyclone on the pretty discussion about your father's possible marriage to the Mother Superior."

"I am content to remain a poor solitary widower, and watch over the happiness of these two young things," said the old man, linking his arms in those of Jim and Dora, as they started to leave the terrace.

CHAPTER II.

SECRETS OF SOCIAL SUCCESS.

NEARLY six weeks had elapsed since the tea party on the Commons Terrace. This six weeks had been for the Clark party, reinforced by the lawyer and his wife, a ceaseless feverish round of gaiety and pleasure. To Dora this period had been a long drawn out ever-increasing triumph.

From the very first she seemed almost without an effort to take her place as one of the queens of society. In a few weeks she achieved far more than an ordinarily brilliant woman gifted with the same advantages as she had would have taken years to accomplish.

Of course, it is evident that Dora's wonderful beauty, the romantic episodes of her recent life, her diamonds and dresses, her husband's prowess, her father-in-law's enormous wealth, and the princely way with which he dispensed it, combined to make it certain that the Clarks were bound to figure as the lions of the season. But it is one thing to take English society by storm and another to retain a position so captured. Nothing is usually more transitory or even more illusory than social success. What is required more than anything else to insure a permanent place in society for newcomers is woman's beauty, wit, tact, and kindness, and these Dora supplied in abundant measure. From time to time at sufficiently rare intervals leaders of men make their appearances on the world's stage. These have not infrequently been women. We have all of us read of Zenobia, the Queen of the East; of Cleopatra, who enslaved successively each of the members of the great Roman Triumvirate; of the three ladies who at one and the same time at the beginning of the eighteenth century controlled the destinies of their respective countries—England, France, and Russia—and therefore collectively of Europe. I could quote many other instances of woman's power; suffice it to say that when beauty, brains, and discretion are combined with a

love of sway in the person of the same charming female, and when, moreover, this terribly potent combination is allied with practically unbounded wealth, then it is difficult to set limits to the power for good or ill this same charming female may accomplish. It all depends on the question whether she is a noble, good, high-principled woman like Dora Clark or the reverse.

To see Dora in all her glory was to see her receiving her guests at a great "At Home" in her father-in-law's splendid Park Lane mansion. Her salons were attended by the greatest and noblest in the land. She captured all hearts by her winning manner, her cleverness, and inspired perception. She conciliated her defeated rivals and went out of her way to make friends of them.

She never lost her dignity, at the same time never was condescending; she possessed the art to perfection of making people pleased with themselves and of bringing into prominence their good qualities, at the same time seeming to forget their bad ones. She cultivated the science (for science it is) of making each individual guest feel as if she was particularly interested in his or her affairs. She was extremely well informed on general subjects, and was remarkably well posted in economics, sociology, modern history, and statistics, and besides, she knew how to pick up and assimilate scraps of current information. So a Cabinet Minister might leave her side impressed with the notion that the brilliant Mrs. Clark was in the habit of studying Parliamentary blue books, while to a city magnate she appeared as one who passed her time in perusing the *Times* Money Article. At one moment she would be learnedly discussing the subject of the housing of the poor with that celebrated philanthropist, the Earl of Bermondsey, and in another she would be giving her opinion upon some disputed point of dress with the Countess, the said Earl's frivolous and worldly-minded spouse. In a word, Dora more than obeyed St. Paul's advice by being all things, not only to all men, but to all women, too; but her most admirable victory seemed to be this, that she could bring all types of men to her feet without alienating the affections of members of her own sex.

Old man Clark was at first rather crushed and scared by having to meet so many great people, but gradually recovered confidence and took good care to have elaborate accounts of his fair daughter-in-law's (and therefore of his own) social successes chronicled in the San Francisco newspapers, and he duly impressed such of

his Californian friends who called upon him in London with the fact that he was now become a very big bug indeed.

It has been mentioned that Dora was on both sides aristocratically connected. Her maternal relatives, who had indignantly turned their back on her mother, now hastened to make their peace with the daughter, and united their good offices with those of her uncle, Canon Leighton, with the result that many of the best houses in London opened their doors at once to the Clarks on their arrival in town.

Dora and her dear friend, Bella Slocum, were both presented at the last of the Queen's May drawing-rooms. And then the beautiful Mrs. Clark became the talk of the town. The American colony in London went wild with excitement when it became known that the Queen had kissed her on her presentation, a mark of favor only hitherto accorded to peeresses or their eldest daughters. Dora speedily became the rage, her pictures were sold by thousands, her dresses were copied, and society people scrambled for invitations to her parties.

Amid this whirlwind of adulation most young women of Dora's age and inexperience would have lost their heads, but she showed that she possessed self-command and stability of character both in a high degree. She never put the least side on (using a current slang expression); she never gave herself airs, but was always the genuine, kind, warm-hearted lady in her conduct to poor and rich alike. To the former she was Lady Bountiful herself, and was ever foremost in the planning of good works. It is true she had the purse of Fortunatus to help her, but so have others without doing a tithe what she did. Amid all her multitudinous engagements and calls upon her time, she managed to set apart a portion of each morning for the consideration of philanthropic and charitable work. In all she did, she was ably seconded by her now bosom friend, Mrs. Slocum. The two were inseparable. The lawyer's wife constituted herself as Mrs. Clark's confidential woman of business.

Under Dora's genial supervision she controlled the Park Lane household; issued cards of invitation and made appointments with dressmakers and other business people, and generally planed off for the queen (as she called Dora) the rough edges of her social duties.

On one subject Mrs. Clark and her ally concentrated all the intellectual powers they jointly and severally possessed, and that

was the all-important (from a feminine point of view) question of dress. They at first formed a committee of two, but gradually a select few of the leaders of fashion were admitted one by one into their confidence, and a regular society was formed called the "Suitable Dress Association," its *raison d'être* being an organized revolt against the tyranny of fashion. The members pledged themselves not to be swayed in their choice of garments by the style that might happen to be in vogue, but that each woman should attire herself in the manner which seemed in her own deliberate opinion and in that of her friends to be best suited to her own particular make.

For instance, a woman with an irreproachable figure might indulge in close-fitting princess' gowns, another not so royally endowed might affect the full skirt, blouse, and Eton jacket, and so on. Having found out through the candid criticism of her friends the style which might be best adapted to her, of course it would be only commonly prudent to continue that particular style, irrespective of what the prevailing fashion might be. What is meat for one is another's poison. A costume that on one lady might invest her with the graces of a Venus might on another turn the unfortunate into a cheap guy. Nothing is more becoming on a trimly-made figure than a tailor-made costume with tight-fitting coat. But how ludicrous and unseemly it appears on the person of a 200-pound matron quivering with adipose matter like a mold of calves' foot jelly.

In primitive times people covered, or partially covered, their bodies for two elementary reasons: decency and warmth; in due course two other reasons intruded themselves, namely, that of accentuating good points and of concealing defects.

Now, suposing a style in vogue, for instance, that of tight eelskin-like skirts, that can only possibly suit not more than one woman in ten; it must follow that the enormous majority of the followers of this particular fashion will be badly and inharmoniously attired.

It was thus the object of the Suitable Dress Association to weld together a formidably strong body of sensible women among the leaders of society whose action would soon give a bias to the public taste.

As was to be supposed, the dressmakers and designers made a tremendous kick as they acquired a good deal of their profits by the yearly change of fashion, since it was evident that a woman

would not require so many gowns who generally dressed in one particular style. Yet in spite of the determined opposition of the professionals, the association continually increased in fame, numbers, and influence.

Dora and Mrs. Slocum were soon distinguished as two of the best dressed women in town, and they figured respectively as very active members on the committee of the association. Dora in the natural course of events would have been elected as president, but she had the tact to decline this, however, and to nominate a certain noble duchess of immense social influence to that important part. Dora, who was the power behind the throne, made a friend for life in the duchess, and was extolled for her self-effacement, which vastly increased (if that were possible) her popularity.

She, of course, had a great advantage in being an Englishwoman. Her defeated rivals did not feel the sting of having been worsted by a countrywoman of theirs so much as if she had been a foreigner. The domestic labors of the two ladies were considerably lightened by not having to attend to the elaboration of the dinner menus. They were relieved of the performance of this onerous duty by Mr. Slocum, who denied to women the possession of the creative faculty, and maintained that dinners conceived by the feminine intellect necessarily lack originality, and would not stand the test of the higher criticism.

The lawyer, in his character of chief vizier to the millionaire, religiously set apart a stated portion of each morning to secret cabals with the two French chefs, and the fruits of this scheming was in evidence continually, and soon the fame of the Clark dinners became almost European. To attain a lasting niche in the hearts of English society, the entertainers' food and drink must both be irreproachable.

It matters not at a London ball if the floor, the flowers, the music, the maidens, and matrons are perfection if, at the same time, the food and champagne at supper are poor in quality. But reversing the order of things, if the two latter are O. K. the guests will readily forgive great shortcomings in the former.

The nearest road to an Englishman's and (I say it with fear and trembling, as it is my experience that ladies are not indifferent to the creature comforts of this life) an Englishwoman's heart lies through the stomach.

It is really the cliques of leading clubmen who rule London

society. They can damn with faint praise aspiring actors and actresses, tear to pieces with the merciless tongues of cruel slander, whilom spotless reputations, bring fame and fortune or the reverse to literary lions, or crush forever the budding aspirations of the seeker after admittance into smart society.

Neither Dora's beauty, nor her father-in-law's millions, would have insured complete social success if the latter's champagne had been indifferent. But Mr. Clark's reputation was in safe hands. What the Judge did not know about wine was not worth knowing; he had absolute *carte blanche* from the old man, and gradually stocked his patron's cellar with choice bins of the most famous vintages.

To be asked to take pot luck at Mr. Clark's table on an off day was looked upon as a serious privilege, and the millionaire's Park Lane mansion was regarded by the gourmets as the residence of one of the high priests of gastronomy. And whenever in Pall Mall an uncharitable remark was made at the expense of the Californian Cræsus, the author of the remark was met with such a retort as, "Oh, you are shirty, old man, because old Clark has never asked you to dine." Which probably being the truth, effectually silenced the guns of the grumbler and caused him to dry up. How was it possible to abuse a man who tickled your palate and studied your taste? Champagne and claret in magnums of exactly the right vintages, brands, and bouquet disarm criticism. How is it possible for the veriest churl to figuratively throw rocks at a man at whose table he has guzzled and swilled without the grim specter hovering over him in the shape of a retributory headache next morning?

And then the cigars and coffee. No Arab Sheik ever pictured to himself such quintessences in his much-longed for Mahometan Paradise.

Thus relieved of all the mental drudgery as to detail, that in an army, a business, or a large household goes so far towards commanding success, old man Clark had little to do but to look good, talk pleasant, and draw checks. He recreated himself by driving during the early hours one of his 2-minute 5-second pacers in his American buggy round Hyde Park, whereby he came into collision with the police and was charged with furious driving. But he found by experience that the men in blue were not inaccessible to bribes. So having systematically taken all the Hyde Park guardians of the peace into his pay, he was allowed to amuse

himself and exercise his horses unmolested. He also rode in Rotten Row on horseback with Jim and Dora, raced about the suburbs on fleet electric automobiles, and occasionally tooled his four-in-hand coach down to Hurlingham, Richmond, or Hampden Court. He attended many society functions and basked in Dora's smiles, but these functions were nevertheless rather a source of weariness to the old man.

He could not help being aware that a great deal of his importance came to him from the fact that he was Dora's father-in-law, but nevertheless he had modest triumphs of his own. People began to realize that this was the man who had revolutionized one of the great industries of the world. Though not the actual inventor, he it was who had by his courage and industry exploited the grand discovery which had made real airships possible, that had allowed armor for battle-ships to be constructed that was practically invulnerable to any kind of projectiles, and in a thousand ways had alleviated the ordinary labors of common men and women by lightening the necessary implements and utensils of every-day use. Thus he was gratified by receiving attentions from eminent men of science, and was greatly tickled by being made a fellow of the Royal Institution and a Knight of the Legion of Honor.

As for Jim, he did not socially meet with the fate of so many husbands of reigning beauties, who sink into well-merited oblivion and are known merely as the husbands of their wives—necessary appendages; nothing more. No! Jim Clark had a distinct personality of his own. The summary wiping out of the bandits had invested his name with a lurid halo, that commanded at least profound respect. Men were afraid to pay any attentions to the fair Dora beyond the barest commonplace civilities for fear that their motives might be misinterpreted by this terrible man-killing Westerner. He (Jim) took the keenest pleasure in accompanying his glorious bride to endless events and balls, and rejoiced in the homage that was her meed. But his was the chivalrous devotion of the knight for his ladylove, and not in order to gratify his personal inclinations.

There was only one woman in the world for him now; all the beautiful titled dames he was introduced to were nothing to him more than a lot of well-dressed and much bejeweled dolls. He was a poor dancer, and no great shakes at society talk, and he would much have preferred to be in a cozy smoking-room playing

a rubber or a quiet game of straight poker with some of his pals than standing in tight shoes in a corner of a crowded ball-room or a still more crowded at home, feeling dreadfully bored, answering inane questions of simpering dames who displayed the usual profound British ignorance of the United States of America, of their size and cities, and of the manners and customs of their inhabitants.

Occasionally he would take an evening off, and in company of the Judge, his father, and of a few select male friends indulge in a stag dinner, finishing up with a music hall and a bit of supper afterwards at the Savoy or some other well-known resort. He took great interest in the turf and attended most of the important racing features of Newmarket, Epsom, and elsewhere.

He occasionally paid a flying visit to Glasgow to inspect the progress that his grand new steam yacht was making towards completion.

I may say here that since the time we last saw our party on the terrace of the House of Commons, the rector of Trinity had stayed for a week in Park Lane with the Clarks, and then had crossed the Channel on a short European tour, promising to rejoin his friends later on.

During the residence of the Clark party in Park Lane, Canterbury did not see much of Canon Leighton. He was generally together with one, sometimes two, of his daughters zealously engaged in dancing attendance on the millionaire and his (the Canon's) beautiful niece. Old man Clark took a great fancy to the ecclesiastic, who made himself extremely useful to him at the art sales of Messrs. Christy and Manson. The Canon was a virtuoso and a great judge of painting, china, and bric-a-brac, and under his judicious advice the Park Lane house became the resting-place of many a splendid *chef d'oeuvre*. Besides this, the Canon, who, if not a great scholar, made a plausible show of sound learning, was a man of really very considerable general information. He also was a fluent and sometimes a brilliant talker, and so was always welcome in Park Lane, and the old man was proud to own as a connection by marriage a learned dignitary of the English Episcopal Church.

Dora's tremendous change of fortune had made at first her former harsh and censorious uncle and cousins very uncomfortable when they became her guests in her splendid London mansion, but she soon set them at their ease, and made them all feel

that she had not only forgiven, but forgotten their churlish behavior to her, and this glorious Cinderella figuratively heaped hods of cinders on the heads of her abashed and repentant relatives. The tables were turned with a vengeance, but like sensible people, the Leightons eat the leek in silence, swallowed their pride, and prepared to humbly take their share of the good things that might fall in their way.

The Leighton girls were almost slavish in their adulation of the brilliant society leader, their once-despised drudge, and made themselves very useful to Dora, and would fetch and carry for her like two-legged retrievers.

Of her three cousins, Dora did not trouble to conceal her partiality for Annie, and consequently she was the one who was generally chosen to accompany her father to Park Lane during the Clarks' stay in town.

It has previously been shown that the multi-millionaire was a man of very liberal and princely ideas, and liked to see all those who formed his immediate entourage well off in a pecuniary sense, and he had a way of his own of doing things with Napoleonic suddenness. So one day he intimated to the Canon that he should like after breakfast to have a word in private with him. When they were seated in the old man's sanctum and had each lighted a cigar Mr. Clark opened fire by saying:

"Well, Canon, I have been fixing up my affairs lately in case of my death, and have thought that it would save my executors trouble if I were to cut down the list of legacies and instead give the amounts to the various parties during my lifetime. I can well afford to do this, as I have more money than I know what to do with. Acting on this principle, I have donated \$10,000,000 to my sweet Dora, and other amounts to various parties, and now, sir, comes your turn. Here is a check for 200,000 pounds, which in American currency is \$1,000,000, and here also is a check for 100,000 pounds drawn in favor of Annie and two for 50,000 pounds in favor of each of your other two daughters.

"It was Dora's wish that I should make this distinction in the amounts given to her cousins for reasons which I dare say they can understand. The checks are drawn on my account at the Bank of England to the order of the various parties, respectively.

"Dora says that you will soon be made a dean, whatever that may be. You are a big-bug now, and you will be a bigger then, and it is but right that you and your family should be able in a

small way to support the dignity of your office. I don't want any thanks; it is merely what I should have done for you and yours in my will."

To say that the Canon was astonished and staggered as he mechanically handled the checks with a dazed expression on his face would have very inadequately expressed the effect this extraordinary statement had on him. He turned red and pale alternately, and it seemed as if the usually garrulous and eloquent churchman was absolutely tongue-tied. At last he uttered (literally with tears in his eyes) the following words:

"How princely, how munificent! How can we accept such magnificent donations?"

"I guess, Canon, you not only can, but shall accept them. It is, after all, only a trifle."

"Only a trifle, sir!" cried the Canon, warmly shaking Mr. Clark by the hand; "why, it is a splendid fortune, and how little we deserve it. Excuse me, sir, I must leave you for a short time; your generosity and that of my sweet niece, who I know has prompted you in the matter, have quite unmanned me."

The Canon's feelings being somewhat calmed down, he hastened to inform Annie by word of mouth and his two other daughters by letter of their good fortune. And then he and Annie almost shamefacedly (when they reflected how she had returned good for evil) proceeded to relieve their feelings by pouring a flood of grateful words into Dora's ears. It may here be mentioned that henceforth at family prayers in his Canterbury Rectory or later on in his Deanery, Mr. Leighton never forgot to intercede most fervently with the Almighty for the health and happiness, both temporal and eternal, of his benefactors. The worthy Canon and his jubilant daughters agreed not to make public at present their accession to wealth. But the new landau drawn by a pair of high-priced bays, the costly entertainments at the Rectory, and the expensive toilets that blossomed out on the backs of the young ladies gave the show away, and as it is only human nature for people to keep tabs on the financial condition of their neighbors, and as that unerring guide the *Illustrated London News* had, in its weekly accounts of the way deceased testators had bestowed their money, given no hint of the Leighton's wonderful windfall, it was naturally surmised that this pactolian stream must have derived its source from Park Lane.

I don't think I could do better than again to dip into that

teeming chronicle of passing occurrences, Mr. Slocum's diary, for the faithful portrayal of the events of the next few succeeding weeks. He (the Judge) appears to possess a most astounding talent for memorizing and recording conversations in which he has either himself joined or has played the rôle of a silent but attentive listener.

First-class reporters possess this gift to a greater or less degree, but I must say the Judge beats them all for sheer verbal accuracy, and is fully qualified to play the part of a Boswell to a twentieth century Johnson.

CHAPTER III.

THE DIARY RE-OPENED.

JUNE 26, SUNDAY.

WELL, I haven't done much diary writing since we left 'Frisco only snatches of it at times, though I am afraid it was chiefly owing to laziness, as there has been plenty of interesting circumstances to record since Bella and I have taken up our residence with the Clarks in Park Lane. I must say that a London Season is a thing of beauty and joy, but not forever, for there is nothing in this transitory world of ours that seems to glide away with such startling rapidity. I think this is chiefly owing to the kaleidoscopic character of the show, there being such a multitudinous variety in its attractions.

In addition to such basic and orthodox events as "balls," "at homes," dinner parties and the opera, there is the Royal Academy at Burlington House, the meets of the four-in-hand and coaching clubs, Epsom, Ascot and Sandown race meetings, the horse show at Olympia, polo at Hurlingham, Henley Regatta, the Oxford and Cambridge and Eton and Harrow cricket matches. To these may be added Royal concerts and garden parties, coach drives to various parts of the metropolitan suburbs, river picnics, dinners at Greenwich, the Star & Garter at Richmond, the Grey Hound at Hampton Court and church parades in the Park.

Ah, well, I could lengthen if I chose the long list that brings thronging to my mind (as I write) delightful memories of the past, but I won't. Compared with such an imposing array of social events how meager and short is the list of fashionable dissipations that New York or Washington can present. Society does not patronize Sheepshead Bay and Morris Park. There are no gigantic picnics similar to Henley and the cricket matches. There's no Hurlingham or Royal Academy. No Court functions or garden parties.

The New York season is terribly handicapped by climateric conditions. The summer months are impossible owing to the

heat and the winters are not cold enough to give the Four Hundred the chance of emulating the dwellers by the Neva in the polaric pleasures of ice-palaces and constant sleigh-riding.

Not but that New York cannot hold its own with or even show the way to the rest of the world in some respects. What other capital city possesses such a splendid Speedway, or a better opera house than the Metropolitan, or more brilliant and catholic horse and dog shows. Still in spite of these and of the select dances and art teas at the Waldorf-Astoria or the brilliant receptions at the White House or the British Ambassador's at Washington, it must be conceded that it would ever be impossible for a Republican Society to rival in brilliancy or in attractiveness one held under the ægis and inspiration of a monarchial or Imperial Court. The former is like a flock of sheep without a shepherd or a planetary system lacking a central sun. A plutocracy is the natural forerunner of an Aristocracy, and year by year by an unavoidable evolutionary process the great American families seem to be becoming more impatient of Republican simplicity and more inclined toward Patrician exclusiveness, and assisted by grand alliances on the other side to be silently molding themselves into a solid agregation of an untitled nobility.

In order to see America's smart set really at home one need not go to Washington and New York, but in the first place to Newport, R. I., and in the second to London.

My dear Bella has been frantically happy. She and Dora have, I really believed, only one mind between them. They are simply devoted to each other. What a clever woman Mrs. Clark is, to be sure. She contrives to be almost as popular with her own sex as she is with the men. They say the King is quite crazy about the new social star and the Queen also has taken an immense fancy to her. I really believe that when Jim is a naturalized British citizen, as he infallibly will be some day, that it won't be long before he has a seat in the House of Peers, not on account of his own, but of his wife's merits.

I must say that I have had a jolly good time myself. I will put on record what was one of my average days' employment.

After breakfast I strolled down to my office in Pall Mall. The Emperor, by the way, to save me trouble wished me to do my work in Park Lane by 'phone, but this didn't suit me at all, as I have found out the immense benefit to my health of walking as much as possible. We Americans do not use our understandings (I mean thereby our legs) sufficiently, hence I believe that

is one of the reasons we as a nation are inclined to dyspepsia. Well, to continue, a couple of hours' moderate application is generally more than sufficient to get me through my morning's work, a considerable part of which consists in speaking through the 'phone to my subordinates in Pittsburg and 'Frisco. Having finished my correspondence I stroll up St. James Street and so down Piccadilly, and turn in at the Anglo-American Club, where I generally find the Emperor and inform him of any fresh business development that may have materialized. If it is a fine day our horses are brought round to the club, and we mount and proceed to Rotten Row, where we find Jim, Dora, and Bella. We all of us enjoy these midday canters immensely.

Then we steer our nags to Park Lane and take lunch, after this meal the ladies go shopping and making calls. I return to the office more for form's sake than anything else, the Emperor and Jim betaking themselves to their club, the latter later on calling for me and we go for a stroll up Regent Street, down Bond Street and the Burlington Arcade, this round being considered the happy hunting grounds of the loungeur. We like looking in at the shop windows, and what an everlasting pleasure this is. We turn in sometimes at Verrey's Café in Regent Street and partake of whiskys and a split soda and enjoy a view of the passing throng. We then steer for the Anglo-American, and rejoin the Emperor, whom we generally find taking a nap. About 6 p. m. a waiter announces the fact that the ladies are awaiting us in the carriage and two of us, generally Jim and I, arrange ourselves on the front seat of the landau, and after being blocked in for about twenty minutes by the enormously congested traffic between Hamilton Place and Constitution Hill, we take our place in that interminable procession that winds its slow length along between Hyde Park Corner and the Albert Memorial. We have got accustomed to being stared at.

I know right well that no two people in this vast metropolis, barring, of course, royalties, command more interest and curiosity among all classes of the community than Jim and Dora. So Bella and I feel we receive a kind of reflected glory by riding in the same carriage with the famous pair. When Canon Leighton and one of his daughters (generally Annie) happens to be staying with us in Park Lane, then they naturally go in the landau, and in that case the old man drives me in his buggy; or we two go on a cruise in the suburbs on an auto, or again sometimes the Emperor takes us all for a turn in the Park on his

four-in-hand coach, and right well does he handle the ribbons too; in fact, he has gained a good deal of Kudos among the great experts here. Of course, I am talking of an off day now, for what with race meetings garden parties, etc., etc., we are generally busy in the afternoon. As for Jim, he frequently disappears after lunch and doesn't show up again until dinner time. He hardly ever misses an important race fixture, and is an assiduous attendant at Hurlingham and the gun club, at both of which clubs he has taken the shine out of the pigeon-shooting Britishers who frequent these resorts for the purpose of slaughtering the blue rocks. Also Jim has a string of thoroughbreds in training at Newmarket, and he must needs go and see them occasionally. I understand that he is in negotiation for the purchase of the finest and largest estate in the Eastern Counties, an estate renowned for the enormous quantity of game raised and killed there every year. Jim occasionally goes down to Glasgow to see his new steam yacht that is completing on the Clyde, but that only keeps him away a single day. To us Americans accustomed to traveling huge distances in our own country a journey of 800 miles all told is nothing, not so far as a run to Buffalo and back from New York.

Well to return to the recital of the day's doings. The real work begins when we have returned to 'Frisco House as the old man has christened his Park Lane Mansion. Having arrayed ourselves in our full war paint it is a case of beginning the evening either with a big dinner party *chez nous*, as the French say, or attending an equally big one at some one else's house. This is followed by say a couple of "at homes" and at least one, sometimes two or three balls, and we are not in bed till perhaps 4 A. M. on the average. Except on extra special occasions the old man sneaks home after getting through the first "at home."

Jim generally goes through the mill from a feeling of duty, and of course I form one of the party from the same laudable motive. The ladies never seem to have enough of it and dance away to their heart's content. It is considered a great distinction for any man to lead the fair Dora in a cotillon, the fortunate ones being generally royalties or titled members of the smartest of smart sets.

Talking of smart, by the way, what a different signification the word has over here to what it has in the States. And in regard to titles, how delightfully Democratic old England is, to be sure, far more so than my native country. There we run after foreign

name-handles, and there is a gulf between the classes in America that only the dollar can bridge. Here, on the contrary, though the people generally recognize with respect the gradations of rank, all classes seem more or less in touch with each other. This is seen to a marked degree on a race track.

I saw the Derby run for this year and won by a horse the property of the Duke of Westminster. He is evidently a popular sportsman judging by the cheers he received when he proudly led his horse to the paddock after the race. I saw him shake hands with a gipsy, a costermonger and a man who might, judging by his appearance, have been a burglar when he was out of his regular job of brick-laying.

There is no getting away from the fact that the English aristocracy as a body do their duty, and earn the love and respect of the people whose battles they help to fight, and in whose sports and amusements they take their part.

I suppose that some day the American millionaire will see that he is making a fatal mistake by keeping aloof from and erecting a barrier between himself and the people. He must come over here to learn his lesson. These international marriages are doing a power of good.

Since I have been here I have noticed that among themselves, noblemen and untitled gentlemen of the same set or belonging to the same regiment are on terms of absolute equality. I saw an instance of this in Park Lane.

The Emperor was giving a grand dinner party soon after our arrival. The ladies had withdrawn. There were several noblemen present among them, the young Earl of Tipton, one of the noblest and most potent members of the aristocracy. The old man hadn't become, as he is now, so accustomed to seeing at his table the biggest bugs in the land. Lord Tipton is a lieutenant in the first Life Guards. A brother officer of his of the name of Thornton was seated opposite him. During a lull in the conversation the latter exclaimed: "I say, Tippy old man, are you going to drive our Regimental coach down to Epsom?" "No, Charlie," replied his Lordship, "I'll leave that honor to you. You are a better whip than I am."

I could see a look of intense surprise, even horror, spread over the Emperor's face at this familiar way of addressing a nobleman by one who was only a commoner, though, it's true, of good family. I was rather staggered too, for a moment. Especially as his Lordship took his soubriquet as a matter of course. But

then they were in the same regiment and the same set. Between such men titles are superfluities, but I knew that his Lordship would be the first to resent a familiarity from one whom he did not consider on a social equality with himself.

Too many people in America suppose that the English nobility form a clique by themselves like our Newport set. This is a mistake. There are commoners of a lineage that no titles could further ennoble, who by tacit consent wield as much social influence as the greatest peers in the land.

But all this hobnobbing with coroneted personages has had a great effect on the Emperor. He has got in the way of perpetually talking of His Grace the Duke of —— or his friend the Earl of——. Oh dear, oh dear, what humbugs we American Republicans are! I feel insensibly, to tell the truth, that I have myself caught the Patrician fever too, though in a milder form.

But as for the Emperor, he has got a regular swelled head, and in spite of his tall talk about patriotism and his devotion to the land of Liberty and such like spread eagleism, I verily believe that if the King would offer him a Marquisate he would change his nationality to-morrow. I could see how the land lay, when Dora came in to his sanctum after breakfast one morning in June where the Boss, Jim, the Canon, and I were sitting each enjoying his post-prandial cigar. The lovely creature having (as was her wont) kissed the old man, sat down and pulled out a little jewelled memorandum book, with a dainty gold pencil, and said:

"Now, dear Daddy, I am sending out invitations for our next big dinner party. Of course you would like some of your 'Frisco friends invited. A whole crowd of them have called."

"My dear Dora," replied the Emperor, swelling out his chest, and sticking his thumbs as was his wont in the arm-holes of his vest when he wished to assume an air of importance, and puffing vigorously the while at his extra size Rothschild cigar, "I can't really surround my dinner table with those good chumps. They must take back seats now. You can invite them to your next at home. Why there are more than a dozen noblemen you have on your list who haven't dined here yet."

I could see a great grin gradually suffuse the countenance of my friend Jim, and the worthy Canon coughed and blew his nose to conceal his mirth, while Dora laughed right out. She was unfeignedly glad, and so was her spouse, at having got rid of the obnoxious 'Friscan element so easily.

For my part I thought it was too bad to throw over old friends in this cavalier fashion, but it wasn't my business, and after all I am a New Yorker.

Well, here we are at the end of the season with a delightful time of jolly ruralizing before us. For this is Sunday, and to-morrow we start on our tour along the roads of England. We shall be just eight in number—namely, the Emperor, Jim, and Dora, the Canon and Annie, Dawlish, Bella, and I. By the way, I was awfully glad to see the Captain to-day. He has just arrived from 'Frisco where he has been taking the Emperor's place and doing odd jobs. He is a real good sort, and he and I hit it off to a T.

The Canon is all right too, a bit pompous and fuzzy, but chock full of information. It is a liberal education to be in the same house with him. I like his daughter Annie, too, she is a genuine open-hearted girl, and she hits it off very well with my wife.

We were seated in the veranda outside the dinning-room this evening. It is a great thing to be able to go outside your house in London without being spied by the passing crowd. A high wall surrounds the mansion and garden and completely ensures privacy. The dining-room is on the ground floor, but from the balcony of the drawing-room on the first story one commands a nice view of Hyde Park, one of London's grand oases in a wilderness of bricks and mortar. I say *we* were seated on the veranda; the *we* strictly refers to our family party, including the Canon, Annie, and Dawlish. The Emperor has inherited certain prejudices in regard to keeping the Sabbath from his New England ancestors. He will accept no invitations and issue none for Sunday. His principal object is to give his servants a partial rest. He is very considerate in this respect. Still he occasionally makes an exception in favor of a quiet dinner on Sunday evening at Hurlingham Club. How we did enjoy these outings! How delicious to sit after a steaming hot day and a good dinner, restfully in those charming gardens, with rows of Chinese lanterns swinging overhead and dimly illuminating the scene, while the dulcet strains of the blue Hungarian Band, combined with the soothing influence of the nicotian weed, assist in producing a state of langorous lassitude.

But this was the only exception; generally we dined on Sunday *en famille* as on this occasion in 'Frisco House.

Dora, who is a zealous church-goer, is really making good Christians of us godless Yanks. We go regularly to church,

either St. Paul's, Knightbridge, All Saints', Margaret Street, or St. George's, Hanover Square. Apart from its religious significance I have come to regard church-going as a useful measure in helping to promote respect for religion and therefore for law, order and decent living among the members of a large household.

"Dawlish, my boy," said the old man heartily, "I am right glad to see you again. I hope you left all our friends in good shape in the land of the free."

"What do you call this land, Daddy?" exclaimed Dora without giving time for the Captain to reply to her father-in-law's query. "Are we Britishers altogether crushed under the iron heel of a despotic Monarchy, are all our privileges usurped by a grasping and bloated Aristocracy? I think since we have resided in this little village that you have been allowed to do pretty much as you choose. Why, you have turned Hyde Park into a private Speedway of your own. You have seen for yourself how the people can hold huge orderly demonstrations in Hyde Park and are at liberty to ventilate their opinions on any number of platforms on any conceivable subject, provided they do not endanger the public peace, a privilege the Sovereign people of the United States have been deprived of. It is also possible for peaceable citizens to walk on the grass in our parks without the chance of being clubbed by fierce, brutal policemen. I don't think the same can be said by dwellers in the great Empire City. Then again Jim has told me that the number of petty offences for which an inhabitant of the United States can be arrested for at the arbitrary discretion of the police is perfectly appalling and rather savors of Czar-ruled Russia."

"I say, Judge, can't you say a word in defence of our almighty great country? Dora has fairly knocked me out," said the old man.

"I fear, sir, Mrs. Clark has so very much the best of the argument that I can make no reply to her very damaging statement. What an advocate you would have made, Mrs. Clark," said I.

"I fear I shouldn't have made much money, Judge, at the bar," the fair lady replied, "as I should have always elected to plead the cause of the weak against the strong, and that isn't a paying game, is it?"

I had to confess that it wasn't. And then the old man created a diversion by repeating his question to Dawlish, who replied:

"I left everybody, including Miss Clark, in good shape, and

I am weighed down with all kinds of nice messages and good wishes. The ladies of 'Frisco are awfully proud of your triumphal progress, Mrs. Clark, as they feel you are their chosen representative over here."

"I wish you could have come before," said Dora. "Oh, you would have enjoyed the 'Varsity cricket match and Henley Regatta. Daddy got us such a lovely house-boat, by far the finest on the course. Their Majesties did us the honor of lunching with us on the last day. What a race that was for the Grand Challenge, Leander only beating Yale by four feet. Jim nearly fell in the river with excitement."

"And you should have seen," exclaimed Bella, "Mrs. Clark at her drawing-room tea in her presentation gown. She looked divine. And you should also have observed us two in the Royal enclosure at Ascot, we were actually invited to pay a visit to the Royal Box. Oh, didn't my New York friends envy me! Then Dora danced with the Prince of Wales at the ball at Buckingham Palace. Our visiting list is crammed full of the names of peers. Ordinarily Lords are as common as blackberries; we don't think anything of a title under the dignity of an Earl. We've mashed Cabinet Ministers, City Magnates, Generals and Admirals too, haven't we, Dora?"

"Especially the latter, dear; I have had all sorts of *billet doux* and stacks of bouquets from a certain old salt who shall be nameless," said Dora, laughing and glancing mischievously at Jim, who looked I thought rather glum.

"Well, it's very tantalizing to hear of all these junketings, and not to have been on the spot," said the Captain, "but I had the pleasure of reading about them, and I must content myself with the aftermath of the season. I suppose, Mr. Clark, we shall be going to Goodwood."

"Yes, sir, and Cowes too," replied the old man.

"And a yacht cruise," said Jim. "My skipper has 'phoned me from Greenock to-day to the effect that the Dora is ready to leave her moorings at any moment. I have ordered her to be at Lundy Island Safety Harbor by the end of the week."

"But, Dora," said Annie Leighton (who with her uncle hadn't hitherto taken any part in the conversation) "you haven't told Captain Dawlish anything about the expedition."

"Doesn't he know all about it?" replied Mrs. Clark. "How foxy Daddy is."

"I meant it as a little surprise for my worthy Secretary," said

the old man. "You knew, Dawlish, that I was having a lot of auto-electric cars built at Pittsburg. Well, I had them shipped over here, and we all start to-morrow for a tour on wheels to the southwest of this little island, and I am told by Dora and Miss Annie here that the scenery is pretty fair; but you are a Devonshire man, Captain, so you know all about it."

"Every one thinks the spot of earth he was raised on to be the very best in God's creation, and we Devonians I guess are no exception to the rule," replied the Captain. "But I am certain of two things, first, that you will be charmed, and secondly, that we shall have a bully time."

"You will be able to point out pretty bits of scenery and we shall have a learned Professor, my worthy friend the Canon, here, who will keep us posted up in old time ruins and fossils," said the Emperor.

"I guess among the latter is included Maiden Aunts," said Jim, laughing.

"Papa will be in all his glory," said Annie. "He is quite an antiquarian and knows all about Roman camps and ancient Inns."

"And I dare say he is fond of sampling the ancient ale in the said inns," said the Emperor. "That reminds me we ought to drink to the health of our expedition. We shall strike Jim's yacht at Lundy and she will accompany us round the coast. I say, Canon, fill your glass and give me your opinion of that old brandy. The Judge snapped it up for me at a sale in the city. It's sixty years old, and I have coraled all there is of it in the market. By the way, how well that Hobbema looks you secured at Christy's for \$40,000, Canon. To you and to the Judge I am under tremendous obligations."

"Speaking for myself, sir," replied the courtly ecclesiastic, "the boot is on the other leg. It is I that have cause for saying that I am infinitely obliged to you, Mr. Clark, and as long as this gentleman," pointing to me, "makes the replenishment of your cellars, his charge there will be no occasion to fix a bush over your front door, sir."

"Explain your meaning, my learned friend," said Mr. Clark.

"It is this," replied the Canon. "In medieval times it was customary for taverns to hang out a sign in the shape of a bush. In case of those houses where the liquor was known to be superlative it became customary to say that they required nothing to

attract the attention of the public; in other words, they were so well known that the bushes were superfluous."

"But think, uncle dear," said Dora, "this house is not a tavern, wine is not sold here."

"But a tavern, my dear Dora, used to be a place of delightful resort, the great Doctor Johnson said. I do not take my ease in a tavern, and if there is one place in which one can feel easy and at home in, it is surely this noble mansion," replied the churchman.

"Good for you, Canon," replied the old man. "You have paid me a pretty compliment and answered my fair daughter-in-law in fine shape. I wish I could talk like you, but here's to your health and success to the expedition," and the Emperor drained a liquor glass of the famous brandy.

"Can I take my bike, Dora?" said Annie.

"Why, yes, dear, we will all do so, at least all who ride wheels. There is a special place for storing them inside the auto coach. But now, Bella, you, Annie and I will go to bed and leave the gentlemen to talk of taverns and trifles of that nature." And she arose, kissed her uncle and father-in-law and retired with her two ladies-in-waiting, as my wife and Miss Leighton call themselves, and we men had a prolonged séance, in the course of which many cigars and much of the old brandy were consumed and every subject from yachting to the Yosemite fully discussed before we turned in.

CHAPTER IV.

LUXURIOUS GIPSYING.

JUNE 27, MONDAY.

“Hey, for the spreading Greenwood tree,
A roving gypsy life for me.”

BUT it is gipsying of a very gilt edge character that I am enjoying at the present moment, as I sit writing in an elegant silken electrically lighted marquee in the depths of the New Forest, but I must tell how I, or rather we, got here to-day, which has been altogether one of the most delightful and satisfactory so far of my life.

In order to avoid the traffic, it was decided to make an early start. So by 6 A. M. this morning our procession of autos left Park Lane and made its way down the Brompton and Fulham roads to the no small wonderment of those of the inhabitants of that thickly populated southwest district of the metropolis who happened to be about. We met lots of wagons laden with cabbages, strawberries and other such like rural produce, slowly wending their way to Covent Garden Market. Of all human institutions, markets, by the way, seem to me to be the most conservative. All the King's horses and all the King's men would not suffice to change the location of a market-place, however inconvenient, crowded and unsuitable the site may be, as Covent Garden certainly is, for instance. Centrality seems to override all other considerations.

As we passed over the elegant bridge that spans old Father Thames, we could see the Bishop of London's palace at Fulham nestling on one side of the river and the ancient suburb of Putney on the other, the latter looking sleepy and quiet. It wakes into life for a short spell once a year, when the University crews locate themselves here in the early spring to do their annual training for their great aquatic struggle.

We then commenced the gradual ascent that leads from the river up the High Street on to Putney Heath, and thence to Wimbledon Common, the scene in former times of numerous duels between the young bloods of society, of frequent hold-ups of travelers by well-armed, well-mounted road agents, and lastly of the occasional gibbeting in chains of those of the said highwaymen who were unlucky enough to fall into the clutches of the law, having first paid the penalty of their crimes at Tyburn; and in this connection it may be as well to recall to mind that in those days, according to Blackstone, there were 169 different offenses to which was attached the punishment of death by hanging. There was certainly a terrible simplicity about that barbarous code, and a judge has been known to have condemned to the same gallows a murderer, a sheep-stealer and a hapless shop-girl who, in order to assist her lover, had stolen ten dollars from her master's till.

Before doing any more towards the recital of the day's doings, I shall put on record a short description of the procession of automobiles that was now fairly on the road.

The one that is in the lead, and on which all of our party were seated at the start, is the auto coach. This is similar in appearance, though somewhat larger than an ordinary four-in-hand stage. It has room for eighteen passengers on the outside (not including the motorman) and eight inside with a squeeze; besides this there is a special division in the interior for stowing away a dozen bikes, also a compartment for the reception of hampers and small articles of luggage, such as grips and Gladstone bags.

The next auto is the buggy, which is intended to act as a species of tender to the coach. It can carry eight persons, and is a sort of magnified mail phaeton. This machine is capable of running at a high rate of speed, sixty or seventy miles an hour in case of emergency.

Then come four cars in order as named: "The Boudoir," "The Smoker," "The Kitchen," and "The Service." The first is for the use of the ladies, as its name implies. There is a small compartment for the accommodation of maids in attendance on the ladies, the main space being beautifully furnished as a small drawing-room.

The Smoker is, of course, for us men, and can also be used as a luncheon car. The kitchen is fitted with a small but very com-

plete *batterie de cuisine*, with scullery, pantry and cold storage. The Service is for the use of the servants, and, equally with the Boudoir and Smoker, is provided with lavatories and requisites.

All three have ample outside as well as inside sitting accommodation, and will afford refuge in case of bad weather and even sleeping accommodations at a pinch. All four cars can be coupled on to each other.

The baggage car comes next. This is followed by the wagon, a comparatively small but very useful auto provided with every kind of appliance for carrying provisions, etc. The utility car brings up the rear. This contains all manner of tools for repairing the autos, including a portable forge and reserve electrical storage sufficient to add another 50 to the 125 miles each auto car can run in a day. The Utility, as it is called for short, is in charge of two highly paid skilled electrical engineers. In addition to the foregoing, there is a car loaded with tents and appliances for pitching a camp. This was despatched three days ago in charge of two old British army reserve men and two of the Emperor's grooms. The old man confided in me that the outfit is not quite complete yet, but Hully Gee, how it can be improved I fail to see, but as usual the Emperor, I suppose, has got something up his sleeve to surprise us with. He likes playing the part of a benevolent magician.

Leaving the coach, the buggy and wagon out of the question, all the other cars are about 40 feet in length and of a fair width. The metal work in all of them is composed of hardened hollow aluminum, every ounce of weight being saved consistent with safety. When any of our party are cycling, the Emperor has ordered that the leading car shall keep well behind the slowest rider.

There is a professional motorman to each car, but in addition to these and the two electrical engineers and the two army reservists (the latter of whom were engaged especially to pitch and strike tents and to instruct the servants in the art), there are with us the chief butler and four footmen (the under butler and two footmen are to go by rail from town to Westward Ho with the plate and extra baggage and wait for us on board the yacht), the coachman and four grooms, two chefs and the same number of kitchen scullions.

So we shall have plenty of help. All the male servants have been instructed in the art of motoring.

Dora and Bella take a lady's maid apiece, but these are the only female servants in the expedition. They will sleep with the ladies when in camp.

Well, to return to my muttons, as the French say. As we passed over Putney Heath, we could mark in the near distance the historic windmill famous (as Dawlish informed me) in the days when the rifle volunteers of England used to congregate in its neighborhood to test their skill in rifle shooting.

As we began descending a well-graded slope towards the main road Dora, who was sitting next our motorman (none other than the Emperor himself), exclaimed:

"I tell you what, Daddy, I vote we go through Richmond Park, Suppose you and uncle get on the buggy and we will mount our wheels and the cars can go by the road, and we can pick them up at Surbiton. What do you say, you people?"

"Right you are, dear," cried Annie, "I'm just dying for a ride."

Dawlish and Jim promptly recorded their votes in favor of the proposal, and the Canon, who was waxing eloquent on the subject of the iniquity of encroachment on Commons by unscrupulous landowners, gave a dignified assent, and of course the Emperor fell in with Dora's wishes as he always did and promptly stopped the coach, and with it the procession of autos. The bikes were soon taken out. The chief motorman, who had been tooling the buggy, took Mr. Clark's place on the coach, and was instructed to proceed slowly to a certain point in Surbiton where he was to halt and await our advent, or if we arrived before the autos that we should pull up for them.

Then the Emperor with the Canon and I seated ourselves in the buggy, and the five young people gaily mounted their bikes and scorched down the fine piece of macadam to the Robin Hood Gate of Richmond Park.

I had brought my bicycle with me, but I was (as a lawyer) naturally interested in the subject of Common Rights, so I elected to remain with the two seniors and bear them company at least for a while.

Dawlish, accompanied by Annie Leighton, piloted us, while Jim, my wife, and Dora followed at a respectable distance, and the buggy brought up the rear. I could see that Miss Annie is a fine rider and the athletic Captain gave me the impression that he is a perfect scorcher on a wheel, so the gap between the pair

and their companions kept steadily widening. By the time we had reached the White Lodge where the late Duke and Duchess of Teck used to reside there was a space of fully 100 yards between the leaders and their fellow cyclists.

By this time I could see that the argument on Common Rights had become a common nuisance to the Emperor, so I changed the subject by observing to the ecclesiastic:

"How well your daughter rides, Canon. Jim would have to do all he knows to keep up with her, and as for my wife and Mrs. Clark, why she would lose them altogether."

"I don't quite agree with you, Judge," replied the Canon. "Dora was fully as fast or faster than Annie a year ago, it seems to me that the others are hanging back on purpose." I could see as he spoke a genial smile irradiate the churchman's broad face, and I kind of guessed the cause.

"The Captain and Miss Leighton make a fine pair," said I, smiling in my turn.

"You bet, Judge," said the Emperor bluntly. "I should like to see them make a match of it. My Secretary is one of the best chaps in the world and I know it would please Dora."

The Canon's eyes twinkled with satisfaction as he heard these approving words from the great man. But he thought it discreet to change the conversation into other channels, and said addressing me:

"What is your opinion of this, one of our finest public parks, Judge? It isn't quite as big as the Yellowstone, but we people who are accustomed to nature on a limited scale think quite a deal of it."

"Why, it is too lovely for anything," I replied. "The herds of deer, the clumps of fine trees, patches of gorse, and then this deliciously green grass, together with the undulating character of the ground, make up a perfect picture."

"I wish we could raise such grass in the States. Ours always seems to have a kind of washed-out sort of color," said the old man.

"The summer heat kills it over there," I said. "But isn't this Crown property?"

"Not now," replied the Canon. "The royal parks are kept up at the public expense, and belong to the nation, and are in a sense national playgrounds."

"I should like to have a park like this," said the Emperor.

"I wonder what price the British Government would ask for it. A pretty big figure I guess."

"I am afraid it is not at present in the market, sir," replied the Canon, coughing down a laugh, "but if things go on much longer in the way they are doing, this Country will soon be run by an American Syndicate, and the Crown Jewels will be on show in a big Anglo-American dime museum."

At length we left the Park, and passed through the ancient Borough of Kingston, which the learned Canon took care to explain is so called from the King's Stone on which the Saxon Kinglets of Kent, and afterwards of Wessex, used to sit during their coronation ceremonies, and he added that the actual stone is still preserved.

"I should like to see it," said the old man. "What's its age, Canon?"

"That I can't tell you, sir, but I should suppose a good many millions of years. But it must be fully fourteen hundred summers since it was first used for business purposes. But there is a stone with an older history attached to it than this, if what tradition says is true," replied the Canon.

"Where is this pebble you refer to, Mr. Leighton?" said I.

"It is in the Chapter House of Westminster Abbey," replied the Canon. "It's called the Stone of Scone. All the English Monarchs since James First, and before that all the Kings of Scotland, have successively been crowned on it. It is known that it was conveyed from Ireland, and tradition says it was brought in a Phœnician ship from Palestine along with the Ark of the Covenant, Aaron's budding rod and other venerable relics by the Prophet Jeremiah, who rescued them from the hands of the spoilers when Jerusalem was captured by Shalmaneser, King of Babylon, and the Jewish people, and their last king Zedekiah, were led away captive. This stone was preserved in the Temple and was popularly supposed to be the very one that Jacob laid his head upon when he dreamed he saw a ladder extend from earth to heaven and angels ascending and descending thereon."

"Great Cæsar's Ghost!" exclaimed the Emperor, "that must be a venerable and interesting lump of granite indeed. I guess old Barnum would have given a pretty big pile for it, and have made stacks of money by exhibiting it in his show."

"But do you really believe this story, Canon?" said I.

"The Anglo-Israelites do at any rate, and they are a pretty

numerous body of intelligent persons," replied the Canon, "but I confess I am rather agnostic in the matter, though it seems a plausible theory at any rate. The Anglo-Israelites maintain that Jeremiah brought along with him in addition to the above-named property, the daughter and only child of Zedekiah. That she married an Irish King, and that a direct descendant of hers, the heiress and sole representative of her house, married a King of Scotland, and that hence the present Monarch of England is the chief of the House of Israel, and in consequence these gentlemen (the Anglo-Israelites) maintain that the Anglo-Saxon race is really and truly the inheritors of the promises mentioned in the Bible, and assert besides that there is proof to show that they as constituting a part of the second wave of population that swept over Europe originally came from a tract of country that lies to the south of the Caspian, the exact spot where the lost ten tribes were supposed to have been located by the Assyrians after the capture of Samaria, and the overthrow of the Kingdom of Israel."

"Well, Canon, you amaze me," said the old man. "You are a traveling library. I shall have to pay you a salary as family tutor. I am learning more from you than I ever picked up in the whole course of my life. But by gum, how pretty the river is here! What a number of boats, and over there is Hampton Court, and as I'm a sinner, we are approaching the spot where we are to meet the autos. I guess Dawlish knows where to stop. I see we are here first. I for one won't be sorry to have breakfast. I told the chefs we should be ready for it soon. The cyclists now arrested their course, and as we came up to them the old man shouted:

"I conclude you are ready for your provender, you people."

"You bet we are," replied Jim, acting as spokesman for the crowd.

"We have had a lovely spin, Daddy," said Dora.

"I have enjoyed it ever so much," said my wife.

"Ah, wait till we are fairly on the Ripley Road," said the Captain. "It is called the Scorchers' Paradise."

"I have often heard of it," said Annie Leighton, "but have never ridden on it." Just then the autos hove in sight, and when they had stopped we all entered, by the Emperor's orders, the Smoker, where the table was covered with a snowy cloth. The Boudoir was coupled on in front and the Kitchen car behind, and

the procession moved on at a fair pace, till it arrived at an open piece of common ground between Surbiton and Esher, on to which the cars were steered and a halt was called for breakfast. And how we did enjoy that meal to be sure. The early hour, the fresh air, the novelty of the thing had combined to lend to our appetites that delightful edge that made us appreciate the efforts of the French artists in a way we had never done before.

"I say, Jim, my love," said Dora, laughing, "you will burst if you eat any more, and I am sure you will be left behind when we mount our wheels."

"But, Dora, dear," said Bella, "if Jim were to bust I don't quite see how he could get on his bicycle at all."

"He will be more likely to bust the tires of his bike," said Annie, laughing as she and the other ladies were rising in order to retire into the Boudoir to leave us men to smoke our cigars.

"The ladies seem to be enjoying themselves," said I.

"What are we men doing all the time but the same old thing," observed Jim, giving himself a mighty stretch, draining off a tankard of draught Bass, and lighting his pipe.

"It is true as is said, that the real way to be happy one's self is to make others happy, then, Mr. Clark, you should be about the most contented man in the world," said the Canon oracularly. The worthy churchman had the knack of giving vent to, at convenient moments, smooth, graceful, well-rounded sentiments which tickle the ear and flatter the feelings of the person or persons he happens to be addressing.

The Emperor was obviously pleased and said:

"Thank you, Canon, I confess I feel pretty good. I never heard of any people who could put in a good time by themselves except old hermits. Just try a glass of this Morell's cherry brandy, it seems to me to fill the bill."

"I agree with your remark about the cherry brandy," said the Canon, tossing off a small glass of that seductive fluid, "but as for hermits and such like folk, I don't call them men at all. They are probably the most selfish people in existence, their one thought is, or rather was (as one doesn't hear much of these gentry now-a-days), to save their own dirty, worthless souls. Men are sociable animals or they amount to nothing at all."

When we were once more started, I left the Canon to entertain the Emperor on the coach while I got out my bike and

paired off with Mrs. Clark, Dawlish and Annie being again in the lead, while Jim and my wife were close behind us, and at an interval of fifty yards came the coach, the other autos following, each being separated from the other by something like (what Jim would say) half a cable's length. Thus the procession was strung out for nearly three-quarters of a mile of road.

Mr. Clark had prescribed these intervals to avoid taking chances of collision. The buggy acted as a sort of tender to the coach. The Emperor carried a whistle around his neck, and directly he sounded this, the buggy at once left the line and came alongside to receive the Emperor's instructions and to convey them to the cooks, butler or other servants. We six cyclists kept bunched together in order to hear the remarks of Captain Dawlish (who knew every inch of the road) in regard to the names and associations of places of note we might pass.

A little way past Sandown Park (which, of course, we were all acquainted with as we had been to several race meetings there during the late season) the Captain pointed out on our left an inn or tavern called the Black Bear, where he said a certain royal personage who passed in his checks near the close of the last century used to frequent. He went by the name of Farmer Duke among his boon companions, the rustics and clodhoppers of the vicinity.

When we had traversed Cobham Common, the gallant Captain cried:

"Now, ladies and gentlemen, you are on one of the choicest bits of macadam in the world, so from here to Ripley I will set you an improved pace, and for the last mile we will make things hum a bit."

The Captain was right about the road, it was literally perfection. I soon found that I had misjudged my partner's pace and it was all I could do at first to keep up with her. Insensibly we neared the leading pair, though I could see Annie was hard at work. When we began to race, of course we men drew away from the ladies. Jim rushed up beside Dawlish, who I could see was not exciting himself, as he sat straight up and whirled round his cranks almost entirely by ankle work. Jim exhausted himself in vain endeavors to get away from his lengthy rival. The two young men gradually left me as youth will be served. When I judged that we were approaching the home stretch I glanced round, and saw, about twenty-five yards behind me, Mrs.

Clark coming along at a good pace, leading Annie by about the length of her wheel, while my wife was fifty yards behind evidently quite outclassed.

As I turned again to my work, I suddenly saw the Captain lean for the first time his long body over the handle bar of his hundred gear Humber, and in an instant he left Jim as if he were standing, though the latter spurted gamely in response. We were now entering the long straggling village of Ripley, and dashed gaily up the broad street, till at last to my relief, as I was getting well pumped, I saw the Captain stop and jump off his bike, a winner by a good twenty yards from Jim Clark, who had had quite enough of it. I was a bad third and was only about ten yards ahead of Dora, who finished wonderfully strong and well, fully that distance in front of her cousin, who was a good deal more distressed than she was. My wife, who did not pretend to be ascorcher, came in one hundred yards behind Annie.

"Holy Moses, Cap," said Jim, "I didn't know you could ride a bike like that. Why, you coul have whipped me by one hundred yards if you had been so minded."

"Perhaps," replied Dawlish, "but you see I not only used to race a bit on a wheel, but I always keep myself in pretty good condition, and my bicycle has a higher gear than yours, Jim."

"I say, Mrs. Clark," said I, "I congratulate you on your performance. How you must have been kidding in Richmond Park. I thought at first that Annie and the Captain were making a runaway match of it."

This remark of mine was blurted out in a most innocent manner, but it produced a great guffaw of laughter from Jim, a ripple of merriment from my wife and Dora, and served to visibly color the cheeks of the fair Annie, already reddened by the exercise she had taken, while the Captain said abruptly:

"Come in and rest, ladies and gentlemen," and he led the way into the little old-fashioned hostelry, with an indifferently executed picture of a blue anchor suspended from a kind of gallows in front of it. Mr. Clark and the Canon had by this time joined our party, and seemed to have been much interested in our race. We were conducted by the obsequious host into a little inner room while the servants congregated at the outside bar, one advantage of autos is that they don't require grooms to stand by their heads as horses do.

Each of us men had a tankard of home-brewed ale supplied to him, and the ladies a glass apiece.

When the host had informed us what the outlay was (it amounted to only a few shillings) the millionaire tossed him a ten-pound Bank of England bill, and told him to get his wife a present with the change.

"I am very much obliged, Mr. Clark," said the Boniface, bowing low. When asked how he came to know the great man's name, he replied that he had been told that Mr. Clark was coming to-day with a train of autos, by the men on the camp car, who had stopped on their way to the New Forest for a drink three days before.

We were all pretty glad to stow away our bikes and take our places on the coach, and we had a good excuse in so doing, as the Captain said that most of the way to Winchester the road was nothing to brag about.

Our procession evidently created quite a sensation in passing through the interesting town of Guildford. The autos glided easily down the steep incline and up the equally steep ascent that leads to the line of heights not inaptly termed "The Hog's Back," along the summit of which the road runs for some miles, affording a splendid panoramic view, over a most beautiful countryside. The Canon and Dawlish pointed out the principal features in the scenery. A prominent eminence called the Hind-head in the direction of Portsmouth, the line of the Dorking Hills, and the far-away Sussex Downs standing out in bold outline across the fertile and variegated Wealden. Away to the south we could see the water of the English Channel glancing in the sun's rays and the woody hills of Goodwood Park, the country seat of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, and to the north we could just make out Kingsclere, the castle of Earl Craven, and almost at our feet Aldershot, the principal British military camping ground.

Referring to the Blue Anchor, Dawlish told me that it used not to be an unusual thing for this hostelry to be visited by one hundred and fifty to two hundred cyclists of a Sunday morning, and a goodly proportion of these would attend divine service at the adjacent village church, which was in consequence christened by devout wheelists, "The church of the Heavenly road."

We pursued our way at a fairly fast gait till we arrived at the city of Winchester, where we made a stay of several hours,

during which the autos were recharged with electric power at a local storage station, Mr. Clark thinking it better to keep the storage batteries fully replenished at every available opportunity. We occupied the time in seeing over the Cathedral, and the great public school with its old-time dormitories and class-rooms, and here we spent quite a while watching the boys playing a match at cricket. There is no mistake, cricket is a gentleman's game. I can't say quite the same of baseball.

We also had a peep at the ruins of the Holy Cross Monastery and received, as is the old custom, a cup of ale and a manchet of bread apiece.

Feeling quite refreshed we cyclists took to our wheels again and rode to Romsey Abbey, formerly one of the greatest in the country. It seems a pity that when the monasteries were dis-endowed, the splendid edifices connected with them should not have been preserved. My wife here took her place on the coach, leaving Dora and Annie to continue their ride, escorted by their three cavaliers. We reached the beautiful suburbs of the city of Southampton, but kept pegging away along a very good road till at length we arrived at Lyndhurst, where we were met by one of our grooms, who took his seat on the buggy, and gave us a lead to the camping ground.

We were fairly surprised to find such a complete outfit. The camp is divided into two sections, one for our party and the other for the servants, and the location had been selected with great judgment, being partially concealed from the main road and the surroundings being very picturesque.

All we cyclists were glad to retire to our tents to rest awhile before dressing for dinner. Though the ladies would not own up to it they were pretty well tired out. One sleeping tent was for us men, and the other for the ladies, consequently the two married couples were temporarily divorced. Everything that could contribute to our comfort and convenience had been done. Each bed was separated from the others by silken screens seven feet in height, while an open gangway runs down the center of the tent, which is lighted by incandescent electric lamps suspended from the roof; the current supplying them proceeding from small storage batteries. Adjoining the sleeping portion of the tent is a section containing shower and sponge baths, the water being pumped into rubber tanks through flexible tubes connected with a neighboring brook.

The bedsteads are of aluminum with wire-woven mattresses, the most comfortable ever devised. The servants were soon on hand with our clothes. By the Emperor's orders we did not on this occasion wear full evening dress, but our lounge smoking suits.

When we had bathed and dressed we all felt infinitely refreshed, and joined the ladies, whom we found seated in the cool of the evening outside the marquee where we were to dine. They all wore delightfully cool, pretty *deshabilles*, Dora's being of an exquisite *eau de nil* China silk, open in front to show a petticoat of India muslin.

There was an abundance of rockers and of basket chairs that were specially made so as to be collapsible for convenience of transportation. I was surprised at the amount of stuff that had been carried in the camp car. Dinner was soon announced by the chief butler, and we sat down to as well-cooked a meal as we could have obtained in Park Lane. The cooks had been partly preparing the dinner during the last stage of our journey in order that we should not have to wait long on our arrival.

It was as good as dining in the open air, as the sides of the tent were fully brailed up all round, so as to allow a full circulation of air.

We were all loud in our praise of everything and overwhelmed the old man with congratulations. We did not make a long *séance* of it, as traveling in the open air and the exercise had made us all sleepy. I stayed up a little after the others had retired to partly write this day's work of my diary up, and then followed my companions' example, and was soon in the arms of Morpheus.

CHAPTER V.

A FOREST PICNIC.

JUNE 28, TUESDAY.

THOUGH I slept profoundly, yet so strong is the force of habit, that I woke very early this morning. On looking at my watch I found that it was only a quarter past four. I felt perfectly rested, and determined to rise, as the present was too unique an experience to waste in bed. I believe nature intends one to get up when one awakes after a continuous spell of sleep, provided one is in good health, and the sleep has been a natural and a refreshing one. I stole noiselessly into the tent annex, and after a refreshing shower-bath, returned to my sleeping place, and dressed myself in my bicycle suit, which I found carefully brushed, and laid on a collapsible aluminum settee by my bedside. I made as little noise as possible in order not to disturb my comrades, who appeared to be resting peacefully, one of them, whom I judged to be the Canon, snoring, but doing so in a dignified, gentlemanly fashion, not in the coarse, vulgar manner a Pittsburg pig-iron broker or a third class dry goods drummer is in the habit of committing himself in a sleeping-car in my own country.

I suppose it would not be possible to snore melodiously, still Shakespeare makes Titania say in the "Midsummer Night's Dream" that "she heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back uttering such dulcet and harmonious sounds that the rude sea grew civil at her breath," etc.

Fairies probably have different ideas of harmony to what we mortals have. I have seen the wonderful trained seals in Forepaugh & Sells' circus, and I have heard the said animals' extraordinary attempts at vocalism. I should judge that a mermaid, or in plain language a manatee or sea-cow, can't be so far ahead of a seal in her singing capacity, though I never heard the former attempt a solo, still she must make a dissonant noise if her high

notes are pitched in the same demi, semi, minor, major key as her distant cousin, the seal.

Of course all human beings do not possess the same ideas on such subjects as tone and tune. See with what complacency the hardy Scotchman can listen for hours to the (to me) hideous and discordant sounds of the squeaking bagpipe. Many of us can call to mind the shocking music in the Indian village at Buffalo Bill's famous show, when the braves were getting up steam for a war dance. Perhaps these Indians would say the same of a performance of the *Götterdämmerung* at the Metropolitan, but on the other hand, they might hail Wagner as a great musical Sachem, one after their own hearts.

But here was I in a real English forest, and I might almost expect to see the fairy elves engaged in making their rings on the long dewy grass. I was nearly writing dewy with a big D. How still our camp was.

It isn't the first time I have been in a camp. I was in one during the Spanish war for several months down in Florida with my volunteer regiment. I have been in mining camps in the great West, and hunting camps in Maine and New Brunswick. I have shot and skinned my game, and split the odorous pine logs to build the fire to cook the juicy steaks cut from elk or deer. Though I have had to pass most of my life in a great city, my heart has always been in the forest or on the plains, and whenever vacation time came in the fall, I would leave the dusty law courts and the stifling streets, and hurry with my rod and gun to the wild woods and the trout-haunted streams.

My mother was an Englishwoman who came of a stock in which the hunting spirit is hereditary, and I feel that my sporting proclivities have been my salvation.

To a man tired out by the strain and brain fag of sedentary professional labors, and by the late hours and excitement of New York life, the rest, the subdued pleasure and the fresh air and novelty of such annual excursions into the wilderness mean renewed youth, the clearing away of mental and moral cobwebs, and the revitalization of the whole jaded system. Bella usually accompanied me, and derived as much benefit as I did from these communings with nature. She learned to throw quite a good trout fly, and could bring down quail and partridges on the wing with her light double-barreled, hammerless, English fowling-piece with surprising accuracy. We also in the spring

and early summer used to rush away at the week's end and merrily swing our clubs on one of the several links on the Atlantic seaboard we are members of. Sunday was our chief golf day.

While all these thoughts were thronging through my mind I found myself sauntering down one of the forest glades. What fine trees to be sure. It was of timber cut from such oaks as these that Britain's wooden walls were built in days of yore. But English trees seem to grow in a different fashion to American ones. Look at these oaks for instance; there is plenty of room between them, they don't jostle their neighbors, but with their low crowns, wide-spreading branches and deep roots, seem to be typical of the native character. They might almost seem to be animated by the transmigrated souls of old English worthies, slow-going, steadfast, reliable, magnanimous, and patriotic, the last as evidenced by the tenacity with which these oaks cling to the soil, defying the blasts of the winter gales, and vulnerable only to the weakness of extreme old age, and to the lightning bolts from heaven.

How different in this respect are the trees of an American forest, huddled together with hardly any horizontal development, stifling each other in their dense formation, tall, gaunt, early matured, shallow-rooted, liable to be leveled in broad swaths by the unsparing cyclone; they seem to be typical of the American people, eager hustlers, quick, shrewd, competitive, precocious, impatient, crowding each other out in the unceasing race for wealth and position.

I don't mean to infer by this analogy that the true American is unpatriotic, quite the reverse; he is the most patriotic man in the world, but then the great mass of the population are not true Americans, but are aliens more or less. Their real fatherland lies on the other side in Germany, Ireland, Italy and Russia; they have no hereditary love for the land of the New World. Their grandchildren and possibly their children may have later on, but at present they are merely bound to the soil by self-interest. It is, indeed, only this that forms the connecting link between these heterogeneous masses, but it is incorrect to term this sentiment patriotism which in the average specimens of my countrymen and Britons might be compared to the roots of the American pine and the English oak respectively.

As I continued my stroll I noticed many things; here a rabbit,

there a hare, started forth and ran across my path, perhaps a whirring sound denoted that I had flushed a pheasant or a partridge, while every tree and bush seemed alive with the twittering songs of the smaller feathered tribe. I noted a striking difference between the wild inhabitants, both furred and feathered, of the English and American woods.

I happened to spend the early years of my boyhood with my mother's relatives in Yorkshire, England; in fact, my first school was a small private boarding affair, by no means though of the type of the Yorkshire Academies pilloried under the name of "Do-the-Boys'-Hall" by Charles Dickens.

I treasure most pleasant memories of the kindness I received at my school from the master, the friendships I formed among the boys, and the sorrow I experienced when my father transferred me to the fashionable Massachusetts public school of St. Paul's, where I remained till I went to Yale. My father had at one time thoughts of sending me to Eton and Cambridge, but he feared if he did so that I should become too English. Among the arts and sciences I learned the rudiments of at Mr. Branscombe's, were ornithology and the art of collecting birds' eggs. Our school hours were very short. We were always allowed to do our lessons in cricket or football costume, and in playtime we could ramble at our own sweet will around the countryside. It is true we learnt more lessons from the books of nature than from those of man, but I never regretted the fact that Mr. Branscombe was a natural philosopher, and only valued Latin because a certain knowledge of that language is an absolute necessity to one who wishes to acquire the scientific nomenclature of birds, beasts, fishes, and plants. He took a great fancy to me because of my love for natural history, and would frequently excuse my attendance at afternoon school if I told him that I wished to hunt for the nest of a rare bird, or might possibly obtain for him a scarce specimen of flower or of insect. He was a kindly, eccentric man, and passed over ordinary boyish peccadilloes almost unnoticed, but punished with merciless severity a lie or a wanton act of cruelty, more especially in the latter case if a dumb beast was the victim. I remember on one occasion a boy threw a live hedgehog into the fire. The perpetrator of the wanton deed was arraigned before the whole school, and caned with such vigor that he fainted, and had to be carried to bed, and bore the marks of the punishment on his person for months after-

wards, but it cured him, and he became one of the kindest boys to dumb creatures in the school.

Well, to resume: from my previous knowledge of English outdoor life, I was not surprised at the multitude of small birds who make the New Forest their home, and fearless of intruders, build their nests and bring up their young therein. I noticed in the course of my stroll such rare birds as the fire-crested wren, the Dartford warbler, and the great Tom Tit, and lots of the common tribes of chaffinches, linnets, blackbirds, yellow hammers, robins and sparrows, and I spotted several specimens of the missel thrush, the ring ouzel, the butcher bird, the kestrel and sparrow hawk, the golden plover and others.

I felt all my boyish instincts revive in me. What a cheerful place an English wood is compared with an American. The latter is nearly silent, the small birds are conspicuous by their absence. Occasionally one sees a robin, a blue jay or a crow, and possibly at considerable intervals a wood-pecker, and from time to time a great clumsy jack rabbit makes his appearance, and a so-called grouse or partridge settles on the branch of a tree within easy range of your gun, but complete solitude is the rule.

The chief reasons for the rarity of small birds in America undoubtedly are, first, the severity of the winter, and secondly, the scarcity of bird-food during the cold months, but there is also another reason. Every man in the States can carry a shotgun without a license. In England a full game license costs three pounds or \$15, and a mere gun license ten shillings, or \$2.50, both annual.

If in the States a man had to take out a license to kill any kind of game costing twenty-five dollars annually, and five dollars for merely the privilege of owning a shotgun, and suitable money penalties were attached to each several infringement of the law (the informer receiving half the fine), game and small birds, too, would soon increase in the States instead of, generally speaking, the reverse.

All the laws that ever could be passed for the preservation of game or small birds will be of no avail without decreasing the number of guns which can only be done by compelling hunters to take out licenses. Granted that this is favoring the rich, it is better for the country that the killing of game be conducted by comparatively few persons, and that the quantity of game be

steadily on the increase, than the certainty of entirely extirpating it by allowing all to shoot free. Game is, or ought to be, an important item of national food, as it is, the price, owing to its scarcity, is prohibitive in the Eastern States. A gun license in the same way protects the small birds from the city rough who kills them for the sake of the killing.

How is it that game is plentiful and at times quite cheap in the London markets, whereas it is scarce and always dear in New York? Great Britain is a small island with an enormous and steadily increasing population. How is it that the production of game is steadily on the increase there? The answer is (1) because the game laws are properly enforced, (2) because the landed proprietors preserve game more and more, and (3) because game and gun licenses cost money, and therefore the number of guns is limited.

Talking of American birds, several curious points may be noticed. Nearly all the birds in the Northern States and in Canada are migratory owing to the severity of the winter. It is estimated that the tiny little honey bird, not much larger than a big bumble bee, travels south nearly 1,000 miles on the approach of the cold weather. Though he has a red breast, the American robin is unquestionably of a different species to his English name, sake, and is at least four times as large. In the same way the American partridge is totally dissimilar to the English bird of that name, being very much larger and roosts and perches in trees where the hunter deliberately pots it, whereas the English partridge is invariably shot on the wing. The two, indeed, belong to different species. All large black birds in America are called crows, but here again a great mistake is made, as the rooks are quite distinct from the carrion crows and jackdaws. The first named (the rooks) are gregarious, while the two latter are solitary livers, and these three again are not of the same nature at all, the carrion crows being carnivorous, whereas the jackdaw and rook only eat grain and seeds, if they cannot obtain a supply of worms and insects. The rook is the farmer's friend, or at least he should be considered so. No discrimination is shown, however. But then in my country people call nearly all flying insects "bugs" except flies and mosquitoes.

The early settlers in the States were simple, unscientific people and casually used the names known to them in the old country to denominate birds and four-footed creatures found in the new.

I think the blue jay is the most distinctive wild bird I ever saw in the States. But I could go on filling pages of my diary on this, to me, very interesting subject.

I found that I had (absorbed in my meditations) wandered quite a distance from the camp, and so had to retrace my footsteps, having thoroughly enjoyed my morning ramble. What a lot we miss by the unnatural hours we society and business people are obliged by force of circumstances to keep.

The camp was still asleep as I entered the marquee, and for about an hour I scribbled away in my diary. Then a footman entered in undress uniform to tidy things up, and to lay the cloth for breakfast. I entered into conversation with him about the arrangements, and found that the butler, the coachman, the two chefs, and the two engineers occupied one sleeping tent, the rest of the helps the other; there being a marquee for meals (similar to ours) where all the servants and people fed together.

I worked at my diary a bit longer and was finally interrupted by the appearance of our Queen.

"The top of the morning to you, Judge. You know the proverb about the early bird and the worm."

"I am afraid I am not very birdlike, Mrs. Clark," I replied, laughing, "and I don't like worms, though the (the worms) will enjoy us all some day. But I have seen a good many members of the feathered tribe this morning in the course of my peregrinations, and I had to be up betimes in order to keep abreast with my duties in my capacity of chronicler in chief to our party. But what is the program to-day?"

"We go to Beaulieu first and return by another road, and have lunch at Rufus Stone, and then proceed to Ringwood, to which place the camp will be moved to-day," replied Mrs. Clark.

"You've got your lesson off pat, my dear," said the old man as he entered the marquee. "Well, Slocum, I am afraid you did not sleep well, judging by the unearthly hour you got up by. Fancy, Dora, this learned gentleman left his, I trust, not uncomfortable couch, soon after 4 A. M."

"I hope I did not wake you, sir," I said.

"Oh, no, I am an early waker, but not like you an early riser, though I used to be when I was a ranchman in the old days, which after all are not a great while ago.

We take the coach, the buggy and the boudoir car with us

to-day, and I have ordered a cold lunch, quite a simple affair, to be sent to Rufus' Stone."

"Oh, isn't it all perfectly charming?" cried Bella, as she tripped into the tent followed by the rest of the party.

"It will be more lovely," said Jim, "when we have some breakfast inside us. I've got the same class of appetite I used to have when camping on the plains in the West."

"We shall have to be careful what we say, friends," said the Canon, "I believe the Judge has got a phonograph fixed up somewhere. He showed me last night a bit of his diary of yesterday's proceedings, and he has reported our conversations pretty well verbatim. He is a sort of Recording Angel to the expedition."

"This is the first time," said I, "that I ever heard a lawyer likened unto an angel; he is generally described as a kind of first cousin once removed to his Infernal Majesty, so, Canon, I take this as the greatest compliment you could possibly pay me."

As the day was still young there was no occasion to hurry our little selves, in fact the filling up of every spare minute and a clock-like punctuality simply spoil an otherwise jolly outing. In some country houses every moment of the day is mapped out with the minuteness Mr. Cook displays in his personally conducted tours. The guests are treated like automata or marionettes, which shoot out their arms and legs, and perform all manner of contortions on certain strings being pulled. There exist such persons as over-hospitable entertainers whose paternal solicitude for the amusement of their guests turn them (the entertainers) into dreaded bores.

But our host was certainly not one of this class. Like a skilful commander-in-chief he sketched out the general plan of operations, leaving to the various divisions plenty of latitude for the display of individual initiative. So after breakfast there was a clear interval of a couple of hours in which we either strolled about the forest in the immediate vicinity of the camp, wrote our letters or sat in comfortable lounge chairs outside the marquee, surveying the pleasant scene and breathing in the pure woodland air.

At last the word to mount was given, and we cyclists were soon careering along a fairly good road under the guidance of the watchful Dawlish, who, of course, had as his riding companion the fair Annie.

The Canon and the Emperor followed us in the buggy, which

in its turn was succeeded by the coach and the Boudoir. In this order we visited Beaulieu and explored the ruins of an ancient monastery. Here the Norman and Angevin Monarchs used to possess a hunting lodge which has since entirely disappeared. From Beaulieu we made a winding *détour* which at last landed us at Rufus' Stone, where we found an appetizing cold lunch laid out under the wide spreading branches of a fine old oak tree.

At Dora's request this was a regular gipsy picnic, and we waited on ourselves. The servants who had arranged the meal had their lunch to themselves under a neighboring tree.

It was jolly, after we had eaten our fill and we men had lighted our cigars and pipes, to lay around on the cool grass in the deep shade gazing through the leaves of the overhanging branches, listening to the birds singing and the flies (bad luck to them) buzzing and watching the white clouds chasing each other in the distance. In one of the forest glades a herd of deer was peacefully cropping the succulent herbage. How (by the way) the New Forest flies bite; they are as bad as mosquitoes.

"Does that stone really mark the spot where William Rufus met his death by an arrow shot from the bow of Sir Walter Tyrrel?" said I, addressing the Canon.

"It is supposed to do so," replied the churchman. "On the ground where the stone stands there flourished an oak of a fabulous age against which the arrow (so tradition says) glanced, and in so doing struck the king. According to the commonly accepted version Sir Walter let loose at a stag and made a wild miss, and hence the happy disaster. I say happy, for the king was a mere hoggish sensualist, lacking all of the great qualities of his father The Conqueror, and only resembling him in his cruelty and love of the chase. However, according to another report, Sir Walter really meant to slay the tyrant against whom he had a grudge, anyway he thought it prudent to skip over to Normandy and hide himself in his strong feudal castle there. All we know for certain is that an oak tree did really stand over there, and it was either destroyed by lightning, or cut down by the ax of the woodman about the close of the seventeenth century; just about the time when the last aboriginal inhabitant of Cornwall (an old woman) who could speak the Cornish language (something akin to Welsh) departed this life, and the last specimen of the great bustard known to exist in England was slain on Salisbury Plain.

A simultaneous wiping out of three links with the hoary past that is somewhat remarkable."

"The Forest laws were terribly severe in the middle ages, were they not, uncle?" said Dora, who I could see was intent on drawing the Canon out.

"They were not only severe, but horribly barbarous," replied the churchman. "In the Royal Forests the deer were looked upon as absolutely the private property of the King. The penalty for shooting at one was the loss of the right hand, and if the animal was killed, the offender was liable to summary execution. The Norman Barons who dispossessed the Saxon Thegns at the Conquest asserted the same privileges in their private domains. The greater Abbots and Churchmen were feudal lords and loved hunting just as much as their secular brethren, and were just as brutal as they were, in the preservation of the game. One of the consequence of these savage regulations, coupled with the natural effect of the lawlessness of the times, and of the bitter oppression of the native Saxons, was to drive numbers of persons to lead the lives of outlaws in the woods, where they frequently rendered themselves, like Robin Hood and his merrie men, formidable on account of their numbers, and of the skill with which they handled their weapons, the long bows that afterwards were used by their descendants, and more especially by the Welsh archers, with such fatal accuracy in the French and Scotch campaigns of the Edwards and of the Henries."

"Did Robin Hood cavort around these parts, Canon?" said Jim, who was (as were we all) much interested in what the churchman had been saying.

"No, Jim," replied the ecclesiastic, "Robin Hood, who lived in the reign of Richard I. and of his brother John, carried on his bandit business in the Forests of Sherwood, Needwood, and Charnwood, which lie, or rather lay (as only small fragments of them exist now), partly in Nottinghamshire and partly in Yorkshire. There is little doubt that Robin Hood was a real personage, though a number of incredible stories and legends have grown up around his name. But the same may be said of any other popular characters of illiterate times, such as King Arthur and St. Dunstan."

"Granted," said Dawlish, "that the feats with the long-bow performed by Robin Hood and others have been absurdly exaggerated; still, there can be no question that it was a very

death-dealing weapon, and we have it on the authority of Stowe that a good archer could shoot twelve arrows a minute with sufficient accuracy up to 300 yards, and these, mind you, were barbed, cloth yard shafts 33 inches long, capable even at that range of piercing armor of man and horse and of inflicting wounds immensely more terrible and fatal than any produced by rifle bullets. I always wondered that the arquebus, the wheel lock, and afterwards the flint lock muskets with their extreme inaccuracy and slowness in loading ever took the place of the long and cross-bows," said Dawlish.

"That has puzzled many people besides yourself," replied the Canon, "and the only valid answer I ever read of was that archery required constant practice from boyhood upwards to train the muscles to the effort of drawing the bow with sureness of aim. In the days when the bow was the national weapon, every able-bodied man or boy of a certain condition in life was compelled by law to practice continually, especially on Sundays, shooting a certain number of arrows at the village butts, and the great landed proprietors who had to furnish their quota of archers as well as of men-at-arms to the National levies took care that this was done. But the decay of the feudal system and the substitution of scutage or money payments in the place of personal service contributed to the neglect of archery, consequently the experts with the bow got scarcer and scarcer, until they had to be replaced by musketeers entirely. Though the men of the present day are on the average fully as strong as, or even stronger physically, than those of the Middle Ages, extremely few could now be found who would be able even to pull a cloth yard shaft to its head with a war bow of those days. The bows that are used by gentlemen at archery meetings are mere toys compared with the powerful weapons employed with such awful effect at Crécy and Agincourt. Why is it? Simply because we moderns have not been trained to the practice of archery from our youth. It is the same with anything else. Take weight lifting, for instance. A porter on a railway will raise and handle a piece of freight or luggage that a far stronger but unskilled man could barely move at all."

"That is true, sir," said Dawlish, "but that doesn't account for the disappearance of the cross-bow, a very deadly instrument indeed, with a range equal to the early rifles of the first half of the nineteenth century."

"No more it does, and the only reason I can advance," said

the Canon, "was the liability of the strings to become relaxed in wet weather, rendering the weapon nearly useless. A notable instance to the point being the failure of the Genoese cross-bowmen, owing to the relaxed strings of their pieces at the battle of Agincourt. But the whole subject is a very perplexing one. It is remarkable that one of the wisest men that ever lived, Benjamin Franklin, recommended the use of the long-bow during the Revolutionary War, though his advice was not adopted."

"It doesn't require a great effort of imagination," said Annie Leighton, "to conjure up groups of foresters dressed in Lincoln green jerkins, with yew bows in their hands and quivers full of cloth yard shafts at their backs peopling these forest glades."

"All this talking makes one very thirsty," said Jim, as he seized a flagon of claret cup, and pledging the Canon, buried his face in it, took a deep draught and with a sigh passed it on to the ecclesiastic.

"That's nectar indeed," said the Canon, after taking a vigorous pull; "your butler is an artist, Mr. Clark."

"I guess he knows his business," replied the old man, "and he ought to, as he has been in the service of some tip-top swells."

"I never met an American man servant who was worth a row of pins," said I.

"We don't breed them," said the old man. "Our fellows look on livery as a badge of servitude."

"The domestic help business is the great difficulty for well-to-do people in the States," said my wife, who at that moment rejoined the party, as she and Dora had slipped away during the archery discussion and had a little stroll in the forest all to their sweet selves.

"It is so serious a difficulty," I said, "that many American families, rather than face it, live on this side."

"I think it must be the fault of the masters and mistresses," said Dawlish.

"No, I don't think that's so," replied the old man; "the fact is, domestic service in the States stirs up recollection of the old slave days."

Just then Dora, with a smile on her face, cried out, "Oh, here's a gipsy woman; come, let's have our fortunes told; Annie, you shall be first."

"All right, dear," said the fair Annie, "it would be superfluous to tell yours, anyhow, Dora."

The woman was summoned, and her hand having been liberally crossed with silver, she took Annie's in her own and proceeded after a long scrutiny of its lines to read the future in the usual mysterious manner. She said that she, Annie, would marry a tall, fair man who had been in India and California, and was now in England, and that she would be very happy, and that the marriage would take place in Kent in a town she could not quite make out the name of.

Poor Annie blushed furiously and Dawlish looked very sheepish and uncomfortable. Then Bella's turn came, and I really was quite startled at the facts that were revealed.

When the gipsy was gone, Dora said:

"Wasn't that too wonderful! I shall always believe in fortune-telling for the future."

To tell the truth, I, myself, was rather staggered at the gipsy's revelations, and I could see that the Canon was no little surprised also, but a merry twinkle both in Dora's as well as in Bella's eyes told me that it probably was a put-up job, and I determined to find out how it was done at a convenient opportunity.

Just then Dora exclaimed:

"Now, good friends, we will do some gipsying on our own account," and she rang a little hand bell and the butler approached.

"We will have tea now, Burton, so make the fire, please."

The butler retired, and soon the footman was engaged in building up a fire on the grass with some small billets of wood he produced from the wagon, and fixing up an iron three-legged tripod over it, to its apex he fastened an iron chain on which was suspended a good-sized kettle full of water.

The footman then laid the tea things on the grass, including cake, bread and butter, chocolate, candies, a great pile of splendid strawberries and a china bowl filled with delicious ice-cream.

Dora made the tea when the water began to boil, and soon we had forgotten all about the gipsy woman and her predictions.

"Wonders will never cease. From whence, in the name of goodness, my dear Dora," said the Canon, addressing his niece, "was this lovely ice-cream conjured from in the woods here—These strawberries, too, are the finest I have ever seen."

"Ask Daddy; you have never inspected the wagon, uncle," replied Dora.

So, after our repast, the Emperor showed us the secrets of the machine that had conveyed the two servants and the lunch to the

scene of action. The wagon was a covered auto, designed to carry two persons in front and two behind. In the center were divers receptacles for carrying meat, fish, poultry, fruit, etc. All surrounded with ice and sawdust. In fact, it was a portable refrigerator artfully constructed. There was a small tank capable of holding the largest salmon, and a special section for ice-cream, where it could be kept frozen.

"The wagon," said the Emperor, "has been to Southampton this morning to get the supplies I have ordered to be sent down from town. I do not depend on local markets for our table. There is a special machine for making ice on the utility car. So now you know all about it."

Of course I knew all about it before, and so did Dora, to whom the Emperor and I confided everything, but it was all news to the others, and it caused them to feel and express much astonishment at the cleverness and forethought displayed in the contrivance of this admirable machine, which was for the special use of the Emperor and his party, the provisions for the servants being purchased as we went along at neighboring local shops and markets.

We enjoyed the ride to Ringwood, where we found on our arrival the camp had been pitched in a delightful spot on the edge of the forest. As the day had been brilliantly fine and very warm, we were none of us sorry to retire to our tents and have a nap before dressing for dinner.

CHAPTER VI.

A BRITISH CONEY ISLAND.

JUNE 29, WEDNESDAY.

I CONFESS that the task of pedaling along the sandy roads of the New Forest had its effect on me, and I did not employ the early hours in communing with nature and in filling the pages of my diary, for while the birds were twittering forth their gladsome morning hymns, the luxurious ease of lying in that blissful, semi-conscious state, hovering betwixt the confines of slumber and wakefulness, chained me to my camp bedstead.

I think this is the most restful and delightful period of the twenty-four hours or thereabouts which our little globe takes in turning around its axis. On such occasions I prefer to stretch myself on my back with my two hands clasped behind my head, and let my mind do its business automatically. What queer, bright thoughts come thronging unbidden. I am inclined to think that most of the great laborers in the literary world do their best work in this condition, especially writers of fiction and poets. I can imagine the latter class (I may say parenthetically that I scribble verses at times myself) always taking care to have by their couches, pencils and paper in order to be able to fix the happy rhymes in flowing verse before the impressions have died away like dissolving views from the gray matter of their fertile brains. How cheerful it was to feel that I could lie as long as I liked, and that I hadn't to get up to prepare myself for another day's grind in that eternal office in the *Times* Building, New York.

No, there was an end to all my toil, disappointments and worry. How I blessed old man Clark, and determined to devote my energies to showing gratitude to my benefactor. Just as I was pondering on my marvelous good fortune, a large wet sponge struck me full in the face and the cheery voice of the son of my said benefactor rang in my startled ears.

"Come, get up, Judge, breakfast will be ready in half an hour. You are a fraud. I claim to be the early bird. Why, I have been about for a couple of hours and have been knocking over blackbirds in the forest with my six-shooter."

Jim stood at the foot of my bed looking the incarnation of strong, healthy manhood. He was dressed as became the owner of a yacht, in peaked cap and double-breasted round coat of dark blue cloth trimmed with gold braid and buttons, with white duck trousers and low tan Oxford shoes.

"You can't often boast, Jim," I replied, "of the honor of being ahead of me in the morning. Besides, I am a wee bit older than you, and I hadn't the educational advantages you have had in herding cattle and lying in wait for grizzly bears. Besides, I don't believe you ever felt tired in your life, you man of hardened aluminum."

"What's all this racket about?" said Dawlish, his tall figure appearing on the scene of action.

"Oh, I've got the Judge rattled," said Jim, laughing, "because I chaffed him about being lazy."

"Jim came like a cyclone," said I, "and interrupted, by means of a skilfully directed sponge, a very valuable train of thought."

"My valuable train of thought is entirely directed to mutton chops and deviled kidneys," said Jim with an explosion of laughter, as he lit his pipe and proceeded to wake up his sire and the Canon. I don't know if the heartless Jim launched a wet sponge at the worthy churchman, but I heard a terrific yawn accompanied by several, what sounded like, unclerical expressions; but I trust I was mistaken.

By this time I had leapt from my bed clad in pajamas, and a prolonged shower bath made me feel once more a man capable of performing valiant and noble actions. I was soon dressed in a plain, unpretending costume of dark blue serge. We had had our orders overnight from the Queen that there was to be no cycling to-day, so the homely trousers took the place of neat workmanlike breeches and stockings.

As I entered the marquee I perceived the Queen and her consort. His arm was round her waist and their lips were glued together in one of those entrancing, loverlike kisses, in which two minds and souls seem to be mutually absorbed in ecstatic union; her arms were thrown round his neck, his were tightly clasped round her waist, while her head was pressed back

by the exuberance of his caresses. Then I heard each draw breath and then Jim exclaimed:

"How perfectly lovely you look, my darling!" and after saying this he literally deluged her with ardent kisses, she holding up her face to receive them.

There was no mistake about these two loving each other. It was a pleasing spectacle. But as Jim's back was turned to the entrance they had not (so engrossed were they in each other) perceived my entrance. So I thought it right to apprise them of the fact that they were not alone, and was on the point of gently coughing, when a merry laugh in my rear informed me that any precautionary measure on my part was superfluous, for the old man and the Canon, arm in arm, were following closely on my tracks. The laugh came from the former, who exclaimed:

"What, billing and cooing, my two turtle-doves? Well, that is as it should be. I like to see it."

The happy pair quickly disengaged themselves in some confusion from each other's arms, Dora blushing like a rose, and with a rippling laugh, proceeded to rearrange her disordered hat, while Jim picked up his cap from the ground.

"Well, my dear," said the old man, "since kissing is the order of the day, I think your uncle and I should have our share." With which modest suggestion Dora gracefully complied.

"I feel rather left in the cold," said I.

"Give the Judge a kiss, darling," said Jim with a roar of laughter.

Upon my soul, I don't know whether the sweet Dora wouldn't have presented her fair cheek to me, and I certainly could not, if she had, have refused so tempting an offer, but at that psychological moment Bella made her appearance. Of course she must have heard the conversation; but she is a real good pal and doesn't know what jealousy is, so she ran between us and first embraced Dora and then me, and laughingly exclaiming:

"There I have taken the kiss intended for you, Uriah, but you can have one if Jim doesn't object, and I will pardon you, for anything in petticoats more kissable than our Queen doesn't exist on this mortal sphere." And dear Bella and lovely Dora twined, in American fashion, their arms mutually around each other's waists, making a most charming picture.

Dora looked indeed most bewitching in an exquisite costume

of white serge trimmed with gold lace, made in tailor fashion, with open coat to show a white silk blouse with gold buttons. She wore a white straw sailor hat with white satin ribbon, and dainty shoes of the same color. A gold belt encircled her waist, the buckle of which formed the monogram S. D. A. in sapphires and diamonds.

My wife did herself full justice in a very chic Princess dress of white batiste over white taffeta. Her hat was a white picture one, similar to Dora's, a dainty confection of chantilly lace and ostrich feathers.

Dora wore at her waist a bunch of moss roses; my wife sported American Beauties, which the old man specially imported.

The two ladies were evidently posing. I like women who lay themselves out to win the admiration of men rather than to excite the envy, hatred and malice of members of their own sex. A very common failing indeed.

At this instant Dawlish, accompanied by Annie Leighton, entered the tent. It certainly looked suspiciously like as if they had been having a stroll and a *tête-à-tête*. The old man exclaimed:

"Hie, you people, you have just missed a stunning kissing bee. But I guess it's not too late to take a hand," and after Annie had saluted her parent, the old man drew the blushing girl towards him and imprinted a smacking buss on her cheek.

Annie certainly had not neglected her appearance as far as dress was concerned, as she wore a pretty, simple costume of white nuns-veiling and ecru lace, with a large leghorn hat and blush roses.

Both she and Dawlish had looked rather sheepish at the Emperor's pointed remark, and were evidently relieved by the servants entering with the breakfast. I suppose the forest air is conducive to the assimilation of food, for we all (including the ladies) showed that we were possessed of particularly noble appetites.

During the meal the Canon remarked that we ought to have some Christchurch salmon, as it is supposed to be the best in the world.

"What's the matter with the salmon caught in the Usk and the Severn?" said Dawlish.

"Well, they are good enough," replied the Canon, "but the

Christchurch fish rank the highest in the opinion of the connoisseurs."

"I wish I had known this before," said the old man. "The Scotch salmon my London fishmonger sends me are of fine quality, but of course a fish that has been cold-stored is not so good as one freshly caught."

"We will see what we can do when we are in Bournemouth," said the Canon, and the subject dropped.

The order of the day was that we should go on the coach, accompanied by the Boudoir and Smoker to Corfe Castle, and after lunch proceed to Bournemouth, and having had tea and a stroll on the pier and along the sea front, should return in time for dinner.

We all mounted the coach, the ladies in dust cloaks. But after quitting the forest, a southwesterly wind sprung up which, though it tempered the heat which was excessive, blew clouds of dust in our faces. The ladies, who had an eye, not only to their comfort, but more especially to their toilets, unanimously requested our motorman, Mr. Clark, to pull up, and expressed a wish to seek shelter in the Boudoir accompanied by Jim and Dawlish, while the Canon, the Emperor, and I followed their example by entering the Smoker; this division for a time answering very well, as the Canon, who generally monopolizes most of the conversation, though very instructive and sometimes entertaining, was a trifle ponderous and learned, and cannot often come off his perch and discuss the frills and frivolities which young people (especially if they are ladies) delight to indulge in. Besides, the Canon rarely can see a joke; in fact, his fund of humor is a very limited one.

As for myself, I enjoyed the learned Canon's society just as much as the Emperor did, so this mutually agreed upon temporary separation was to the taste of all parties.

The order of the autos was changed; the coach, which was now controlled by a spare motorman, brought up the rear so that we should not get the benefit of the dust it raised, and the Boudoir was in the lead about a furlong ahead of us.

The autos were now sent along at their best pace, in order to cover the ground as speedily as possible. The roads were fairly good, though a bit loose, owing to the continuance of the dry spell. We arrived at our destination in good time and spent a couple of hours in the castle, which was for a time the scene of

the imprisonment of King Charles First, previous to his trial and execution.

Corfe Castle is situated on a kind of promotory near the fishing village of Swanage in the county of Dorset. We had arranged to have our lunch (which had been stowed away in the coach) on a piece of common land about a couple of miles from the castle, in order to insure privacy, as the excursion steamers from Weymouth and Bournemouth had brought a whole crowd of rather tough-looking summer resorters, who stood in groups, wondering at our aluminum autos and the smart costumes of our ladies. Just as we had arrived at our picnic ground a heavy thunderstorm that had been threatening since the morning broke upon us, accompanied by a deluge of rain. We immediately took refuge in the Smoker, into which vehicle the lunch was transferred. I then appreciated the wisdom of taking with us such a harbor of refuge, which made us independent of the weather. The autos were turned off the road onto the grass and we proceeded to make ourselves comfortable, the Boudoir being hitched on to the Smoker. After we had got through, the servants had their lunch.

"I guess we might be worse off than this," said the old man, lighting a cigar.

"I don't see, sir," replied I, "how we could be much better off under the circumstances."

"What do you think of the castle, Mr. Clark?" said the Canon.

"It is a pretty slick old ruin," replied the Emperor, "but I guess I wouldn't have cared to have lived in such a place. The King must have had a measly time of it. How did he happen to get there, anyhow?"

"He was taken there by one Cornet Joyce at the instigation of Oliver Cromwell, who really wished to save him from the fanatics of the Independent party who were seeking his death. Plenty of facilities were given His Majesty to escape to France, but he did not avail himself of them, and occupied his time in plotting against his would-be preserver."

"What a darned fool!" replied the old man. "So they chopped off his head. I don't pity him."

"No more do I," said the Canon. "If I had lived in those days I should have sided with the Parliament. One of my ancestors fought in the ranks of Cromwell's Ironsides."

"Do you favor a Republic, sir?" said Dawlish.

"No, sir. I am a loyal subject of His Majesty the King of England. But then he is a very limited monarch, whereas Charles First wanted to be a very unlimited one; in fact, he wished to place himself above the law and the Parliament and to rule as a despot. But he hadn't the strength of character to do so, for he was no Cromwell or Napoleon. He was morally, I believe, a decent character as far as kings go, which isn't saying much. And if he had any liaisons he conducted them in a private, gentlemanly fashion, unlike his blackguardly son, Charles Second, who was a foul, heartless reprobate. But the worst of Charles First (who had a very weak, vacillating character) was that he was a moral, though by no means a physical coward, and was (like all the Stuarts) false to both friend and foe. Look how he deserted his zealous supporters, Stafford and Laud, and broke his word with Cromwell. He would not go straight, and seemed to see everything through a distorted mirror. It is a marvel to me how his nobility fought, died and beggared themselves in the service of such a man. But then they believed in the Divine right of kings."

"But don't you, Canon? I thought all English churchmen believed in that, founding their opinion on the Scriptures," said I.

The Canon smiled grimly. "We have changed all that. We churchmen have to move with the times, we are not such fools as you laymen suppose."

"I never put you down for a fool, Canon," I replied, "far from it. I think you are a very wise man, indeed."

"Then you have a better opinion of me than I have of myself," replied the churchman. "The fact is, sir, we, the spiritual advisers of the people, are wofully like the common or garden kind of humans. We are men of like passions with you. We certainly nowadays find it a terribly hard task to steer a course between hide-bound orthodoxy and scientific agnosticism, and frequently come to grief in consequence. There are hundreds of parsons who would throw up their jobs if they knew of any alternative plan of feeding themselves and their families."

I was surprised at these outspoken, cynical and almost frankly brutal sentiments proceeding out of the mouth of our worthy and courtly Canon, but I said nothing, and the conversation changed into more frivolous channels. The storm having cleared away,

we gave the sun time to partly dry the roads before proceeding to our next halting place, Bournemouth.

On our journey to Corfe Castle we had gone a round-about way by a place called Minister, as we Americans wanted to lose no opportunities of seeing rural England, of which we all of us had heard so much, though I from my boyish experiences was pretty familiar with certain phases of it, but my ramblings when at the Yorkshire academy had been chiefly confined to uncultivated grouse moors, which from their very wildness have a charm of their own, still at the same time are apt to be monotonous in their character, and coloring, and lack the variety and delightful alternations of woodland, pasture, and arable that make the landscape in the southern counties of England so restful and satisfactory to the eye.

We passed through the very ancient town of Poole; in medieval times, a place of considerable commercial importance, which accounts for the fact that the recordship of the borough (Poole, previous to 1832, returned two members to the House of Commons) was a coveted post to which was attached considerable emoluments. Several eminent lawyers at different times were glad to accept an office which was really a richly endowed sinecure, as it was customary to hire a substitute to perform the work, the boss himself rarely going near the place. Now Poole is a sleepy country town with a small coasting trade chiefly in fish and coal.

In approaching Bournemouth, which is a matter of only four miles from Poole, we passed through the remnants of the pine woods which once covered this part of the country. Bournemouth is said to owe a considerable portion of its reputation of salubrity to the said pine woods, and the land speculators, in their greed to obtain sites for villa residences, have made serious inroads on them, and ran the risk of killing the goose that laid the golden egg, till the corporation took the matter up, and by timely replanting, have mended matters considerably.

Besides the health-giving fragrance the pine trees diffuse around, they answer another purpose of protecting the town from those cruel blasts of northeasterly winds that sweep across England in the winter, and mow down the sufferers from lung trouble by the myriad. In fact, Bournemouth is a famous asylum for consumptives, but it also is a winter resort for rich, fashionable folk who wish to have a quiet, restful time, and the ele-

gant villas of these people form one of the chiefest ornaments of the place.

Bournemouth derives its name from its situation at the outlet of a tiny brook (which a child can safely ford) that runs down a narrow valley, or chasm (called here a chine), between two low, steep hills, on the sides and summits of which picturesquely stand the town and its delightful suburbs, the little valley or chine forming a charming public garden or park. The place faces due south. The eastern section is the more fashionable one, and here are found amid the pine trees the finest villas. A two-mile coast promenade along the east cliff leads to Boscombe, which is possessed of a similar but more picturesque chine. Boscombe is Bournemouth's serious rival, though it lacks the latter's pine wood easterly shield. I gleaned all this information to-day by inquiry and observation.

Our autos wended their way down the chine to the narrow sea front between the east and west cliffs, where is the entrance to the pier, and to the right of this entrance is a small but (I am told) excellent social club. The shore on each side of the pier was thronged with people and all kinds of side shows, Punch and Judy, phrenologists, camera obscuras, gipsy fortune-tellers, conjurors, tumblers, photographers, nigger minstrels, and other such like folk, who earn their living during the summer months by the side of race tracks and at seaside resorts. I could see that Bournemouth, during the summer, was a species of respectable Coney Island. Every one seemed to be enjoying themselves, lolling on the shore, and basking in the sunshine, the children industriously constructing castles and forts of sand, which the incoming tide would smooth away.

The sea was sparkling in the sunshine, and a babel of talk mingled with peals of merry laughter rose from all sides. The pier was mostly crowded with decent holiday folks (what they call trippers here) of the lower middle-class with a sprinkling of second-rate dudes and dudesses, but there was a complete dearth of really fashionable folk, who do not affect Bournemouth in the summer, much as they may do so during the colder months of the dreary half-and-half English winter, which mostly consists of east winds, damp fogs and splashy rain, with short spells of feeble frost thrown in for the sake of appearance.

As we were leaving our autos to go on the pier, crowds soon assembled to gaze on the unwonted spectacle. Reports of the

advent of the now famous American millionaire to the New Forest had formed items of news in the local newspapers, and of course had found their way into the chief London organs of intelligence. So our autos and the members of our party, especially Mr. Clark and the belle of the season, were objects of great curiosity.

Our ladies were considerably disappointed at finding themselves contrary to their expectations the only chic, smartly-dressed women in the place. But there was a certain satisfaction in being the cynosure of all eyes, even if those eyes belonged to the vulgar, unrefined portion of the community, and it was amusing to watch the wondering gaze of city clerks and their best girls, as they gazed in wonder and admiration at Dora's exquisite beauty and delicious toilet.

A really good band was discoursing sweet music on the end of the pier, so after parading a couple of times up and down, we subsided into seats in the vicinity of the instrumentalists and amused ourselves by criticising sotto-voce the members of the passing crowd, some of whom constituted in their costumes and gestures, cheap, common-place burlesques of fashion. Monkeys copy their masters and so do their cousins, human bipeds.

"What a striking difference there is," said Dawlish, "in the manner (leaving the society women of the two nations out of the question) in which American and English women attire themselves. Of all civilized nations, the former display the best, as the latter the worst, taste in their choice of habiliments, in spite of the fact that English women have the enormous advantage over their transatlantic sisters in the superior cheapness of really good dress materials, and in their close proximity to France."

"That is unquestionably the case," said Bella. "You have omitted another important natural advantage the English have, the superior roundness of their figures and their generally excellent complexions. That's one of the reasons English actresses are so run after in the States."

"I hope you were not one of the pursuers, Jim," said Dora, "but I am afraid you were, else you wouldn't be such an excellent judge of feminine beauty and apparel."

This remark of Dora's hit Jim pretty hard, I could see, and made him feel that he had jammed himself into a pretty tight place, but he most adroitly got out of it in a much more brilliant manner than I gave him credit of, by saying:

"At any rate, darling, I showed my good taste in selecting the loveliest woman in England for my wife."

Dora gave her spouse a fond look, and I could see gently squeezed his hand. The old man said:

"Bravo, Jim, that's the smartest remark I have ever heard you make; you hit the ball for a home run my boy. I thought its curve had beat you altogether."

"Your son, Mr. Clark," said the Canon, "is rapidly becoming a pupil of the late Lord Chesterfield."

At that moment the band struck up the Star-Spangled Banner, evidently intended as a compliment to us, as the conductor, after whispering to the leading musicians, made a graceful bow in our direction, and this was followed by Hail Columbia and Yankee Doodle, to the old man's intense delight. This act of international courtesy resulted the next day in a munificent subscription being received by the director of the band, from the Emperor, who has a positive genius in dispensing timely checks.

Of course, there was a personal motive in this, as a paragraph soon after found its way into the newspapers, extolling Mr. Clark for his munificence, but then is it possible to eliminate the factors of self and vanity altogether from the human equation?

When the last bars of Yankee Doodle had died away, the old man went up to the conductor and shook his hand, and complimented him on the excellence of his band. Then turning to us he said:

"Now, I will ask the Canon and the Judge (if he is so minded) to come into the town and see if we can corral one of those famous Christchurch salmon, and we will leave the young people to enjoy the music. What's the best hotel near the sea, Dawlish?"

"The Bath," replied the Captain, "just yonder on the slope of the east cliff. It has fine gardens abutting on the sea front."

"That's all right. We will meet you people there in about an hour's time and have tea," said the old man.

I elected to accompany the Canon and the Emperor, and we made our way on foot into the part of the town on the east side, where is situated (so the Canon said) the principal fish store.

When we arrived at our destination, the Emperor inquired of the shopman if he had a fresh caught Christchurch salmon for sale.

"I am very sorry, sir," replied the man, "but we are clean sold out. Christchurch salmon are scarce and nearly all are sent to town, being snapped up at once by the big London dealers for the clubs. A gentleman came very early this morning and bought a grand fish fully thirty-five pounds in weight. It was really bespoke for a customer, but the gentleman said price was no object, and that he meant to have it, and offered me such a sum, that it fairly startled me and I was obliged to accept it. He took it away with him. He told me before leaving, that if I should serve him well in the future, that he would prove a good customer. There is a grand virtue in ready cash, sir, in my business, most of my customers require long credit, and some don't pay at all."

"Well, I guess I am sorry I can't do business to-day," said the old man. "I believe, too, in ready money," and he pulled a wad of Bank of England bills out of his inside coat pocket.

This display of wealth evidently impressed the fishmonger, who said very obsequiously:

"I am truly sorry I can't oblige you to-day, sir. I can see you are an American gentleman. Some of my best customers (visitors here) are from the other side, but I hope in the future that you will favor me with your custom, sir."

We left the shop and took a stroll in a cool little arcade, that reminded me on a small scale of the Burlington in town.

"Ah," said the old man, "it's the old tale of the early bird gathering the worms. My chefs are not as smart as they might be in finding out these snaps."

"I wonder who this gentleman is who is so free with his cash," said the Canon, who seemed rather mortified at the ill success that had attended our search.

After spending some time in inspecting the shops, we made our way to the Bath Hotel, where we found the other division of our party, sitting in the shade in the delightful gardens Dawlish had spoken of. I noticed quite a lot of semi-tropical plants that were thriving in the open air, speaking volumes for the mildness of the climate. After having partaken of tea and strawberries and cream, the manager showed us over the hotel, which is a very slick affair. In the halls and corridors is a really fine collection of pictures. We then mounted the coach, and our three autos proceeded along a shady road that leads to Boscombe. We passed through Christchurch where the Canon pointed out the

ruins of the once splendid monastery, and proceeded up the Lyndhurst Road, and bearing to the left, arrived after a pleasant ride through the forest at our camp.

At dinner, after the soup (an exquisite *bisque d'écrevisses*) had been discussed, we were rather astonished to see a huge salmon brought in and placed before the Emperor, who, by the way, in camp on the rough, as he called it (though everything seemed to us mighty smooth), insisted on discarding the customary Russian style of service, and having some of the *pieces de résistance* of the various courses placed on the table, as he was rather proud of his prowess as a carver.

"How in the name of all that's curious," ejaculated the Emperor, "did this fish get here?—and what a beauty he is! Do they shoot salmon in the forest hereabouts?"

I saw an amused smile on the Captain's face as he said:

"I thought you would like a Christchurch salmon, sir, so I went early with the wagon to Bournemouth and was lucky enough to secure this. It was caught this morning and had the sea lice on it, and is a cock fish in prime condition. I had some ado in getting the fishmonger to let me have it, as he said it was bespoke. But I got it. I trust, sir, you will accept it as a little present."

"Dawlish, my boy," said the old man, "you are the right sort and no mistake. I shan't forget this smart work of yours, I can tell you, and I am very greatly obliged to you for your thoughtful zeal."

"So you were the gentleman, Captain, whom the fish merchant said had been to his store this morning. I felt awfully sold. Of course I did not guess it was you," said the Canon.

The salmon was most excellent, and we all did full justice to it and drank to the donor's health in brimming bumpers of champagne.

After the honoring of the toast, I said:

"By the way, Captain, did you come across Jim this morning in the forest shooting blackbirds?"

"I was back from Bournemouth at 6.30 A.M.," replied Dawlish, "but found the redoubtable Jim still sweetly sleeping."

"And he routed me out of bed, as you saw this morning, at barely half-past seven and boasted that he had been two hours

in the forest knocking over blackbirds with his six-shooter. Oh, Jim, you are a fraud!"

"But, Judge," replied our unabashed hero, "if I didn't hit the blackbirds, you will allow that that was a daisy shot of mine with the wet sponge."

I was obliged to admit that it was, amid general merriment.

CHAPTER VII.

THE CAMP COMPLETED.

JUNE 30, THURSDAY.

DURING breakfast this morning the ladies unanimously decided to cycle to Bournemouth, or at any rate part of the way, and have a bathe and a walk about the town afterwards. Of course their wishes were law to us men, and we prepared to escort them. Personally, this suited me very well, as I had to make considerable communications with the London office through the 'phone, so that I could combine business with pleasure.

As we were mounting our bikes I could not help noticing the neat and workmanlike costumes of the three ladies. The two Englishwomen had selected for theirs a strong, light Welsh flannel of a pretty French gray shade, piped with dark blue silk. My wife affected drab-colored alpaca. The skirts of all three costumes were moderately (not too) short, sufficiently so as to obviate any chance of the skirts coming into contact with the cranks of the wheels (a danger in connection with long skirts which has been the cause of many quite serious, if not fatal, accidents).

Prettily made cotton blouses, with long China silk neckties in sailor knots, plain white sailor hats, low Oxford tan shoes of a serviceable nature, with grooves cut in the soles to catch the rat trap pedals, and thin woollen stockings (best for cycling and pedestrianism). Each lady had a sort of loose covert coat of same material as the skirt, which coat she discarded when riding, and she also wore knickerbockers *en suite* with her costume, which latter piece of information I acquired from my wife. I could see that our fair dames were not going to waste any more of their frills on the vulgar. They, of course, had smarter cycling costumes for show purposes, but the above were their ordinary road turnouts. The only pieces of ornamentation they allowed themselves were pretty gold breastpins in their neckties with the

initials S. D. A. (Sensible Dress Association) in a monogram set in sapphires and diamonds, and small brooches to match fixed in the ribbons of their straw hats.

We men were all dressed alike, namely, in coat and breeches of army karkee, which, though not pretty, is the best material for road wear, being light, strong, cool; gray flannel shirts, white pith helmets, low Oxford shoes and gray woollen stockings, which, contrary to expectation, I did not find to prove warm. The loose texture of woollen garments accounts for this. A thick sweater is by no means so oppressive as it looks, even in the hottest weather. The perfect garment, from a sanitary point, is one that is loose and porous, freely admitting the air on to the surface of the body.

I was glad to see my wife is fast catching on to the English method of riding, which is the correct, healthy and certainly the most elegant one. It consists in sitting straight up and using the ankle as much as possible in turning the cranks. Nothing is worse or more clumsy-looking than riding flat-footed, doing all the work from the knees. It has the effect of unduly raising those joints like pistons in a steam engine. If the ankle is made proper use of it is only necessary to raise the knee quite slightly. Very few, comparatively speaking, of Americans (barring, of course, professional and amateur crack riders) ride in the proper fashion. This to a considerable extent is owing to the bad practice of wearing high shoes when wheeling, thus preventing the ankles having free play.

I may note here that for many years we have abandoned the chainless form of bicycle, it proving a fallacy. Our chains are made on a new principle, absolutely unslippable and non-stretching, of hardened aluminum enclosed in casings of the same material, which has taken the place of steel entirely in the manufacture of wheels.

On this occasion we were accompanied only by the Smoker and the Buggy, the former as a harbor of refuge in case of rain or fatigue, and the latter as a means of pleasant locomotion for our two seniors (I won't allow that I am one), the Canon and the Emperor.

We found the roads were pretty loose, owing to the warmth of the weather, and we were not sorry when we arrived at Christchurch, where we halted to inspect the Abbey church and the

ruins of the old monastery, and of course had to submit to an inevitable historical lecture from our learned Canon.

We then resumed our journey and covered the remaining four miles *via* Boscombe to Bournemouth at a merry pace. We made at once for the shore, and were soon besporting ourselves in the sea, which was deliciously refreshing after our dusty ride. We had taken care to bring our bathing dresses with us in the Smoker. I noticed that some of the women we saw still disfigured themselves in hideous bathing gowns. How conservative and tasteless are Britishers of the middle class.

Our ladies naturally created quite a sensation among the male loungers on the shore and pier by the ultra chicness (to half coin a word) of their water dresses, and I could see a good many field and opera glasses leveled at our little crowd. While we were reveling in the cool domain of Father Neptune, the old man and the Canon stood on the shore watching our gambols, and when we had once more resumed our cycling attire, I left the party to while away an hour on the pier while I repaired to a telephone station, and was soon in communication with my subordinates in Pall Mall, discussing business details. When I was through I rejoined the party on the pier, and found them watching the disembarkation of a crowd of trippers from an excursion steamer that had just arrived from Southampton.

A happy, careless, devil-me-care throng it was, the men mostly smoking pipes and cheap cigars and their best girls and wives sucking oranges, eating cakes and drinking ginger beer out of stone bottles. I must give the British lower class one especial word of praise, the men do not (barring sailors, of course) chew tobacco and the women refrain from distorting their faces by munching gum. It is a painful and disgusting sight to sit in a road car in any American city and to note the women moving their jaws like so many two-legged cows chewing the cud.

When we had sufficiently studied the idiosyncrasies of our humble English cousins, we repaired to the Bath Hotel and enjoyed an excellent lunch. The manager himself looked after our wants and spoke to the old man as obsequiously and deferentially as if he were a real Emperor, such is the power of great wealth everywhere. The old man was so pleased with the hotel and its surroundings that he promised to patronize it the next time he

came to Bournemouth, and at the especial request of the manager inscribed the names of himself and party in the hotel register. We had our coffee in the garden, and afterwards strolled about the town and visited the summer and winter gardens and listened to the strains of the excellent band.

We walked along the west cliff, which is exceedingly picturesque, and then returning to the Bath Hotel, mounted our machines, and accompanied by the autos, rode along the east cliff to Boscombe. From this coign of vantage we could see the Isle of Wight, with the famous Needle Rocks glancing white and distinct in the distance.

As the ladies were a bit tired with their exertions, all we cyclists climbed on to the roof of the Smoker and returned to the camp, having one and all thoroughly enjoyed our day's outing.

On entering the camp we found in our absence that a great alteration had taken place. Mr. Clark had told us that the previous arrangement had been temporary, owing to the fact that only part of the outfit had been completed in time for our departure from town, and that the rest would follow as soon as it was ready. This further addition had now arrived on a supplementary camp auto, and the result was certainly highly impressive. Our first camp had consisted of eight tents. Now the whole number of tents had been, as if by magic, increased to fourteen.

To Dora and Jim was assigned an exquisite sleeping pavilion containing bed, dressing and bath rooms. My wife and I were similarly accommodated. A third commodious tent was reserved for the old man, the Canon and Dawlish. The Emperor thought it more entertaining to share a sleeping apartment with his two friends. If the truth be known, he didn't like to be alone, as he was haunted with the idea that he might be held up by robbers. He forgot that he was now in law-abiding old England, and not in the lawless woolly West. There was also a small sleeper for the two maids. In addition to the dining marquee, there was a most charming drawing-room tent for the ladies and a most comfortable smoker for us men. There was besides a tent where we could actually get a Russian steam bath. This was so great a novelty that the very idea filled me with amazement. The division of the camp allotted to the servants had also been slightly

enlarged by a private sitting-room tent for the butler and for the upper servants, which could also be used as a pantry.

These above enumerated, including the servants' marquee, completed the outfit. The autos were arranged in a line so as to form a separation between the two sections. In the servants' camp was a complete open air kitchen, where their meals were prepared, though our food was mostly cooked in the kitchen auto. There were two small collapsible aluminum hand carriages, one of them being provided with hot water compartments for conveying cooked food to our marquee and the other for bringing and taking away plates and dishes. Each of these camp autos had space enough to carry the whole camp outfit, but the Emperor, with his prodigious foresight and precaution, wished to provide against the inconvenience that would be caused by a temporary breakdown. So, in case such a *contretemps* occurred, it would be easy to transfer the contents of the disabled auto to the going concern, which would proceed to its destination, leaving the injured vehicle in charge of two men until the utility car could be despatched to its assistance. I could not help noting at length all these details, as it appears to me that this camp equipage is certainly as complete and wonderful in its way as the private train, and it sends my respect for the Napoleonic ability of the Emperor away up to the highest G.

I may add that all the tents were made of water-proofed silk, a material which, though very expensive, is also much lighter than canvas and takes up far less room on the cars when the tents are struck and packed.

It evidently gave the old man intense satisfaction in showing us around the enlarged and beautiful camp. Among other things, I could not fail in being struck by the loving care which had been displayed in the floral decorations. Jim and Dora's tent was especially favored; at its entrance were pots of hothouse flowers, and whole baskets of roses were suspended from the roof. Nor were Bella and I forgotten, and the drawing-room was redolent with nature's choicest blooms. When we had completed our survey, the Emperor exclaimed:

"Now, you fellows, I dare say the ladies will be glad to get quit of us for a while. Come with me and we will have what I consider the greatest of all luxuries, and the most healthful, too, namely, a Russian bath."

We were nothing loath, and followed the old man, curious to see how he had contrived such a surprise out here in the woods. The tent to which we directed our steps was the nearest one to the servants' quarters, and I could see a length of hose lying on the ground connecting with the utility car, wherein was a small strong steam boiler heated by electricity. We entered the tent and found that it was divided into two distinct sections. The larger one contained three divisions; one a dressing-room, the two others were for shampooing and cooling purposes. The smaller section of the tent was a steam or vapor room, and this section was entirely cut off from the first, there being a narrow space open to the air, with the sides covered in between them, so that any one could pass from one section to the other without being observed from the outside. The idea of having the tent constructed in two separate sections was to prevent the steam escaping into the first. The shampooing room was supplied with hot and cold water, the former from the utility car, the latter from the brook; both forced through hoses by means of an electric pump on the utility car, which was stationed close to the bath tent. The footmen and grooms were all trained shampooers and knew their business thoroughly. After having enjoyed a most excellent bath, we soon found ourselves ensconced in lounge chairs, enveloped in bath robes in the cooling room. At the Emperor's suggestion, the side of the tent was opened, giving us a view into the forest on the quarter away from the camp. Coffee and cigars were brought, and we proceeded to make ourselves completely comfortable.

"You remind me, sir, of what I have read of the Khalifs of Bagdad and Cordova," said I. "But I doubt if your ideas of comfort and luxury are not away ahead of them. Who but yourself could have ever conceived such an idea as this? Why, you beat the good genii in the Arabian Nights, and even the Emperor Saladin in Sir Walter Scott's novel, 'The Talisman.'"

"I never heard of the gentlemen you are talking about, Judge," said the old man. "But after all this is a very simple common-sense arrangement. I am a firm believer in steam or Russian baths. I owe a great deal of my health to them, and I like getting others to share in the benefit. By gosh, Judge, look at the number of rich men who live high and don't take any exercise to speak of, who die of apoplexy and kidney troubles because they won't

relieve their systems by nature's great specific, which is sweating. I learnt this from my poor friend and late partner, and I have never ceased to bless his memory ever since for the tip."

"Daddy knows a thing or two, Judge, doesn't he?" said Jim.

"Your father, Jim, is an up-to-date Solomon; in fact, he is a deal wiser than that overrated sage, who, in spite of his proverbs and his platitudes, made a sad mess of his life," I replied.

"He was the boss that had a thousand wives, wasn't he, Canon? I guess he made rather a break there. One is enough for most men and too much for some," said the old man knowingly.

"I used to think the same as you, Daddy," said Jim, "but since I have been spliced I have come to believe in the institution of marriage."

"So you ought, my boy," said the old man, "with such a wife as you have got. Are you aware, sir, that I consider you the most fortunate man in the world?"

"I guess you are about right," replied Jim, rather solemnly. "We must get our friend, the Captain, to follow my example. We will have a fine splurge, Cap, when the happy event comes off."

I could see the blush crimson on the gallant gentleman's brow, in spite of the sun tan.

The Canon relieved the embarrassing silence that followed Jim's home thrust by observing:

"What is the program to-morrow, Mr. Clark?"

"We are going to inspect that curious old collection of rocks you call Stonehenge, Canon, and take a squint at Salisbury Cathedral. These old relics have a kind of fascination for me, as they are rather scarce in my country. By the way, what was the name, Canon, of that old cuss who built Winchester School? You mentioned his name, but it has slipped my memory."

"William de Wykeham," replied the churchman. "He has immortalized himself by founding the leading public school in England. Even Etonians will not deny the pride of place to Winchester."

"I think I will found a big school, too," said the old man musingly.

"I can point out a better and easier way than that," replied the Canon, "of achieving a place among the Immortals. A new public school might prove a failure. Our two great uni-

versities of Oxford and Cambridge are the two most important institutions of the country. They have been the models from which your American varsities have been shaped, and have also been the depositories of light and knowledge, the training grounds of our greatest lawyers, divines and statesmen for hundreds of years; they have each done a grand and noble work, and will do more in the future, but they are both languishing for lack of funds, since their endowments were made when land was held to be the only safe investment and source of wealth, but in these latter times, chiefly owing to the agricultural development of your great Western States, their revenues have been sadly diminished (especially those of Cambridge), and consequently their usefulness has been much impaired. It would take five million pounds to thoroughly rehabilitate the resources of the two universities, and half that sum those of one of them. The modern Cræsus who would take in hand and accomplish such a task would earn the thanks and admiration not only of his contemporaries, but those of unborn generations, and his name would stand very, very high in the list of the great benefactors of the English-speaking race. A like sum would suffice to place the finances of all the great London hospitals on a secure and permanent basis."

While the Canon was speaking, I watched the face of the old man. He had knitted his brows and was, I knew, pondering deeply. I could divine the tenor of his thoughts. Less than two years' income of his prodigious wealth would suffice to accomplish both these magnificent results and blazon with lasting radiance his name and fame.

"Canon," said he at length, "I am obliged to you for your wrinkle. I will bear what you have said in mind. Fifty millions, fifty millions. I don't know what Jim would say if I spent such a pile; he would think I was going to fire him and his sweet wife into the poorhouse, but I could do the needful, say, for Cambridge, to begin with. She appears to want it most. But talking of Dora, let us get on our things and join the ladies, or they will think we are lost. It is about time, too, to dress for dinner, and I think the bath we have just enjoyed will have put a darned fine edge on our appetites, at least it has on mine," and the old man turned out to be a good prophet.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BANDIT PLUGGER SHOTS THE CROW.

JULY 1, FRIDAY.

WE were on the road by nine o'clock this morning. It promised to be a very warm day, but there was a lot of buoyancy in the air. Any one like me, who has lived unscathed through many a hot spell in New York City and has been able to do a decent amount of work in spite of that awful damp heat, can stand anything in the shape of high temperature. I was riding with Jim, who had braved all kinds of temperatures from 110 degrees in the shade above zero to 45 degrees below, and was consequently as blithe as a bee.

Dawlish and Annie were fifty yards ahead; behind us came the Buggy, this time carrying four persons, as neither Dora nor my wife felt equal to cycling with the temperature 85 degrees in the shade. In the rear of the procession came the Boudoir and the Smoker.

Jim and I, from feelings of delicacy and from fear of spoiling sport, kept well behind Annie and her companion, who were making the running at a smart pace.

"What a pair of salamanders those two are," said I, raising my white pith helmet in order to wipe the sweat from my manly brow.

"Well, you see," replied my companion, "they are scorching ahead in order to get by themselves."

"They will get themselves into good condition, that's one thing," replied I.

"They are in training for a race," said Jim laconically.

"What race?" replied I, without thinking.

"Why, the Matrimonial Stakes, of course. Had you there, Judge," said Jim, laughing.

"I guess you are about right there, Jim," I replied. "It's a sure thing, and no mistake. Dawlish told me in 'Frisco that he

would only marry a countrywoman of his own, if he married at all."

"I guess he is right," replied Jim, "though you certainly drew a prize in Yankeeland."

"I say, Jim, I have a bone to pick with you," said I. "You will pardon me, but you are too fond of running down your own country."

"I wasn't running it down, Judge," replied the ex-cowboy. "The country is all right. I was merely slating its women folk. They are a cold-hearted, dollar-loving lot."

"But if they are, we should not acknowledge it," said I.

"What, not between ourselves, Judge? Let's be honest with one another, at any rate," replied our hero.

"But the women are just as fond of money on this side," said I.

"But they are fond of other things besides dollars."

"Oh, you are wrong there, our women like golf and lots of things," said I, driven into a corner.

"You haven't mentioned dress, deceit, divorce and doing Europe," replied Jim, laughing.

"You will, at any rate, admit, Jim, that American ladies are the most chic, charming and versatile women on the face of the earth."

"I am with you," replied Jim, "but the worst of it is that is all there is to them. There's no solid foundation of sterling qualities behind. It's all outward show; no depth of character. As long as you have the dollars to make a splurge with, you are all right; if you haven't got them, and perhaps you can't have if she has blowed 'em, you are all wrong and she's ready to get a divorce."

"I'll go with you to a certain extent," said I, "that it is quite true what the great philosopher wrote, 'Most women have no character at all,' but I will not allow that this is more true of American than of any other species of she-male; but the fact is, Jim, you used not to be like this. I have known the time when you were always singing the praises of American girls."

"Of a certain class," replied Jim, significantly, "but since my marriage I am sailing on another tack and have learned to appreciate the worth of true womanhood."

"Look out, Jim," said I, "come now, confess it, you are rapidly becoming Anglicized."

"And so would you be if you had such an English wife as I have. By God, Judge, you will never know what Dora is doing for me. I am a changed man. I am no longer a mere animal, as I was. Now don't deny it. You know the kind of life I used to lead. Dora has proved my salvation, and oughtn't I to be grateful to her, and therefore to her English training and her English sisters? Tell me now, honest Injun, do you think I could have found among the 100,000,000 people on the other side a wife in every way equal to Dora? And you know, Judge, I could have had my pick of them."

"No, I don't think you could, Jim," replied I, briefly. I was surprised at his earnestness of manner and even his unwonted eloquence. What a wonderful revolution had been wrought in a few months! Here was a young fellow who had been a friend in the literal sense of publicans and sinners, of actresses and ladies of the *demi-monde*, making a confession which would cause the very angels to rejoice.

I remained silent for a bit, for what could I say? I wouldn't confess to him that I was wrong and that he was utterly right, that I had been pleading a lost cause. No, I wouldn't throw up my brief, as I had done when arguing on the same question with Dawlish.

This was quite another affair. My only recourse was to change the conversation, so I observed:

"By the way, Jim, these pith helmets are sure things. I am glad I took Dawlish's advice and got one."

"So am I," replied Jim, "you bet. The fact is, English army officers are pretty slick. They are sent to live in all kinds of climates, and learn the art of making themselves comfortable to perfection. By the way, I'm as thirsty as a camel, what do you say to a tankard of cold Bass, Judge?"

"I am with you," replied I.

Jim raised a Buffalo Bill wild Indian warwhoop and shouted:

"Hie, Cap, wouldn't you like a drink, old man?"

The word "drink" seemed to act on Dawlish like a full stop to a sentence. It arrested him immediately.

"You bet I would," replied he, cheerily.

Jim held up his hand, which signal brought the procession behind to a standstill, and, followed by the leading pair, we were soon alongside the Buggy.

"Aren't you nearly frizzled, darling?" said Jim to Dora, who was sitting next to our millionaire motorman.

"You bet I am," replied the fair lady. "I was just going to suggest to Daddy that we should transfer our little selves to the inside of the Smoker, and I am sure that your wife would not have proposed an amendment."

"I think ladies should have a due regard to their complexions," said I.

"When they have natural ones," said Dora, laughing. "Didn't it make us smile, Bella dear, to notice the care the old Countess of Filey took of her built-up complexion at Ascot on the cup day?"

"Well, streaks of melted rouge and enamel running down one's cheeks are certainly not becoming," said Annie.

"The sun is painting your face, my dear Annie," said the Emperor.

"A healthy tan doesn't matter a row of pins; nothing could hurt your complexion, Miss Leighton," said the gallant officer.

"I say, Captain," said the Canon, "that's rather a doubtful compliment you have just paid my daughter. It smacks of an utterance of the Delphic Oracle, since it is capable of two interpretations. It might be inferred from what you have just said that my daughter had no complexion to injure."

"Look out, Canon, you and I will quarrel directly if you make such unfair insinuations," said the Captain, laughing.

"I forgive the ambiguity, Captain," said Annie, looking up with a shy, pleading look into the face of the handsome giant by her side, who returned the glance in such a way as convinced me that there was already established a subtle bond of union between this couple of English humans.

It was soon decided that we should all seek refuge in the Smoker. It was jollier and more companionable to be all bunched together. The fair Annie pretended to be sorry at having to quit her wheel, and I dare say perhaps it was not an absolute bluff on her part, as she evidently was prepared to go through fire and water (especially the former) in order that she might enjoy the exclusive society of the Captain. But she acquiesced in the arrangement with good grace, perhaps, after all, from the secret consciousness that a pretty woman looks to greater advantage reclining at ease in a rocker, comparatively cool and easy, than toiling, red in the face and perspiring, along a hot, dusty road.

When we were seated, the attentive butler supplied us with cold drinks suited to our individual tastes. As I was setting down, my tankard of draught Bass half emptied, with a sigh of relief, I heard a mighty "Ha!" as Jim emptied his quart of Trent brewed ale.

"My darling," said the anxious Dora to her loved spouse, "you shouldn't gulp down such a quantity at a time, you will hurt yourself." And she leaned over and kissed his forehead, and the unabashed Jim responded by seizing his adored wife round the waist and giving her half a dozen rapid-fire kisses which caused the old man to burst into a loud guffaw, as he said:

"That pair, Judge, keep going a perpetual honeymoon. I never saw such a spoony couple."

"I don't wonder at it," replied I, emphatically.

"Here we are at Blandford," said the Canon. "We are on Salisbury Plain now."

The car was delightfully cool, both ends were open, and besides several small electric punkahs helped matters considerably.

The scenery was rather monotonous here; flat, rough, coarse grass land, interspersed with irregular patches of cultivation, but the road and the company were first-class.

It did not take us long at the pace we were traveling to arrive at the quaint little city of Salisbury, a name that has made its mark in English history in the persons of several national leaders, noblemen of courage and capacity. We lost no time in hurrying to the Cathedral. There was no occasion to ask the way to the splendid fane, for it is not only the center but the very soul of the place. Salisbury without its Cathedral would be like the cities of Oxford and Cambridge deprived of their respective Universities, or a stupid, brainless woman who has lost the physical beauty that constituted her sole attraction.

The Cathedral forms a landmark visible for many miles around. Indeed soon after leaving the forest we had seen its exquisitely proportioned spire in the far distance pointing heavenwards.

On our entrance into the great church, we were taken in hand by an ancient man in a species of black cassock, who might have stood as a model for King Lear, Moses, or one of the Sages of Greece, and whose onerous duties consisted in showing visitors round the building, explaining the various objects of interest, looking pious and receiving tips. This worthy, whose rubicund

nose told its own tale, began in a drowsy voice, parrot-like, to repeat his lesson that he had learned by heart through constant repetition, but the poor man was so constantly pulled up and corrected by the Canon, that at length he subsided into a sulky silence and allowed our churchman to do the talking, and excellently well he did it, too, and gave us a lot of interesting information connected with the Cathedral, its tombs, spire, stone carving, painted windows and architecture, that surprised and overwhelmed our guide, who didn't know a quarter of what the Canon did.

I dislike being shown round picture galleries, churches and museums by uneducated persons, who are inexpressibly tedious and are at sea at once if you get them out of the narrow groove of dry-as-dust information they daily follow. But when the guide is a refined, intellectual gentleman, who tackles his subject in a scientific, interesting manner, that is entirely another question. Our guide was inclined to be rather crusty at having the wind taken out of his sails, until he learned from one of the party the Canon's name, and then his demeanor changed immediately, and he forthwith treated the churchman with the greatest possible deference. The fact is, as we discovered afterwards, that the Canon is one of the greatest authorities on the subject of ecclesiastical architecture and antiquities in the Kingdom, and has written a book on English Cathedrals, and is intimately acquainted with all of them.

If the verger had been surprised at meeting the Canon, he was quite dumfounded at the munificence of the dole he received from the Emperor, which gratuity acted as a magic salve to his wounded pride.

When we were through, we once more entered the Smoker, and wended our way across the plain to Stonehenge, which is, as every one knows, a collection of huge stones like enormous, comparatively shallow packing cases placed on end, several pair being overlaid by a third, hence called Triliths. They had been placed there evidently with some design, as they enclose irregularly shaped spaces. Several of the stones are no longer in an upright position, but are lying prone on the ground. One of them is said to owe its fall to the antiquarian zeal of King Charles II., who resided in the neighborhood some time after the battle of Worcester.

While we were eagerly examining this most ancient memorial

of the past, the servants were busy arranging lunch in the shadow (a precious short one at this time of day, 2 P. M.) of one of the biggest of the rocks. We had left the Smoker and the Boudoir by the roadside and taken the Wagon on to the grass with us.

The July sun was streaming down on this treeless plain, and I had not thought it possible that it could be so warm in England.

"How do you feel, Canon, is this hot enough for you?" said Jim, taking the arm of the ecclesiastic, who was walking on the left side of the Emperor while I was strolling along on his right.

"By Jupiter!" replied the ecclesiastic, "it's hot enough to suit a salamander."

"It used to be pretty grilling on my ranch in summer, eh, Jim?" said the old man.

"I guess it was 110° in the shade quite often. But what's the matter with having a drink, and lunch is ready I see. Hie, Henry, give us a pull of the claret cup," said the thirsty ex-cowboy.

Jim took the great two-handed silver flagon, holding nearly a gallon I should judge, from the hands of the attentive servant, filled with seductive looking fluid, on the surface of which floated a few strawberries and a sprig or two of fragrant Borage, while like an iceberg in a purple sea, with four-fifths of its bulk submerged, appeared a satisfactory large lump of transparent ice. A truly luscious sight it was, and a cheerful sound, too, the same lump of ice made as it banged against the side of the cup, as the latter was passed from hand to hand. Jim wouldn't wet his lips till all of us had liberally quenched our respective droughts.

"Ye Gods, I don't think I ever enjoyed a drink like this one, and such liquor, too!" said the Canon emphatically. "If the Olympian Deities had had booze like this, they would have relegated their nectar to the servants' hall down-stairs. I think perhaps the most truly satisfactory sensation that can be experienced by us poor mortals is the slaking of a gradually excited, carefully cultivated thirst."

It was good to see Jim bury his head in the vessel, and to hear the pleasant gurgling sound as a quart or more of the icy torrent flowed down his parched throat.

"Hold hard, Jim," cried Dawlish, deserting the fair Annie's side, and rushing up to where we were standing in the narrow zone of shade cast by the giant stone that happened to have been

fixed in such a manner that the sun would set immediately behind it, and consequently, that we should be screened from his rays, and enjoy the coolness of the ever-increasing shadow, by choosing an easterly position on the grassy sward for our lunch.

The butler had reserved a special brew of the punch (as we Americans call cup) for the ladies, contained in a smaller goblet better adapted to their more modest wants.

We were all glad to take our places on the turf and satisfy the cravings of hunger, now that those of thirst had been allayed.

We had been surprised that the Canon, usually so eager to seize on occasions of airing his eloquence, had hitherto refrained from saying much on the subject of Stonehenge, but, after all, you can't blame a man for talking as little as possible with the temperature at 90° in the shade, and it is not dignified anyhow for a rather portly ecclesiastic to be marching around, mopping his face, and larding the lean earth, while holding forth on the educational advantages possibly enjoyed by post-tertiary men. Besides, no average audience can be expected to assimilate knowledge, when hungry, thirsty, warm and uncomfortable.

I think also that our spiritual adviser had had a pointer given him by his daughter, and so he was now discreetly careful, lest he should bore certain members of the party, by a too profuse verbosity. But whatever was the cause for his reticence, it is a fact that all the time before or during lunch, the churchman talked too little, rather than too much, and when the time had come to woo the graces of the good Goddess Nicotina, the Canon, who was unclerically attired in a Scotch tweed costume, consisting of Norfolk jacket and baggy knickerbockers, brown Oxford shoes, heather colored stockings and white pith helmet, leaned up against the great stone in whose shadow we were grouped, and with half-closed eyes was allowing the blue smoke from one of the Emperor's finest Cabanas to issue in tiny rings from his mouth.

Indeed, as it was siesta time, we were afraid that the churchman was really going to doze off. The temporary silencing of the guns of our leading conversation maker proved to us how much we are indebted to him for exciting in us an intelligent interest in our transitory environments. After all, the good talker (not a mere stringer together of empty sentences) must be an all-round well-read man. It was the Canon's weakness that he could not always adapt himself to his audience.

His daughter thought it necessary to rouse him up to a sense of his social duties by observing:

"Your sermons, papa, sometimes make us go to sleep, but we want awakening now, so though it is very warm, you must not have your nap. We are dying to hear all about the stones. How old are they, were they put here by the Saxons?"

Annie knew that this awful break-on-purpose of hers would rouse her sire, as surely as the notes of a bagpipe would a Highland Scotchman, and she was right.

"My dear Annie," replied her father, reprovingly, in an injured tone, "you ought to go to school again, you surely know better than that. I am inclined to think these stones were standing here some time anterior to the building of the great Pyramid of Cheops. As for my sermons being soporific, others have a different opinion to what you appear to entertain. Three years ago I preached before the members of the British Association on the Holy Sepulchre, introducing a few points concerning the various methods employed by the ancients in disposing of their dead, and I was invited by the Association to publish the sermon, which I did at my own expense."

"But we are not all of us archæologists, papa," said Annie, laughing.

"How long did you say these rocks have been here, my dear Canon?" exclaimed the old man, making a timely diversion. "Don't mind what Annie says, the only things in the way of stones that are interesting to ladies are diamonds, rubies and such like truck."

"I believe it is at least 5,000 to 6,000 years since these great monoliths and triliths have been erected here," replied the Canon, "and it has been a question among scientists, whether they formed part of a temple for the worship of the sun, or mark the last resting place of prehistoric chieftains. I am inclined to think that they had something to do with Devil or Dragon worship. Similar remains on a smaller scale can be seen in Brittany. I do not think that Stonehenge was connected with the celebration of Druidical rites, as the Druids always performed their occult mysteries in forests of oaks, and it is difficult to suppose that this part of the country was ever covered by forests; the soil of Salisbury plain is not favorable to the growth of trees. Dragon worship seems among the Keltic races to have at a very early period superseded sun worship. We trace the former in

the word Pendragon or chief of chiefs. This leader was elected in times of great emergency. Tradition points to King Arthur as being a Pendragon; Caractacus, who was carried a prisoner to Rome, was certainly one of them; but however this may be, the consensus of authorities now decidedly favor the theory of Stonehenge being formerly a great sun temple. By the way, the Scotch (the Gaelic-Scotch were a branch of the great Keltic tribe) still preserve in their Festival of Halloween, a survival of the cult of their sun-worshiping ancestors."

"It seems, Canon," said I, "almost impossible to understand how primitive people could have had mechanical appliances powerful enough to shift such huge masses."

"But they must have had them nevertheless," replied the Canon, "and not only this, but they must have hewn them in quarries at considerable distances from this spot, say at Portland in Dorsetshire or Falmouth in Cornwall. The stones certainly did not grow here. The order is too symmetrical to be accidental, and the absence of similar blocks in the neighborhood does away with the notion that they were transported here by glacial agency. But some of the stones composing the outer casing of the great Pyramid, before they were stripped off by the Saracens, were nearly, and those composing the ruins of the temple of Karnac are fully, as big and heavy as the one against which I am leaning, though I admit that there is no evidence to show that the original inhabitants of this country arrived at any period at a state of equal civilization with the ancient Egyptians; still it is wonderful what can be done by patience, and the combined efforts of great bodies of men, aided by such simple appliances as rollers, pulleys and inclined planes."

"I love to hear you talk, Canon," said the Emperor, "you interest and instruct me all the time, and save me the trouble of reading books and carrying them about with me. There's Jim gone to sleep with his head in Dora's lap. That's a bad compliment to you, Canon."

"The poor boy is tired, let him rest a bit," said Dora, stroking the forehead of her beloved.

"I guess he has had too much of that claret punch," said the old man. "You will spoil him, Dora, if you pet him so."

"Oh, Jim can stand a whole lot of spoiling," said Dora.

Just then a bug alighted on Jim's nose and the hero awoke with a start, and having stretched himself and yawned, said:

"I must apologize, Canon, for my rudeness in going to sleep."

"Don't mention it, my dear boy," said the churchman.

At that moment a great crow settled on one of the stones about forty yards away. Jim espied him, and in a second had whipped out his gun from his hip pocket, cocked it and fired. The big bird gave a great flap of his wings and fell to the ground.

We were all startled by the suddenness of the transaction, with the exception of the Emperor, who exclaimed:

"I guess that bird is stone dead. Now, Canon, you can understand why the train robbers, Messrs. Sarpi & Co., had no show with Jim."

"Wonderful indeed," said the Canon. "Why, if your son was poor he might earn a fine salary as an expert pistol-shot in a circus or in the London music halls."

Meanwhile Jim had run off and returned with the slain carrion crow.

"Here's the game; shall I put him in cold storage in the wagon, Daddy? Perhaps Mosshoo" (Jim meant Monsieur) "Joseph might make a decent broil of him."

"Oh, throw the horrid thing away, dear," said Dora. "I wonder how you can touch it."

"Daddy and I once had to eat crow up on the mountains in California, didn't we, Daddy?" said Jim.

"You did, Jim, but I contented myself with a piece of old mule, and by gum, wasn't it tough? I shall always remember that meal."

The ladies seemed horror-stricken at the unsavory reminiscences, but we men laughed heartily. As Jim was obeying his wife by hurling the corpse of the deceased scavenger over one of the stones, the Emperor remarked:

"I say, Jim, I will tell you what the Canon said when you were retrieving the game. He said you could earn a whole pile at a circus by your pistol shooting."

"It's as well to have something to fall back upon at any rate," replied Jim, laughing. "Isn't it, Dora? If the governor" (he called his father by this soubriquet occasionally, because it is an English custom to do so) "gives away all his money as he seems to want to do, we shall have to do something for a living."

"I can cook all right, and do the house cleaning," said Dora.

"It is lucky that the Mother Superior let you keep that ging-

ham gown," said Jim. "You won't be able to wear any swell frocks then; you will have to give all those vanities up. How would you like to see Dora cleaning the doorsteps, Daddy? She makes a fine slavey. I know that much. About her cooking I can't give her a certificate. You shall dress up as a help, Dora, to show the governor what you look like."

"Dora is a capital cook," said Annie. "She used to do a bit in that line at home."

The Canon gave Annie a thunder and lightning look, and thought bad words if he didn't utter them, but said:

"We used to allow Dora to amuse herself in the kitchen, that's all."

"By the way," said my wife, who had let the others do the talking, "we should be getting back soon to the camp. We ladies are to have a steam bath before dinner."

"That's so," said Dora, "won't it be lovely? I am glad you mentioned it, Bella dear, so let's be off as soon as possible."

As we were all pretty well grilled, we were none of us sorry to get away and leave Stonehenge to its solitary magnificence, though we were all very glad to have seen it."

The autos did their 25 miles an hour on the return journey, and immediately on our arrival we all retired, the ladies to take their bath and we men to have a snooze. After the former were through there was just time for us males to dash in and have a whiff of refreshing steam (there is nothing so cooling in warm weather as a Russian bath). So that we all sat down to dinner as fresh and bright as new pins.

It was a delicious evening, even if the flies were a little bothersome. We had our coffee outside the drawing-room tent, and certainly it was most luxurious after the burden and heat of the day, to recline in a big, easy rocker with a cigar fit for a king between one's teeth and everything one wanted in the shape of liquids at one's elbow.

"The butler told me, sir," said I, "that there was a whole lot of people from Southampton and Bournemouth here to-day to see the camp."

"Yes, and there are quite a few around still," said the old man. "It wouldn't do to stay long in one place. The crowd of inquisitive sightseers would be as bad as a plague of flies. We shall proceed *via* Devizes and Bath to Wells. A gentleman who is abroad with his family, and is a friend of the Canon's,

has kindly given me permission to pitch my camp in his park, which is in the neighborhood of the latter. On our arrival we shall find everything as you see it now. The camp equipage, with most of the servants and the baggage, will go direct and so will arrive some hours before us. As Dora likes picnicking out of doors, we will take our lunch with us on the wagon to-morrow. We shall go to Wells on Sunday, attend divine service in the Cathedral and see Glastonbury and Cheddar Cliffs on Monday, which, I need not remind you all, is the glorious Fourth of July. I have ordered from town a supply of fireworks, and we will celebrate in good shape. By the way, Canon," said the old man, abruptly changing the subject, "to whom does Stonehenge belong?"

"To the British nation, sir," replied our churchman, rather pompously. "It is one of our most prized relics of the distant past."

"Do you suppose, Canon," said the Emperor, "that the British nation would be inclined to sell these rocks? If so, I should be prepared to give a big price for them. They could be moved somehow to Portsmouth and shipped on board an old iron-clad or a whaling ship and got through the Nicaraguan Canal to 'Frisco. I would have them set up in the Golden Gate Park and make the American people a present of them."

This extraordinary and novel proposition fairly made the Canon gasp; a look of mingled wonder and indignation suffused his open countenance with almost an apoplectic hue. Then the very absurdity of the idea fairly overwhelmed him and made him give way to a subdued, hysterical giggle. Before he was sufficiently recovered to formulate an intelligible reply, a peal of unrestrained merriment from all the rest of the party burst out with cyclonic violence, Dora laughing and holding her sides as she cried:

"Oh, Daddy, you will kill me. Fancy buying Stonehenge!" and she laughed again till she was fairly exhausted. All the rest of us were also convulsed. Even Jim, who was by no means emotional, burst out into several loud haw-haws, and Andrew, one of the footmen, who was waiting upon us, had to hurry away to conceal his mirth.

Though I was as much tickled as the rest, I came to time sooner than the others and said:

"Perhaps you may have a chance, sir, of acquiring the prop-

erty, if you wait till the British Empire and all its frills and fixings are sold off in lots by public auction."

"Mr. Clark doubtless thinks that the stones are so precious that they require a better setting, their present one being too homely," put in Bella.

"I fear, sir," said the Canon, who had once more as a patriot and an archæologist recovered his wonted composure, "that the British nation would not consent to part with one of its most precious possessions. "It's a pity," continued he, rather sarcastically, "that there are no duplicate specimens, as in that case, sir, you might be accommodated."

The millionaire, who had been considerably disconcerted by this storm of ridicule, said good-humoredly:

"I see I have made a huge break, but let it pass, friends. We are new people, we Americans, and are apt to take a fancy to grandfather's clocks, old rocks and antique fossils, barring always maiden aunts," and the jolly old chap, who wasn't a bit rattled, tossed off a pony of brandy to the health of the Canon.

CHAPTER IX.

TINTERN ABBEY BY DAYLIGHT.

JULY 2, SATURDAY.

WE were all sorry to leave the New Forest. The first phase of our expedition has been, without a doubt, a complete success, and we felt that we could look forward to its later stages with pleasurable anticipations.

We made a start this morning at about 7 A. M. There had been a refreshing shower that had laid the dust during the night, and we unanimously chose the Coach as our traveling machine for the first part of the journey. The Boudoir, Smoker, Buggy and Wagon accompanied us, the remainder of the cars were to proceed in the direction of Wells after the camp had been struck.

We bowled merrily along over Salisbury Plain. The morning was fine and cool, and we enjoyed the ride. Our course was first directed *via* Amesbury to Devizes, a small Wiltshire town of considerable antiquity. In its vicinity the Canon drew our attention to Roundaway Park, the scene of a battle between the Cavaliers and the Roundheads, in which the former were victorious. He also pointed out an inn with the sign of a blue lion hung outside, where he said the ale was good, so we stopped to refresh.

After climbing a fairly steep hill, we arrived at length at the gates of Bowood Park, the residence of the Marquis of Lansdowne, who is one of our numerous London acquaintances, and who had given the Emperor an order to view his property, on being told of the proposed expedition and of its probable route. Leaving the rest of the autos drawn up near the lodge, we entered the park on the Coach and proceeded to the house. We greatly admired the wide stretch of grassy turf, the herds of deer, the grand bunches of trees and the winding, picturesque artificial lake.

Finding, on inquiry, that the noble owner was absent, we gave

our cards and his lordship's letter to the servant, who summoned the steward, by whom we were shown over the splendid edifice, with its collection of rare pictures; we were then escorted over the extensive gardens, with its acres of glass houses, which seemed capable of supplying a fair sized town with flowers, fruit and vegetables. The steward had privately informed me that the Marquis paid two thousand pounds a year to the principal horticulturist, who provided all the help, comprising a small army of assistants, and supplied his lordship's table and household, both at home and in London, with every kind of garden produce, both in and out of season, the contractor making his profit by selling the surplus. This appeared to me to be a very sensible scheme, as it would be rather *infra dig.* for a nobleman himself to go into business as a fruit and vegetable merchant.

Everything was in spick and span condition; ability and method made their presence apparent everywhere. I am informed (by the way) that nearly all the principal gardeners and gamekeepers on the great English estates are Scotchmen. It is curious how certain nationalities take to certain occupations. The Scotch are also eminent as engineers and farmers, whereas the Jews and Italians seem to monopolize the fruit and old clothes trades, and in my country the Irish seem naturally to furnish most policemen, saloonkeepers and politicians in all the large cities.

When we were through, the head gardener conducted us to a pleasant arbor on the well-shaven lawn, where a table was laid, furnished with the finest show of fruit I have ever seen. Not even Connecticut or New Jersey peaches could pretend to equal in flavor the luscious fruit that had been grown in the glass orchard houses of Bowood, and as for the grapes, the great bunches of glorious Muscats of Alexandria would have put to shame those plucked beside the brook Eschol by the Israelitish spies and brought by them to convince their unbelieving countrymen of the pronounced fertility of the Promised Land. Most of the strawberries were quite too big to be eaten at a single bite. It is needless to say that we did ample justice to this delicious Eden-like repast, and the gentlemanly scientist under whose supervision these horticultural triumphs had been produced was obviously very pleased by the compliments that were showered upon him. The Emperor whispered in my ear:

"I say, Judge, what can I do to show my appreciation of Mr. McCrowdie's kindness? He is too big a pot to offer money to."

I was in a quandary myself, when Dora, who had overheard the old man's question, whispered back:

"Leave it to me, Daddy," and immediately said, addressing the gardener:

"We are extremely obliged to you, Mr. McCrowdie, for your kind attention, and I will certainly tell his lordship of the charming reception you have given us. I beg you will accept this little present for your wife, if you have one," and she unclasped a very pretty gold bangle, set with sapphires and diamonds, from her wrist, and, with a sweet smile, handed it to the astonished Scotchman, who replied:

"I am sure Mrs. McCrowdie will prize this exquisite gift above everything, my lady," and he bowed low to Dora as he received the bracelet from her fair hands.

When we had remounted the Coach and were moving towards the lodge, the Emperor said:

"I guess, Dora, that that was a very brilliant hit of yours. It relieved me of a lot of embarrassment. I wanted to do something, but I didn't know how. I couldn't have offered cash to that almighty swell. He would have been insulted."

"Ladies are more resourceful than men when it comes to a question of sheer tact," said the Canon.

"I guess the Scotch lady will prize that bangle as having been worn by the queen of society," said I.

"Now, Judge, be careful," said Jim, laughing; "you will end by making my wife really conceited, and so spoil her."

"I say, my boy," said the old man, "we ought to have a place like this. It is a stunner, and no mistake. We have few great country seats in the States."

"If you wait a bit, Daddy," replied his son, "we shall be fixed up all right soon in this line."

"The gardener evidently thought that you ought to be the wife of a nobleman by the way he my-ladyed you, Dora," said Bella.

"Please, Mrs. Slocum," said the old man, "don't put such ideas into Dora's head, or we shall have Jim taking out his papers of naturalization."

"I shouldn't be surprised, Daddy," said Jim, "if you didn't give me a lead in this respect yourself. How would the Earldom of *Boscombe* suit you?"

"Now you are talking through your hat, Jim," said the old man, evidently not displeased at his son's remark.

We were once again on the road, and in a few more miles our procession entered the market town of Chippenham, which, as the Canon informed us, was considered an important place in the days of the Saxon Heptarchy, or rather Octarchy, and afterwards was for a time, during his wars with the Danes, used as King Alfred's capital. Its population (about 6,000) has not varied much for hundreds of years. It actually returned two members to the House of Commons as late as 1867. For such a small place it has gained considerable renown, as it was here that Messrs. Brotherhood constructed the paddle wheels of the "Great Eastern" steamship. It was here, too, that Mr. Hampden lived a half century ago. This gentleman made himself conspicuous by offering to wager one thousand pounds that no one would be able to demonstrate practically that the world is anything else but a flat surface. A mathematical professor of Cambridge, England, took up the bet and easily managed to prove by stakes driven for a length of ten miles in a Lincolnshire canal that the water made a distinct curve, and therefore he gained the day and pocketed the dollars.

It was at Chippenham also that resided the chemist who discovered and patented a substance used for coloring cheese, and known everywhere as Annatto. The same genius produced a fluid known as Pond's Extract, and in the States as Wych Hazel. I learned all these details, of course, from our traveling cyclopædia, the noble Canon.

We were now on the famous Bath road, which was the chief means of communication with the metropolis and the west of England in the old coaching days, and a most excellent highway it is still. We sped past Corsham, the seat of Lord Methuen, through the village of Pickwick, down Box Hill, through which the celebrated engineer, Brunel, in constructing the trunk railroad track called the Great Western, caused to be cut the well-known Box Tunnel, nearly two miles in length.

In this hill is also quarried a certain kind of limestone largely used in building. We made a short stop at Bath and visited the remains of the Roman baths, and the Pump Assembly Rooms, where Beau Brummel used to reign supreme as master of the ceremonies.

Leaving Bath behind, we chose a road leading due north, and half an hour's motoring landed us at Badminton, the seat of the Duke of Beaufort. To get there we had to traverse a

somewhat hilly country. Badminton was out of our course, but the Emperor particularly wished to visit it, as its noble owner is the president of the Coaching Club and is on terms of considerable intimacy with the old man, whose skill in handling the ribbons and the excellence of whose dinners had won the Duke's heart. His Grace was still in town, but we were shown over the house, stables and kennel, the last-named containing one of the very best bred packs of foxhounds in broad England, drafts from which pack are eagerly bought up by owners of foxhounds in the States. Jim was particularly interested, as he conceived an ambition of attaining some day the exalted position of an M. F. H. (Master of Foxhounds). I was certainly much surprised that the Emperor did not strenuously combat this idea of his son's, for, if realized, it would do more towards changing his nationality than anything else. But I could see that the Emperor himself is hopelessly bitten with the idea of becoming a great English country magnate and the owner of a splendid estate furnished with an historic mansion. In a word, he is a victim of the aristocratic fever, though he wouldn't acknowledge it.

Well, after leaving Badminton, we made a rapid run to the banks of the Severn, and with the Buggy and Wagon were ferried across that fine river at a point called the "New Passage," leaving the rest of the autos for a while. Having landed on the other side we passed through Chepstow and made for Tintern Abbey, amid the exquisite ruins of which we consumed a late picnic lunch, which we attacked with full-fledged appetites.

I suppose there must be few educated Americans who have not heard of Tintern Abbey, and seen photographs of its moonlit splendors. Well, it is beautiful enough in all conscience's sake in the full glare of a July sun, and must be too solemn and romantic for anything illuminated by the pale rays of the Queen of Night. So said my wife, and her opinion was warmly echoed by her audience.

As we were assisting the first processes of digestion by the aid of coffee and tobacco (the ladies not disdaining the luxury of genuine Egyptian cigarettes), reclining on the cool long grass in a shady corner of the venerable ruins, and gazing aloft at the delicate tracery and perfect proportion of the broken arches, I observed to the Emperor:

"Who, sir, were the beneficent genii who sketched out for you the delightful route we are traversing?"

"I suppose you mean geniuses," replied the old man (he had never read a translation of the Arabian Nights). "There they are as large as life," pointing as he spoke to the recumbent forms of the portly Canon and of the athletic Captain. "I relied on their knowledge exclusively of this little island, and I guess I was right, eh, Judge?"

"You have displayed a wise discretion, sir," I replied. "What one of these gentlemen doesn't happen to know, the other is sure to."

"While thanking you, Judge, for the compliment, it is not fair to couple my name in this connection with that of Canon Leighton," replied Dawlish, "for he did all the tracing out of the route of our expedition. I only heard of it, as you know, on the eve of the start, and only suggested a few amendments. I don't know one-tenth of interesting England of what he does, except, perhaps, in regard to my native county. I dare say I might perhaps get him lost on Exmoor or Dartmoor, but when it comes to book and folklore, I am not in it. Such knowledge of England as I possess was acquired in the course of long bicycle tours I used to make years ago when home on furlough."

"You are too modest, Captain," said the Canon; "no one knows the roads of a country like a cyclist. You lie altogether over me in this very important respect, and as for Dartmoor, I should get lost on it, of course, and bogged, too, in a jiffy."

"Oh, fancy seeing you up to your waist in a quagmire! How funny you would look, papa," said Annie, laughing.

"It's no joke, though, Miss Leighton, being bogged, though you may think so," said the Captain. "I got into a fix of that nature once myself in making my way from Okehampton to Princetown, where the great convict establishment is situated, and I should have sunk altogether and have lost my life if I hadn't by a lucky chance caught hold of the bough of a tough old thorn-bush, and so yanked myself out, but it was just as much as I could do, the slough seeming to suck me down. It was a precious close call, I can tell you. So I am sure, Miss Leighton, you would not wish to see your dear father in such a predicament."

"Of course not, Captain Dawlish," said Annie. "I only said it in fun."

"Annie, you sometimes talk without thinking," said her father reprovingly.

The Emperor created a diversion in Miss Leighton's favor by remarking:

"It wouldn't do for a man filled up with liquor to try and cross that swamp you are talking of, Captain."

"Nor for a sober person, either, unless he knows the way, I guess," replied Dawlish.

We were all loath to leave so lovely a spot, but time was getting on, so we mounted the buggy, and were not long in recrossing the Severn and rejoining our train of autos. We continued down the left bank of the river as far as Avonmouth, where are some fine docks which have since the commencement of the century taken the place of the old and inconvenient ones at Bristol City.

We then made our way over the rolling expanse of the Durdam Downs to the beautiful town of Clifton, the English Montpelier, and crossed over the splendid suspension bridge that spans at a height of 300 feet the winding, picturesque Avon, the precipitous cliffs of the south side of which are ornamented by the dense foliage of Leigh Woods, with its romantic Nightingale Valley; then, following a grand road, we passed successively the pleasant seaside resorts of Clevedon and "Weston-Super-Mare," or, as it is popularly known, "Weston-Super-Mud," so called from the vast expanse of alluvial deposit revealed at low water.

The going was so good that we cyclists betook ourselves to our wheels and rode most of the remaining portion of the journey, till we arrived at our camp, that had been pitched, as I have said, in a private park east of Wells, near a place called Shepton Mallet, having spent a most enjoyable day.

CHAPTER X.

A GRAND CELEBRATION.

JULY 3, SUNDAY.

MOSSLY PARK is about four miles east of Wells. It occupies a rising ground from whence a view can be obtained of the city and of the adjacent Cheddar hills in the near distance. Our tents were placed in a hollow near a delightful purling trout stream, the arrangement of the camp being the same as before. The park is a noble one, with clumps of magnificent trees. A large herd of pure-bred Jersey cows combines ornament with utility and makes an excellent substitute for deer. The Emperor decided to tool us to-day in the auto coach to church. On our arrival at the Cathedral, we found a considerable crowd awaiting us. Among the spectators was quite a number of women who had doubtless come to inspect our ladies' exquisite summer toilets, as well as the autos. We were conducted to stalls in the choir reserved for church dignitaries. I was much impressed by the excellence of the singing, and by the awesome beauty of the edifice. If a man can't feel holy in such a place, he is in a hopeless condition indeed. The dean (a fine, aristocratic looking man) read the service, and, somewhat to our astonishment, our Canon preached the sermon, which was a brief, simple affair on the forgiveness of injuries, a God-like quality, the great distinguishing feature of the Christian religion. I had somehow a feeling all through the discourse that it was directed at Dora and the magnanimous manner with which she had forgiven the former unkind behavior of her relatives, but it may only have been my imagination. After the service we were formally introduced to the Dean and Canons, and, accompanied by them, were shown round the grand old Cathedral. Our Canon did the talking and supplied the information, which at first I thought was a bit of outrageous cheek on his part, but it turned out that he is a great personal friend of the Dean and had been specially invited by

him not only to preach, but to play the part of cicerone afterwards. There was some scaffolding in the nave, and the Emperor, in answer to an inquiry, was informed that a portion of the Cathedral was being carefully restored, but that the work had nearly come to a standstill for want of funds, and that it would require ten thousand pounds to complete the job. The Emperor did not say anything at the time, but several days after our departure the Dean received a letter from the old man thanking him for his kindness and enclosing a check for the sum required.

We lunched at the Deanery, a curious sort of moated grange. It was built, I guess, in the tough old times when a man's house might be burned over his head and his family murdered before he knew where the trouble came from. The moat looks picturesque enough, but I should judge it is not healthy to have stagnant water around. The Dean entertained us in a charming, subdued fashion. There was no show or ostentation, but everything was done in excellent taste. What perfect gentlemen the English church dignitaries seem to be, at least those whom I have met, and they are, I suppose, a fair sample of the bunch, polished, refined, at the same time not pedantic (this remark gives our Canon a sly hit, as he is not flawless in this respect), courteous and hospitable.

While I was talking this evening to our friend, the Canon, he told me that the chief duties of a Dean are to entertain the clergy of his diocese, and to exhibit to them the example of a cultured, scholarly gentleman. I suppose the Canon meant to have inserted the word Christian before that of gentleman, but he didn't. I conclude he forgot to. The Dean seemed to evince the keenest pleasure in escorting our queen about, and no wonder, as, apart from the magic of her charming presence, she has a method of her own of insensibly making a man feel pleased with himself.

We had tea at the Deanery. It was quite a function, as a number of ladies and gentlemen, friends of the Dean, put in an appearance. They had obviously been asked to meet the Emperor and his party. The Dean's wife, a pleasant, fussy and rather nervous woman, seemed a little overwhelmed at first, but pulled herself together and played the part of an affable hostess. The Dean and his wife, with several of the Canons, accepted invitations to accompany us to-morrow to Glastonbury and spend the whole day in our society.

We returned to the camp in time to take Russian baths before dinner.

JULY 4, MONDAY.

This is the day on which every true American, rich and poor, old and young, should feel his heart go pit-a-pat at the mere mention of its name. I don't think there's so much enthusiasm about the fourth as there used to be, but we at least were going to celebrate in right royal fashion, though I confess it seems queer making a splurge about the valor of our forefathers, in the heart of the country of their oppressors. I felt in fine trim, and already at 5.30 saw evidence of activity in the shape of workmen putting up fixings for fireworks and (I rubbed my eyes at the sight) even a liberty pole. Upon my soul, if I didn't think this was going a trifle too far. It was rather like pulling the lion's tail in his own den. The Emperor had told me all about it. He was going to give a free feed to the people. Oxen and sheep were to be roasted whole, sports, side shows, fireworks in the park, while a special train was to bring a whole crowd of friends down from town. Funny notion to ask a lot of Britishers to join in celebrating the defeat and humiliation of their own country.

As I was engaged in writing up my diary in the Smoker, there entered one of the footmen whose first (and as far as we are concerned) only name is John (this is, by the way, as common an appellation amongst English men servants as Mary is among women help), with a lemon squash I had ordered. When I had drank the cooling beverage, I said, "John, what is the event we are going to commemorate to-day?"

He looked puzzled for a moment, and then replied: "Isn't it Mrs. Clark's birthday, sir?"

Dora, unlike many popular society ladies, was literally worshiped by the domestics, and when anything particular was on hand they generally supposed it was being done in her honor. After all, John is an Englishman, born and bred, and why should he trouble himself about the high days and holidays of a foreign country?

Our guests began to arrive about ten o'clock, including the American Ambassador and his wife and daughter, the noble Duchess, the President of the S. D. A., the Earl of Tipton and some of the smartest people in town, Americans as well as Eng-

lish. When all were assembled, including the Dean and Chapter of Wells Cathedral, the old man (who was as ready to burst with importance as a bottle of beer on a warm day) showed them all around the camp, carefully explaining everything. I could see that our guests, unimpressible society folk as they are, were knocked completely off their bases by sheer wonder, the boudoir, kitchen and utility cars, with the bath tent, being the special objects of interest. After some light refreshments had been served, the whole party mounted the cars, all the available ones being called into requisition, namely, the coach, buggy, the boudoir, smoker, service and utility, and lastly the wagon. On the latter rode the chief butler and three of his subordinates. Jim calls the wagon the fire department, and when asked the thusness of his remark, replied that the contents of the machine were destined to extinguish the blaze of thirst.

All told, we were close on one hundred persons, but so commodious were the auto cars that we could have found room for quite a number more. The Emperor thought it prudent to take the utility with us, as he is continually haunted with the idea of a possible breakdown. It did not take us long to reach Glastonbury, and it did not take our Canon long either to get into action as a showman. I think it was one of the proudest moments of his life, standing in the great refectory, or still greater church (or rather, what remains of each), and holding forth before all these grand folk, describing in eloquent terms the departed glories of Glastonbury Abbey, of the multitudes of poor folk who used to be fed at its gates; how its mitred Abbot ranked with those of Reading, Christchurch, Bury St. Edmunds, and Romsey took his seat in the King's council, cheek by jowl with belted earls and feudal barons, and rivaled his secular brethren in knowledge of the arts of war and of the chase, and infinitely excelled them in every other quality that helps to distinguish men from brutes. How St. Dunstan was one of the first Abbots before he retired to his cell to wrestle with the devil, and the Canon so embellished his lecture with legend and tale that his eloquence almost seemed to repeople the majestic ruins with cowed figures. Certainly the worthy churchman appears to shine to far greater advantage as a lecturer than a preacher. When, at length, we were through and had climbed up the neighboring little conical hill to inspect the sacred thornbush that tradition says was planted by Joseph of Arimathea and blossoms on Christmas Day, the ready butler

was on hand with his merrie men and great medieval-looking two-handed silver tankards filled with cool, fragrant beverages. I think the cider cup excelled our seneschal's previous efforts, and then each of our guests was seen waving a little American flag, and some one in the crowd struck up the "Star-Spangled Banner," and nearly every one (except the servants, of course), strange to say, appeared to know the words, and the volume of sound was grand, and the old man was visibly affected. How we all at this psychical moment seemed akin, and the Canon's strange words about all of us English-speaking people being inheritors of the Promises, seemed to ring strangely in my ears. As we left the hill to once more mount the cars, the old man whispered in my ear:

"Wasn't it grand, Judge? I never asked them to do it; I didn't give them a flag. They are noble-hearted men, these Englishmen."

"And English women, sir, too," said I, pointing to Dora, who was laughing and chatting with the President of the S. D. A.

"Ah, don't talk of her," replied the old man, almost solemnly. Dora was his fetich, the apple of his eye.

It was powerful hot, so our autos were sent along at their best pace in the direction of the famous Cheddar Cliffs, about ten miles northwest of Wells. We ascended to the top of the romantic winding pass with the weird frowning cliffs on either hand, and then thoroughly explored the caves, which, though interesting, are utterly insignificant compared with the Mammoth Caves of Kentucky. You could put all these Cheddar holes into one of the smallest of the latter and lose it, and there are stalactites and stalagmites in the Mammoth each one of which is as big as the whole Cheddar outfit, but then the United States in point of natural curios can whip the universe.

Before returning to the camp, we went purposely out of our direct route in order to visit the scene of the battle of Sedgemoor. It is difficult to make out the relative positions that the combatants occupied, owing to the disappearance of the reens or huge ditches that played such an important part in the business, but the Canon, assisted by his brilliant imagination, gave a graphic account of the conflict, and pointed out the spot where he supposed the regular troops were posted under Churchill, afterwards Duke of Marlborough, and the one where the brave Cornish miners and equally heroic Devonshire and Somersetshire yokels

with flails, scythes and pickaxes made such a stubborn resistance long after they had been deserted by their leader, that dastardly coward, the Duke of Monmouth, a disgrace to his order, and who, it is satisfactory to think, lost his head on the scaffold.

The sun was hot and the Canon a trifle prosy, and no one was sorry when at length we arrived in camp once more and found a gorgeous lunch laid out in a special marquee that had been sent down from town for the occasion. British and American flags were everywhere crossed. The floral decorations were magnificent, both in the marquee and elsewhere, especially in the drawing-room and in Dora and Jim's sleeping tent.

After lunch the Dean and the indefatigable Canon took several of the guests to Wells to show them the Cathedral, but most of us were content to have a quiet time in camp, some of us men indulging in Russian baths.

Dora did the honors at a smart garden party she gave in and around the Drawing-room tent, at which were present, in addition to our London visitors, many of the county families of Somersetshire and Dorsetshire, some of them coming from quite considerable distances, the invitations having been sent through the Dean, to whom *carte blanche* had been given. So, as may be supposed, our camp assumed a most brilliant aspect.

By 6 P. M. the populace began to assemble in the park and all sorts of games were indulged in. The local athletes came out in force to compete for the valuable prizes provided for by the giver of the show. Dawlish donned his running attire, and actually won the 100 and 220 yard dashes and was second in the quarter. He also landed the shot-putting with the throw of 37 ft. 6 in., very good, considering he had had no practice for a long time, and finished up by competing in the mile race and came in third. So he covered himself with glory, but magnanimously refused to accept any of the rewards for his prowess, except the approving smiles of Annie Leighton, and he got plenty of those. After the athletic sports came rustic games, such as climbing a greasy pole for a leg of mutton fixed on the top. This, of course, was secured by the thoughtful peasant who had had the foresight to bring with him a supply of rosin to make his hands sticky. Then there was grinning through a horse collar; wrestling, catch-as-you-catch-can; back sword play (an old English sport recently revived); boxing and tugs of war, in all of which the Zummer-setshire lads showed that they still were possessed of the mettle

of their ancestors, some of whom doubtless fought with grim determination at Sedgemoor.

The sports being over, Dora presented the prizes. She invested the proud victors with their rewards in her inimitable style, beamed sweetly on the successful competitors and said a few kind words to each in turn. Her dress was an exquisite confection, a princess gown in costly *point de Venise*, over rich white corded silk, and a big Duchess of Gainsborough hat to match.

During these events a gang of men cooks were roasting and basting the carcasses of oxen and sheep, which were suspended over huge fires in another part of the park, and on the conclusion of the sports a multitude of the humbler guests were soon subduing their hunger, seated at long tables, with plentiful supplies of roast beef, mutton and bread, plum pudding and cheese, washed down by draughts of home-brewed ale, and during this Homeric banquet the founder of the feast and his particular guests, which included the writer of this diary, sat down to a sumptuous dinner in the marquee. Patriotic toasts were given. The American Ambassador made a graceful speech in proposing Mr. Clark's health, the Earl of Bermondsey honoring Dora in like manner.

When it became sufficiently dark, the grand display of fireworks commenced, which were pronounced to be one of the finest ever seen on land. I say specially on land, as naval displays are necessarily on a much grander scale. Certainly Mr. Brock, who arranged the show, said it equaled, if it did not excel, any of the wonderful exhibitions his firm had given at the Crystal Palace.

In a word, all went merry as a marriage bell, and the fête from start to finish was a complete success.

We accompanied the guests to Wells and saw such of them who were London-bound off in the special train, amid great enthusiasm, and then we returned, tired but happy, with the consciousness of having spent a day which would live long in the memories of all present.

To give a shining instance of the Emperor's taste and consideration, each lady guest was presented before leaving, as a souvenir, with an exquisite costly jewelled hand-painted fan, on which was depicted Columbia and Britannia standing side by side, crossing together the flags of their respective countries,

JULY 5, TUESDAY.

Our first objective to-day was the Isle of Athelney, in the Parrott River, a small winding Somersetshire stream. In point of historic interest, Athelney is rivalled, but not excelled, by Magna Charta Island, near Staines, where the first foundation of English liberty was laid. Every school child knows all about Athelney, for it was here that the famous King Alfred, being temporarily worsted by the national foes, the Northmen, sought refuge, and while disguised as a peasant made his immortal break by allowing his landlady's cakes (which he had been told to watch) to burn and spoil. So runs the legend, and so let it run, in spite of skeptical commentators, for this is one of the most charming and picturesque of our nursery stories. In Alfred's time Athelney was in the midst of inaccessible swamps, which have long since been drained, so the eager tourist must to a certain extent exercise his imagination. From Athelney we sped on to Taunton, a place famous in the civil wars, and which seems haunted by the hideous judicial murders of that blood-thirsty wretch, Chief Justice Jeffreys, after the quelling of the Monmouth insurrection. There was nothing to detain us in this quiet county town, so we pulled out and made for Bridgewater, passing *en route* through a verdant piece of English countryside, and so on along the coast to Minehead, a pretty little seaside resort, built on the base of a bold, rocky headland. We halted here for a sea bath, which we thoroughly enjoyed. Once more on the road, the Captain suggested an amendment to the original scheme, which had been that we should follow the coast to Linton. He now proposed that we should turn sharp to the left at Dunster, boldly plunge into the forest of Exmoor, and make our way along the rough track to Dulverton and reach Linton by way of the valley of the Lynn. The Emperor, who wished to test the hill-climbing powers of his autos, fell in at once with the idea, and we were soon commencing our venturesome task. We trusted entirely to the Captain's intimate knowledge of the locality. Nor did he fail us. The Canon for the time entirely abdicated his post as cicerone and general counselor in favor of his English confrère. The autos found no difficulty in surmounting the certainly formidable hills. The job was made easier by the windings of the road. The wild scenery, the fresh, exhilarating mountain air, the curious tors or sugar-loaf shaped hills peculiar to this part of the country made our ride a delicious one. Dawlish pointed

out the chief rendezvous of the Exmoor pack of deer hounds, which pursue and kill (when they can catch him) the lordly stag. It is curious that such a sport can still be carried on in thickly peopled little England with more than twenty times as many people to the square mile as the United States. The Captain recounted several interesting anecdotes of the famous parson Hale who flourished in the first half of the nineteenth century, and actually used to hunt with the deer hounds till he reached the patriarchal age of ninety-three. He seems to be a kind of patron saint of Exmoor. Jim and I wondered how the horses could climb such steep places and much less come down them. As to the latter the Captain explained that they (the horses) in some places actually squat down on their haunches and kind of toboggan down, their riders clinging to their manes and necks. This seems a trifle slim, but I could not detect whether or no the gallant officer was pulling our legs, since he (the Captain) has such a serious air with him when he is relating anything. Anyway he talks in a most fascinating manner, and Annie seems to drink in every word he says. If ever a girl could be said to be head over ears in love with a man, that girl is certainly Annie Leighton.

We arrived in good time at Dulverton on the outskirts of the Forest, which, by the way, is rather a misnomer according to our way of thinking, as there is not an overplus of trees on Exmoor, which mostly consists of open moorland, but the Canon tells me that the meaning of Forest did not necessarily imply a dense growth of timber, the Norman and Plantagenet Kings afforesting or disafforesting a district at will for hunting purposes. In the former case all the habitations were destroyed, and the population removed in order that the deer should unmolested range through the cruelly wasted region. The Captain called a halt at a tumble-down looking hostelry, where he said excellent home-brewed ale used to be sold. At hearing this the Canon pricked up his ears. Oh, what a jolly friar he would have made. I believe, by the way, this is the second time that I have made this observation when referring to our churchman, but I can't help it, it's so appropriate. Dawlish was right about the ale, even the ladies had a glass apiece, and the Canon and Jim each emptied a quart pewter (the English for a tankard).

We were now in the country of Lorna Doone, and we Americans were all on tiptoe of excitement, even including the Emperor,

who had actually read the novel from cover to cover, quite a feat for him. As we rolled along a fine undulating road in the direction of Linton, we were continually letting off volleys of questions at the Captain, in regard to the location of various places and scenes mentioned in the famous novel. I am certain that the Captain seized the opportunity of jollying us dreadfully, as he pointed out where each incident happened as if he were the accredited guide of the neighborhood. I could detect a sly humorous twinkle in his leeward eye occasionally, and I fear that he was drawing sometimes on his imaginative reserves like the Arab guides of Palestine, who will calmly show you the grave of Noah, the pillar of salt into which Lot's wife was said to be changed, or the withered stump of the identical fig tree cursed by Jesus Christ. Minute accuracy of hypothetical details is always suspicious. But I confess to having been carried away by the general enthusiasm when the Doone Valley was mentioned by Bella, who had read "Lorna Doone" so often as nearly to know it by heart.

"Surely we must visit that," said she. "I am just burning to see the water slide up which Jan Ridd climbed in order to visit his Lorna, there being no other possible way of entering the Doone Valley, surrounded as it is by precipitous unscalable cliffs."

"Oh do let us go," chimed in Annie, "and I want to see the Wizard's Slough into which Carver Doone sank out of sight after being beaten by Jan Ridd. Perhaps the oak tree is still standing off which Jan tore a bough by a tremendous exertion of his enormous strength as he passed, and with which he smote and slew Carver's horse. Oh, won't it be delicious, Dora?"

"It would be," replied that lady, cautiously, "if they are really there, but I fear Blackmore, like all novelists, drew a bit on his fancy."

"There is no if about it," said the Captain. "I am afraid you will all be dreadfully disappointed. The Doone Valley is a dead give away, a most complete sell; an invalid on crutches can walk over the low hillocks that surround the boasted Valley. The water slide never had any material existence, except in Blackmore's fertile brain, and as for the Wizard's Slough, well it may be charitable to say that it has since been drained or filled up, as no trace of it, as described in the novel, exists, though there are

plenty of bogs and quicksands on Exmoor which are capable of swallowing up men and horses."

"Oh, what a shame, Captain, to rudely shatter my lovely dreams in such fashion," said Bella, with a toss of her pretty head, "but I must go to the Doone Valley just to say I have been."

"How often do our earthly hopes turn out to be nothing more substantial than airy mirages," said the Canon in a low melancholy tone, with a comical twinkle in his gray eyes.

"Now don't sigh like a mock turtle, papa, it is bad enough to be disillusioned besides being chaffed about it into the bargain," said Annie.

"If the thing is a fraud it ought to be exposed in the guide books," said the Emperor decidedly.

"And injure the tourist business? The compilers of such productions know better than that," said Dawlish.

"People like being imposed upon. If the owner of a dime museum were to advertise largely that he had on show the skull of the whale that swallowed Jonah, the donkey's jawbone with which Samson smashed the Philistines, or one of Pharaoh's chariot wheels, thousands would go to see them, though they knew all the time they were rank swindles," said the Canon.

"I think you ought not to have told us about the deception, Captain Dawlish," said Annie. "You should have allowed us to see for ourselves."

"And where then would my reputation for a reliable guide be?" replied the Captain. "Away down to zero. No, honesty is the best policy."

"But honesty is very horrid sometimes," said Bella, "but we must do the Valley in spite of what you have said."

And we did do it, and we all agreed with the Captain that it was a fraud, but "the watersmeet" was not, and the ride to Linton along the banks of the Bagsworthy river is quite too too, the old man and the Canon making it in the buggy while we people struggled along on our wheels. Linton is one of the most charming places I have ever seen, and we were sorry to enjoy only such a brief peep at it. When we had climbed the precipitous hill that leads out of Linton through Combe Martin in the direction of Ilfracombe, we mounted our wheels again and had a delicious ride to the camp, which we should have passed, so hidden away was it from the public ken in a cosy little moorland valley,

if one of the servants had not been posted near the main road to watch for and inform us as to its whereabouts.

It was comparatively early, so we all dressed ourselves in street costumes, had dinner and were conveyed on the Boudoir and Buggy to Ilfracombe, where we spent a very pleasant evening on the sea front. Jim had seemed rather abstracted, and Dora asking him what he was thinking about, he spoke as follows:

"I got a telegram from my skipper yesterday to say that 'The Dora' had arrived at Lundy, and is ready to receive us. I have just wired him that I shall be on board to-night so as to see that everything is ready for you people to-morrow. The program is, that we play a round or two at golf on the famous Westward Ho links in the morning, and picnic afterwards somewhere or other. How's that for high?"

"It is very nice no doubt. But it is horrid that you should run away from me," said Dora, pouting, "but if you must go, well, I suppose I shall have to bear it as well as I can."

"The separation won't be a very prolonged one, dear," said my wife, "only a few hours."

"But hours seem days sometimes," said Dora with a sigh, "but we poor women must do as we are told."

"I think it's we who do as you tell us, my dear," said the old man, and this was so obviously true that we all burst out laughing, even including Dora herself. If ever there was a sovereign with unlimited authority over her obedient subjects, it was Dora.

As we left the town, Jim mounted the buggy, saying:

"I will meet you people at the Golf House, Westward Ho, say at nine A. M."

"So long, Jim," cried the old man, "take care of yourself, my boy."

Dora and Jim each blew a kiss to the other, as the latter glided swiftly away into the darkness.

"Jim will be on board before we are in bed," said Dawlish, "at the gait he is going."

"I wish I were going on board too," said Dora dolefully.

"You will be getting jealous, Dora, now that you will have to share your husband's affections with a rival," said my wife, laughing.

"A rival! Surely you are joking. How can you say such a thing?" said our queen excitedly.

"Ships are feminine, and your rival is a steam yacht, dear," replied Bella, laughing.

"Jim may love her as much as he likes. I am not jealous of 15,000 horse-power aluminum kind of steam shemales," said Dora, smiling. "I am only afraid of the two-legged ones."

CHAPTER XI.

THE OLD MAN MAKES A KICK.

JULY 6, WEDNESDAY.

WE had only a short run to make in order to reach our destination, and we all felt excited as we were to see to-day Jim's grand new yacht, whose praises had been dinned into our ears incessantly by her enthusiastic owner.

We left our wheels to repose in the interior of the Coach, in order to reserve our powers for the Westward Ho golf links, which rank in the estimation of experts with those of Hoylake and of Sandwich.

We passed through the old-time town of Barnstaple on the Taw, and were now well in Devonshire, Captain Dawlish's native county, immortalized by Charles Kingsley in his great novel "Westward Ho!" We had brought two copies with us, and it (the book) had been familiar to all of us (except to the Emperor and Jim) from early youth.

As we approached Bideford there was no occasion for the Canon to expatiate on the merits and virtues of its bridge, we could have told him as much as he knew himself about its antiquity and its singularity as a property holder. The river Torridge seemed as familiar to us as if we had been reared on its banks, for Kingsley himself had been our instructor. We could almost imagine that we saw Amyas Leigh, the golden-haired giant, the slight, slender figure of his brother Francis, scholar, student and courtier; Sir Richard Grenville, the brave warrior and statesman; the light-hearted Will Cary; the portly person of Jack Brimblecombe and the weather-beaten form of Salvation Yeo, standing on the further bank as we began to cross the bridge; but it was only our imagination, for instead of the quaintly attired men of the sixteenth century we found on nearer inspection only a crowd of rather vulgar up-to-date citizens and summer re-

sorters, gazing with admiration and astonishment at our imposing array of autos.

We turned to the right and sped through the interesting village of Northam, and as we did so, we could hear the Atlantic breakers thundering on the pebble beach, as it did when Mrs. Leigh was straining her eyes to catch the last glimpse of old Saltoun's barque, that was bearing away her two chivalrous sons and many another noble soul to the far West, on its search after the lost Rose.

We found Jim in high glee awaiting us in the club house. He had taken care to write previously to the secretary for permission to allow our party to play, and had received a very hospitable reply making us free of the links and club house as long as we liked. We had brought our bags and clubs with us. A foursome was speedily formed, Dawlish and Annie being pitted against Bella and I, while the Canon prepared to do battle with friend Jim. Dora did not number golfing among her accomplishments as yet, for she had told me privately that she never got a chance of playing at Dover. So she and the old man followed the contestants on foot, and watched the struggle for supremacy between the players in the foursome. Annie and my wife were about equally matched, though the former evidently did not play the top of her game, owing to the nervous anxiety of having to perform under the indulgent eye of her beau; she missed the globe twice, fozzled several of her drives and brassey shots, wildly slashed away at the furze bush with her niblick, and failed on more than one occasion to loft her ball, and had to do a lot of sand digging in the big bunker at the fifth hole, yet she putted very well, and so made up for many of her deficiencies.

Dawlish drove a far longer ball than I, but was uncertain in his iron play. I could see, though, that there was the making of a brilliant player in him. I am a steady third-class player, and can keep pegging away through the green without doing anything exceptional, still without making any bad breaks.

They were by far the finest links I had ever played on, and I much doubt if they have their equal in the States. There are few really first-class natural links on the long American Atlantic seaboard.

Well, we scrambled along and were all even at the ninth hole, and after an exciting match my partner and I gained the victory by one up, quite a number of holes being halved.

Jim is a fair performer, whereas the Canon had been (though he had kept this fact dark) almost in the first rank twenty years ago. Though short of practice like us all, he, by pure science, managed to extinguish his strong but rather wild adversary, by three up and two to play.

The day was so fine and we were all so keen that after a short rest and a moderate refreshment (how nice Scotch whisky and soda tastes after a round of golf!) we started out again. This time Annie showed immensely improved form, whereas my wife, who began to tire rapidly, fell off slightly in hers, with the result that we were beaten by two up and one to play, whereas the Canon smashed his adversary (who played a very uneven game) by six up and five to play.

"You are a dark horse, Canon," said Jim, "you might have won a whole wad of bills from me. I made a holy show of myself. Jerusalem!" said he, throwing himself into a rocker and draining off a well-iced beverage, "but these are tony links!"

"It makes one long to play," said Dora, "it is a lovely game. I must get the Judge and uncle to teach me."

"I will have some links laid out in my place in Scotland," said the old man.

"You needn't do that, sir," said Dawlish, "the Scottish coast is surrounded with the grandest links in the world; St. Andrews, Macnahanish on the Mull of Cantyre, Dornoch, Prestwick and heaps of others. What do you say to our doing a bit of golfing in September at North Berwick, after we have got through the cream of the grouse shooting? There are nice links and many of the holes possess a ladylike shortness, and there's lots of people of the right sort, and plenty of fun there."

"Oh, do let's, Daddy," cried Dora, clapping her hands with glee.

"Of course we will if you like it, my dear Dora," replied the old man fondly, "but it's time for grub, my stomach tells me. Shall we have it on board your yacht, Jim, or if not, where? I don't care a cent as long as I can get provender of some kind. I haven't walked so far for years, nor did I ever enjoy a tramp more."

"I have arranged that we should have lunch in Clovelly Park, sir," replied Jim. "We will go there on the Smoker accompanied by the Boudoir. I took the liberty of sending on the Wagon to our rendezvous, with the butler, and two footmen, and

a chef, so we shall find everything in readiness. Mr. Candy, the club secretary, will accompany us."

"That's right, my boy," said the old man, "then let's be off as soon as possible."

We had a lovely drive to Clovelly Park, the former home of the Carews or the Carys, as they used to be called. We found that our lunch was waiting for us at an extremely picturesque spot called the "Huntsman's Leap," which derives its singular name from a romantic story, an account of which is graphically given in the novel "Westward Ho!" From this vantage ground shaded all around by wide spreading beech and oak trees, we could command a fine view. In the distance we could make out Lundy Island with its safety harbor, that was marked by an extended break-water and a number of masts of vessels. To our left, apparently close at hand, but in reality ten miles distant, appeared in all its rocky prominence Hartland Point, while in the immediate foreground, sheer down three hundred feet in depth, yawned the terrible chasm where the unfortunate lover and his gallant steed met their doom hundreds of years ago. We found the Captain of the "Dora" and several of his officers awaiting us, to whom we were ceremoniously introduced by Jim. These comprised Captain Beattie and Mr. Munro the second officer, with Mr. Macdougall, the chief engineer, and Doctor McPherson, the yacht's medico, who are, as their names imply, all Scotchmen, and very jolly, gentlemanly fellows they turned out to be. They had all served in the Royal Navy and wore the uniform of the Naval Reserve. Captain Beattie had lately commanded one of the White Star Liners, the others with the first and second officers (the last two named Dinney and Mackay respectively, and who were on this occasion left in charge of the "Dora") had all been some time in the service of the Donald Currie Line of Cape steamers, and were in consequence (it is needless to say) most efficient officers; in fact, finer could not be found anywhere, as Jim informed us.

After lunch we strolled about the fine well-timbered park for a while, and then made a move for the village of Clovelly, which is situated just outside the park. This is quite a unique little colony of fishermen's cottages built on the slope of a declivity, fixed by nature at such an obtuse angle, that its one street resembles a great staircase leading down to a rocky cove, where

there is a small protected anchorage for a few fishing-boats, with a stone jetty for landing purposes.

Clovelly is a show place, and many of the cottagers sell marine curios of all kinds to the tourists who swarm here during the summer months; in fact, we encountered a whole outfit of these people as we slowly descended its solitary avenue, entering several of the domiciles on the way where the Emperor and Dora purchased curios in a lavish fashion. The resorters stared at our party with the innate vulgarity that is so characteristic of the English middle class, as if we were visitors from Mars. That they took us for tremendous swells was evident from the audible remarks they made.

We found at the jetty the yacht's electric launch, and we now perceived the "Dora" herself about a couple of miles out, awaiting for us with banked fires.

As we approached her we could see what a splendid boat she is, with fine lines, yet with plenty of beam and high freeboard. As Jim informed us proudly, she has nearly 3,000 tons capacity, burns oil exclusively, and her engines are equal to propelling her three great turbines with the force of about 15,000 horse-power, giving her an extreme speed of thirty knots an hour with natural draught, though it would probably never be necessary to travel at such a railroad pace.

When we were on board the first thing to do, naturally, was to see round the ship, and we were all amazed at the perfection of the arrangements and of the equipment. I have been over many fine yachts in my time, but this beats them all hollow. The engines were constructed so that they (as obtained in battleships) should with the tanks of oil for the furnaces be below the water line. Of course the use of oil gives great economy of stowage place, as compared with coal, and is far more cleanly to handle.

The staterooms are arranged with a bath-room between each pair, so that a suite can be used for a married couple, one of the staterooms serving in this case as a dressing-room, or for two single ladies, or two bachelors, as the case might be. Each stateroom is fitted with an aluminum bedstead, and here I may note that the ship herself, her engines and all her fixings are made of the toughened white metal.

The space down-stairs between the starboard and port staterooms are divided into three divisions; the one nearest the aft companion is fitted up as an extra saloon or lounging room for

the guests, the second division as a dining-room for the servants, and the third as a ward-room for the ship's officers. In direct connection with the guests staterooms are two small but thoroughly effective Russian baths, each consisting simply of steam, shampooing and cooling-off rooms. I am not aware of any other yacht being provided with such luxuries, one steam bath being for the use of the ladies, the other for gentlemen.

Mr. Clark required that both his female as well as his male servants should be moderately skilled in the arts of shampooing and massage. On deck there is a commodious smoking-room aft the stern companion, and facing this, a spacious dining-room that opens into a beautiful drawing-room with a small boudoir attached. In both the smoking-room as well as the drawing-room, are excellent libraries, etc., etc. The furnishing of all the rooms is of the most luxurious and complete description. The entire ship's company, including the officers, consists of one hundred and twenty men, the accommodation for the crew forward being all that could possibly be desired. The yacht is provided with apparatus for wireless telegraphy, and carries four three-inch 12.5 quick-firing guns of the most approved pattern; she has three masts, is schooner rigged, and can do her nine knots under easy sail. Down below the staterooms are cold storage and such like rooms, marvels of forethought and utility, and her kitchens and servants' offices could not be surpassed. Everything except the ship's propulsion is performed by electric power.

When we had completed our inspection we all repaired to the dining-room, and drank to the success of the "Dora" in bumpers of champagne, and then Jim gave orders in half an hour's time to let her go for a short steam as far as Minehead and back, so as to give us an opportunity of seeing that part of the coast from the sea.

We then went on deck and separated into groups; the Canon and Mr. Candy getting into a warm discussion about some subject, possibly theological or sociological; Dawlish and Annie of course pairing off, while Bella and I were soon enjoying the naval yarns of Captain Beatson and the first officer. After a time I noticed that the old man, Dora and Jim were standing apart near the stern engaged in what looked very like a rather hot dispute. I judged it was hot, as the Emperor appeared considerably excited. Dora was evidently trying to soothe him, and Jim

looked sullen and obstinate. As I distinctly occupied the position of friend of the family, I thought it my duty to tender my friendly offices in order to allay this state of irritation, whatever it might be. It was so rarely that the old man was ever put out, and if he were so, a word from Dora was sufficient to calm him. So leaving Bella chatting and laughing with the naval gentlemen, I slowly approached the trio.

But suddenly reflecting that I might after all be *de trop*, I was about to seat myself in a deck chair and enjoy my cigar till the clouds had rolled by, when Dora, perceiving me, cried:

"Here's the Judge, let him decide. What a thing it is to have a great legal luminary to appeal to! Please come here, Judge, and apply your trained intelligence towards solving a knotty point for us, or Daddy will work himself into a fit."

Thus adjured, I arose and sauntered up to the disputants.

"Here, Judge," said the old man, pointing to the mizzen-mast, "do you see that flag up there at the peak? What nationality does it represent?"

I raised my eyes and noticed what I hadn't done before, a plain blue ensign with a Union Jack in the left-hand upper corner.

"I believe that is the flag of the British Royal Naval Reserve, sir, though perhaps I am mistaken," I replied.

"No you are not," replied the Emperor, "you are damned well right. Now, Judge, here's my son, a full-blooded American, flying a British ensign, isn't it too bad? I have nothing to say against the British flag as a flag. I know the British and we are very good friends and, as I trust, hand in glove with each other. But don't you consider it going a trifle too far for an American citizen to fly any other ensign but 'Old Glory'? Why doesn't my son go and apply for his papers of naturalization at once? That is what he should do if he wishes to be honest."

It was my office to pour oil on the troubled waters, but I had to exercise considerable diplomacy in doing so. I replied:

"Perhaps it is some mistake, sir, which can easily be rectified."

"It's no damned mistake at all," replied the old man, "or it's a mistake done on purpose."

"Dear Daddy, don't excite yourself," said Dora, kissing the old man affectionately, "it will be all right, perhaps Jim will take it down and hoist the Stars and Stripes."

For once Dora's winsomeness failed to make its wonted impression on her father-in-law, who replied:

"No he won't. I know my son if any one does, and he is as obstinate as a Texas mule."

I was afraid there would be a serious quarrel, as I could see Jim was in a kicking mood, but something must be done, so I proceeded to examine the defendant to see what reasons he had for what I confess seemed an extraordinary break on his part, so I said:

"Surely, Jim, you must have some very strong motive for hoisting this flag. What is it, old man?"

"I was trying to explain to the Governor, but he wouldn't listen to me," replied Jim. "The fact is, Judge, this boat, as you know, was built on the Clyde, and darned well built too; she is one of the finest steam yachts afloat. Well, I had to get a British crew and a complement of British officers, for the simple reason that I couldn't obtain a thoroughly efficient ship's company in the States for love or money, because Uncle Sam has so greatly increased his Navy that every man is snapped up who is good for anything. In fact, our fleet is notoriously undermanned as it is. There are no finer seamen or engineers than we have got on the other side, but there are too few of them. There is not sufficient inducement for men to enlist in the navy, they can do better ashore. What was I to do? I had the choice of either manning my ship with a lot of inefficient mutinous mongrels who call themselves Americans, or have one of the finest ship's company in the world composed of Britishers. Captain Beattie got the crew together for me; they are largely composed of Naval Reserve men, the officers are all of this class. Now these men owe their allegiance to this country. Do you think I could ask them, especially the officers, to sail under a foreign flag, even if that flag belongs to a friendly country? That's my difficulty, Judge, now let's have your opinion."

I was struck with Jim's forcible arguments for a moment, then it occurred to me (and my surmise proved to be a correct one) that he had been coached by his wife; he obviously had learned the words by heart, as he spoke in a kind of monotone, but I saw that the old man was floored, so my work was an easy one.

"Bravo, Jim," said I, "we shall have to run you as President, you are quite an orator."

As I said this, I could see a humorous twinkle in Dora's eye,

and she gave Jim an approving nod like as a schoolmarm might do to a pupil who has made a correct answer (which she has driven into his thick head previously) to a *viva voce* question asked by a visiting examiner.

"You see, sir," said I, turning to the Emperor, "that Jim has put in a very strong plea. Now don't you think he has?"

The old man was spared the mortification of confessing himself in the wrong, by the butler coming up and presenting a telegram to him that had just been brought aboard. The old man opened the envelope, and having scanned its contents said:

"Hully Gee! The Rector of Trinity is coming, he will be here in time for dinner. Well that's good news. I am glad." And so were we all, and in talking of the said good news, the cloud was soon removed from the old man's face. He was evidently glad of an excuse to retire gracefully from the fray, and this message came just in the nick of time. So he kissed Dora, and it was a united family once more.

"Where are the cars encamped, Mr. Clark?" said I.

"On a piece of spare ground near the Torridge about four miles above Bideford," replied he. "Our arrangements are that we steam in this yacht to the Scilly Islands to-morrow, and on Friday we are to have a run at full speed to Milford Haven, returning to Lundy the same day in time to get on the cars and make tracks for New Quay, where we shall sleep on board the yacht. New Quay is, I am told, the prettiest seaside resort on the coast of Cornwall and we shall stay over Sunday there."

"Won't that be jolly!" said Dora, who was radiant with pleasure at the happy termination of the scrap.

Jim summoned the third officer and told him to have the electric launch in readiness to go ashore, when the "Dora" was abreast of Northam on her return journey from Minehead, Jim saying that he and Dawlish would go and meet the Rector at the Bideford railway depôt, the Emperor having previously given orders for the auto coach to be in readiness continually at Northam to meet any such emergency.

On the completion of our miniature cruise, during which we were greatly pleased with the fine scenery and with the delightful easy motion of the yacht, we slowed down at the appointed place, and Jim and Dawlish put off in the launch, and in what seemed quite a short time returned with our Rector and his baggage. The worthy ecclesiastic was received with unfeigned

cordiality and affection by us all. His face is tanned, but he is in rude health and boisterously cheerful at seeing us all again, especially Dora, for whom he entertains feelings almost amounting to adoration.

We then steamed at a quick gait to Lundy safety harbor, which contained warships and merchantmen, and the "Dora" took up her moorings near the armored battleship cruiser "Yorkshire," who with her consorts, a first-class protected cruiser, two second-class cruisers, four torpedo boat destroyers and a torpedo ram, a sort of improved "Polyphemus," had recently been detached from the British home defence squadron on special service.

Captain Beattie informed me that the old Channel Squadron was now considered an integral portion of the Mediterranean fleet, which consists of twenty first-class battleships besides cruisers, etc., while an additional home defence squadron is kept permanently in commission, and is made up of eight first-class battleships, two battleship cruisers, two armored cruisers and a strong complement of smaller vessels, torpedo boat destroyers and two torpedo rams. The Mediterranean fleet is provided with four of these rams, and each battleship has with her a submarine torpedo boat as an additional protection.

I take a great deal of interest in naval matters, and these battleship cruisers seem pretty slick sort of affairs, being armed with four 9.2 guns in barbettes fore and aft, as well as eight 7.5 quick-firers in pairs in turrets, besides a number of 12.5 smaller quick-firers, and these ships are adequately protected with armor and can steam at twenty-three knots an hour. Battleships are being constructed of and protected with hardened aluminum and will be nearly invulnerable.

What a fine safety harbor Lundy is. This and the one at Filey, Yorkshire, were both completed a few years ago, and why they were not made before is a disgrace to the British government. Tens of millions of property and hundreds of lives would have been saved, but it is as hard to get a government to move as it is a Texas mule.

The officers of the British Squadron had left their cards on the "Dora," and Jim had invited them to a banquet to-night as a sort of ship-warming, and a very jolly party we had, you bet, and we sent the Britishers away in great shape, loaded to the tops of their throats with the Emperor's champagne.

CHAPTER XII.

THE HIDDEN STENOGRAPHER.

JULY 7, THURSDAY.

IN spite of the lateness, or rather earliness of the hour at which our party broke up, and of the long golfing spell I had gone through, and also in spite of the tempting luxuriousness of our bed (by our I mean, of course, my wife and I), I felt refreshed and ready to rise by 5 A. M. Long practice had enabled me to leave my couch without disturbing Bella, and I was soon on deck sniffing in what sea breeze there was, which didn't amount to much. Some of the crew were engaged in cleaning the decks, or in making a pretense at doing so, for it was difficult to see how they could be more immaculate than they were before. I lit a pipe and leaned on the bulwarks watching the distant coast of Devonshire. That little cruise of the previous evening had been a perfect revelation to me, and I now realized that the pardonable boast that Dawlish had often made in respect to the beauty of his native county had been no empty bluff. It is only those who have actually visited (not merely read about) the northern seacoast of Devonshire and Cornwall, who can adequately realize the exquisite beauty of the pictures it presents to the eye of a true lover of nature. What pen can do more than faintly describe its deep wooded coombes, the varied tints of its rugged upland moors, the massive boldness of its granite cliffs, alternating with secluded nooks and quiet coves carpeted with yellow sand. Its glorious breadths of fertile pasture land, its magnificent foreground of restless ocean, terrible when roused by a fierce sou'-wester, that hurls rank after rank of foaming mountainous billows against the weather-beaten shore, but when in a gracious mood, gentle and limpid, decked with innocent harmless wavelets which ripple like mirth-provoking smiles o'er Father Neptune's broad and vacant face, and sparkle in the proud, loving glances of all-bounteous sun, as they seem to kiss with showers of glittering

spray the time-worn variegated rocks that have been wrought into thousand fantastic shapes by the battering surge of myriads of ages. But sometimes as on this lovely summer morning, the word restless would seem barely applicable to the said ocean. For the surface of the surrounding water was as smooth and unruffled as a lake of oil, indicative of the profoundest calm, but it was a calm that may be compared to the fallacious and fitful rest of a sleeping tiger. A light golden haze seemed to enshroud both sea and land, like the delicate lace veil that envelopes a blushing bride and half conceals her charms at the nuptial ceremony.

Between myself and my pen I guess that this is a pretty smart bit of description of a scenery of which I have as yet caught only some passing glimpses. I must indeed have imbibed some of my friend Dawlish's Devonian enthusiasm, and certainly have profited by what he has told me, but apart from this I really believe, in spite of the deadening effect of my extremely prosaic profession, that I possess in my inmost soul a bright flamelet of the divine afflatus of poetry. Wouldn't Bella laugh at me if I made such a confession in her presence? I know she thinks great shakes of me as a smart man of business, but as for my being a poet, I don't suppose that such an essentially wild idea ever entered her pretty head.

Well, I lighted my second pipe (I always hold by the way that a man who can't enjoy his baccy before breakfast isn't worth thirty cents), the men had finished swabbing the decks. Captain Beattie was on the bridge giving his directions for weighing anchor, and by the vapor issuing from the scape pipes, I could see that we were getting up steam previous to sliding out. It then occurred to me that the idle minutes might be well employed in writing up my diary, so I betook myself to the smoking-room, which like as in ocean liners is, as I have said, aft the companion. I seated myself at a table close to an open porthole window, and wrote steadily for half an hour. I then got up in order to stretch myself and to take a casual inspection of the apartment which is fitted up in a most luxurious and comfortable fashion, and in doing so I perceived that the deck was not now untenanted, for on looking through the window I perceived the graceful figure of the fair Annie Leighton. She was dressed very simply but prettily in a tailor-made costume of pure white linen and a pale blue silk vest, in her left hand she held an open book, and was gazing steadfastly at the coast of Devon, but every now and then, coyly

cast a glance in the direction of the companion, as if she expected some one. It did not take a wiseacre to predict who the expected one might be, and as I did not wish to spoil a *tête-à-tête* I reseated myself, and continued my self-imposed task. We were now under way, and I felt the smooth rhythmic motion of the great turbines as they slowly revolved. I say slowly, as I knew that we should only creep along until our party were assembled on deck, in order not to miss seeing any of the delightful coast scenery. I soon took a peep out of the window again. Annie was still standing in the same attitude; she had laid the open book on the bulwark, but her glances at the companion were more frequent than before. We had by this time cleared the safety harbor and had turned to the southwest, and were abreast of Lundy and edging in towards the coast, which was about ten miles distant. We had opened up Hartland Point, but we hardly seemed moving, and had very little way on, the slight mist had lifted, and we were evidently in for a real brilliant day. Just then I heard the sounds of some one ascending the companion. There was no mistaking those footfalls, they were those of an athlete bounding up three steps at a time, and there was only one man on board who progressed by leaps and bounds in that fashion, and in another instant the tall form of the Emperor's secretary, clad in white flannel, stood beside Annie, straw hat in hand, as he greeted the young lady. I bobbed down again, and at first was prompted by gentlemanly feeling to retire out of earshot, but the temptation for once, and only once, to do a bit of what I might sophistically call unavoidable eavesdropping was too strong, and I remained rather shamefacedly in my chair. To tell the truth I am a person who delights in studying all the phases of human nature, and never had inadvertently heard a man confessing his love. I am aware that I performed my own proposal in an awkward fashion, and I wished to hear how the *débonair* Captain would play his rôle. So I prepared to take down the conversation in shorthand, of which science I am a proficient. I would have laid the odds of five to one, that so good a strategist as Dawlish would not lose so golden an opportunity, which almost seemed as if it had been specially prepared for him, but I should have recollected that a mature man in the thirties hasn't half the sand in regard to proposing that a lad of two-and-twenty has, and so the sequel proved. There's many a bronzed, stalwart warrior like our gallant Captain who would lead a forlorn hope, or face unflinchingly

the charge of a wounded Bengal tiger, who feels his courage ooze out when it comes to saying a few decisive words to the girl of his choice, who is blushingly eager to welcome them.

"Good morning, Captain Dawlish," I heard Miss Leighton say. "We are apparently the only two of our crowd who are early risers. I suppose the Judge was wearied by his exertions yesterday." (Little did she know that the said Judge was concealed from view, quickly jotting down in Pitman's hieroglyphics her very words.) "But to tell the truth," she continued, "your arrival is most opportune. You are a Devonshire man and of course know everything about your native county. You needn't ask (I know you were going to do so) what that book lying there is. Of course it is Charles Kingsley's 'Westward Ho,' one couldn't possibly be reading any other at the present moment. Can you point out to me the Shutter rock near Lundy, on which the Spanish galleon, the 'Santa Catharina,' was lost, or supposed to be lost, with all hands, and on which her pursuer, the 'Vengeance,' was so nearly cast away?"

"Thousands have doubtless asked the same question, Miss Leighton," replied the gallant Captain, "but I fear that the Shutter rock was but a figment of Kingsley's brilliant imagination, as not a trace of it remains now; still that high cliff out there is always pointed out to tourists as the one on whose brink the blind giant went to sleep, and dreamed he saw the Spanish galleon once more. 'She had righted in fifteen fathoms, and in his dream he looked down through the oar weed and saw his old enemy, Don Guzman, drinking wine with his officers in his cabin, and the Don rose and bowed to him, and said, "Senor, we have had a fair quarrel. Let us make it up," and Sir Amyas Leigh awoke a changed man.' I can't remember the exact words of the passage I have quoted, but written in Kingsley's nervous and simple English, I think it forms one of the most pathetic episodes in any work, and I never can read it without a big lump rising in my throat, and my eyes somehow getting very dim, and I am glad at such times to be alone, as it does not look good for a man to be seen crying over a piece of fiction."

"I don't know so much about that," replied Annie, "and I like you all the better, Captain Dawlish, for having a soft place in your heart," and then she stopped short, ashamed no doubt at having made what she thought was a serious break. She had unpremeditatedly given her lover an opening which he cursed

himself afterwards for not seizing hold of. How easy would it have been for him to have taken her hand in his and to have murmured, "What you have said, Miss Leighton, 'Annie,' is too true, I have a soft place in my heart for you and you only," etc., etc., but he apparently hadn't the nerve, and let the golden opportunity slip, but what he did say was this:

"I don't see why it should be considered manly for a fellow to have a hard heart, Miss Leighton. We men have our feelings as well as you ladies."

"Oh, yes," laughed Annie, who had by this time recovered her wonted self-possession. "I quite admit that some men are more susceptible than others, and some are professional flirts with no real feelings at all. A male flirt in my estimation is a very contemptible object." Poor Annie spoke out of the bitterness of her own heart, having (so Mrs. Clark had informed me) wasted a good deal of her time at Canterbury philandering with those desperate lady-killers, British cavalry officers. But she suddenly realized that she was skating on very thin ice, and that her companion might take her pointed diatribe against male flirting to himself. So she discreetly changed the subject by exclaiming:

"But to return to what we were talking about. You seem to know 'Westward Ho' as well as I do."

"A Devonshire man, Miss Leighton, should surely be as well posted in the works of an author who is the pride and glory of his native county, at least as well as a Kentish lady," replied Dawlish.

"There is a decided touch of sarcasm in your remark," replied Annie, "but barring chaff, what a magician a great novelist is, what a fascinating interest he invests scenes and places with in which his *dramatis personae* live, move, and have their being. How few really fine situations, accompanied by graphic writing, occur in the common or garden works of fiction. A novelist should not only write ably, but should be a good deal of a poet and still more of a dramatist. To return for a moment to 'Westward Ho,' could anything be finer than that passage in which Admiral Leigh, standing on the poop of the 'Vengeance,' witnesses the destruction of the Spanish galleon, and conceives that he had been robbed of his lawful prey, and with an imprecation against the justness of Providence, hurls into the sea the sword which he has been industriously sharpening day after day, to fit it for its destiny of slaying his enemy. I almost seem to see the

whole episode as it happened over there," pointing, I suppose (for I could not see her), in the direction of Lundy.

"You have a vivid imagination, Miss Leighton," replied the Captain, "and a very romantic nature, at least for one who is not a native of my dear county. We Devonians indulge in the belief that we have created a corner in romance. Exmoor and Dartmoor literally reek with it."

"And consequently," replied Annie, "you regard the rest of the world as dull and prosaic. Yet even my stupid (as you regard it) old county of Kent can show in its long and eventful annals plenty of thrilling incidents. Indeed, there is more real (not fictitious as yours is) romance crammed into our city and cathedral of Canterbury, let alone Rochester, Dover, Deal, Sandwich and other notable places, than is comprised in all the fairy tales that pass current as authentic records in the whole county of Devon."

Before the Captain could reply, the *tête-à-tête* was interrupted by the arrival of a third party who said (I could tell by the voice that it was Dora's):

"Good morning, you two inseparables, it is the early bird that gathers the worm."

"Do you liken me to a worm, Dora?" said Annie.

"If I do Captain Dawlish is the bird, and I hope not a bird of prey," observed Dora significantly.

"I pray not," said Dawlish, laughing.

"I forgive the pun and echo the prayer," said Dora, "but seriously, what was the subject that engrossed your attention just as I appeared. You both seemed so excited I feared you were going to have a scrap."

"Miss Leighton said we Devonians have no romance in our natures, and that Canterbury is chock full of it," said the Captain.

"Oh, what a story, Captain! You know it was quite the reverse," cried Annie.

"I cannot pretend to decide which of you is speaking the truth, all I know is that there is enough romance on board this ship either to sink, blow her up, or turn her into a Flying Dutchman, if a steamer could ever by some supernatural means become so strange a craft, but you people must not delude yourselves with the notion that you two are the only pebbles on the beach, for here comes my lord and master; he has been up ever since four o'clock in the engine room; and is as excited about his yacht

as much as a child would be over a new toy. By the way, I wonder that we have not seen the Judge. I hope he has not given up his diary keeping, it would indeed be a pity for the sake of future generations if this modern Pepys were to go out of business."

I was just considering the advisability of joining the increasing crowd on deck, the more so as I knew that directly Bella made her appearance she would be searching for me, and not seeing me would suppose that her steadfast spouse had fallen overboard and proceed to hunt me up, when I heard Jim's voice saying: "The top of the morning to you, Captain and Annie. By the way, I have mislaid my pipe, I must have left it in the Smoker." With that I heard Jim advancing in the direction of my hiding place, and I had just time to fling myself back in my chair and sham being asleep, when Jim entered, and seeing me shouted: "Why, land sakes! here's the Judge taking a nap too, by the holy! Let us see what he has written," and he coolly turned over my shorthand notes, and ejaculated: "Why, he's writing in Chinese or Choctaw, as I am a living sinner. What a learned man he is. Come rouse up, Judge, it's about breakfast time."

I pretended to wake, yawned and stretched myself, and then in as natural a way as possible, looking at my watch, said, "Why Heavens! I have been dozing for over an hour and a half" (a white lie I maintain is an absolute necessity in some cases in spite of what purists may say, if society is to hold together). Jim soon found his pipe and having loaded and lit it, and I having followed his example, we betook our noble selves into the open air. The group in the meantime had been swelled by the addition of Bella and the old man.

"I say, Judge," said Dora, "you will kill yourself with over work. I wonder you can let him apply himself so, Bella dear."

"He says that he has been asleep for an hour and a half in a chair in the Smoker," said Jim, laughing merrily, "and yet I found a whole pile of notes in Choctaw, or some heathen language. See, here they are, Dawlish," observed the inexorable Jim, handing, as he spoke, my notes to the Captain who (he is an expert in shorthand) glanced down a page, and apparently having satisfied himself, handed them to me with a smile and said, "I hope the witnesses did not incriminate themselves, Judge," look-

ing mischievously at Annie, who gave me an imploring look from her big eyes.

Then I received, metaphorically speaking, a shot between wind and water from the lips of my wife, who said, laughing, "How can you have slept an hour and a half in the Smoker, Uriah? You haven't been up so long."

This was a most damning piece of evidence and fairly wrecked my case.

Just then a diversion was created by the old man exclaiming: "Good morning, Captain Beattie, when shall we get to the Scillies to-day?"

The ship's captain, who had just joined the party, replied: "Well, sir, about midday, or one o'clock at the latest. I have instructions from your son not to hurry along, which is just as well, as the coast scenery is fine right to the Land's End."

"Oh, here come the two pillars of the church, arm in arm," said Dora. "My dear Rector, I hadn't an opportunity of really having a chat with you last night, the captain of the 'Yorkshire' would insist on engaging my attention all the time."

"It was very selfish of him, but he never engaged a fairer enemy," replied the Rector, gallantly.

"Good for you, Rector, always the *preux chevalier* I see, but you must give me an account of your European tour. What did you do? Where did you go to? Whom did you see? And how many ladies did you mash?"

"My dear Mrs. Clark, you cannot tell how rejoiced I am to be with you all again," replied the Rector. "Switzerland, the Tyrol and the Rhine are very charming in their way, but the great drawback is that one is pitchforked from one big hotel to the next, and from one crowd of more or less vulgar English and American tourists to another; they literally swarm in these European resorts like flies round beer and honey traps, and are continually thrusting their frequently offensive personalities down one's throat. About fifty self-styled New Yorkers claimed acquaintance with me, many of them, judging by their names and appearances, were German Jews. Now I strive to love my fellow-men, but to love all our fellow men all the time and in all places is a pretty steep proposition, and requires a robuster faith in the ultimate destination of the species than certainly I can ever pretend to possess. I enjoyed that electric railway and elevator journey to the summit of the Yungfrau and the transient peeps I

obtained of Cologne, Antwerp and the Hague. The Rhine, however, is not a patch on the Hudson, but the banks of the latter might be improved and decorated by the addition of a few ruined castles and a Lorelei or two. We Yankees sometimes amuse ourselves by abusing England, but we are all of us jolly glad to get back to the old country, where one can speak one's own language, eat wholesome food and be among folk who observe the niceties and decencies of life. How can one be cozy and comfortable in Germany when most of the inhabitants seem at meals to be trying how far they can push their knives down their throats without incurring fatal results?"

"I'm blessed, Rector," said Dawlish, "if you Americans are not just as faddy and insular as we Britishers when you get down to the bed rock."

"I quite agree with the Rector," said the Canon, "and after all there's no place like home, especially when that home happens to be that right little, tight little island yonder."

"Well, ladies and gentlemen," said Jim Clark, "I guess that we have talked enough and imbibed sufficient sea air to set a fine edge on our appetites. I judge of yours by mine, and I see the butler (I suppose I ought to call him steward on board ship) coming to announce that breakfast is awaiting us. So I guess that I will move an adjournment."

"Seconded *nem. con.*, most noble señor," said I, and we adjourned.

Whether it was owing to the atmospheric conditions, the comparatively early hour, the cheerful company, or to all three influences combined, I know not, but one thing is certain, each of our pilgrims made an astonishingly hearty breakfast. The servants were kept busy in bringing relays of tempting comestibles. In regard to the amount of provender consumed, Jim Clark unquestionably took first prize, with the Canon and Captain Dawlish about a dead heat for second place. Dora played such an excellent knife and fork herself that she felt ashamed to chaff her liege lord on his gargantuan capacity for food.

"You must have a good conscience, Jim," said I, as we were regaining the deck.

"Why, Judge?" replied the owner of the yacht.

"Because you can eat so well. A man with such a champion appetite cannot have many crimes or unrepented sins to mourn

over. You are probably the most favored individual on this second-class planet of ours."

"How so?" replied Jim, inquiringly.

"Why, you have a most beautiful and charming wife, enormous wealth, a sufficiency of brains, and last, but not least, a splendid constitution, with an incomparable digestion. What more can any man want to complete his earthly bliss?"

"I have indeed very much to be thankful for," replied Jim, "but you have omitted one great stroke of fortune."

"What is that, Jim?" I replied.

"That I possess such a firm friend and sound adviser in you, Judge, and that Dora is similarly blessed in your dear wife," replied the ex-cowboy, feelingly.

"Real friends are as scarce as pigeon blood rubies. You may always rely on me, Jim, at any rate," said I, "and as for Bella, she (as the saying is) literally worships the ground your wife treads on."

We two men, who had been strolling along the deck by ourselves and conversing in a low tone, silently gripped hands and rejoined the others. There is often a world of purpose in the strong, quiet handshake of two earnest men. Can the same be said in a parallel sense so truly of the mutual embraces of two women friends? Are they not too often mere Judas kisses?

As Jim and I now approached the other males of the party, who had made themselves comfortable in deck chairs and were enjoying the scenic effects of the rugged coast we were passing, the Rector was lighting a cigar and cried out: "I say, Mr. Slocum, come here and arbitrate; the Captain and the Canon have nearly come to blows over a very trivial subject. The latter has just said dogmatically that Devonshire and Cornish creams are one and the same thing, and what is your opinion? Mine is that they are exactly similar, being merely scalded cream."

"With all due deference to the Canon, he is wrong," said Dawlish. "The pure air and water and excellent pasture of Devonshire, as well as skill in handling, has a lot to do with it."

"I never tasted finer scalded cream than I did this morning at breakfast, and it was made by French cooks who have never lived in Devonshire, so where does your theory come in?" said the Canon, triumphantly.

"Without professing to be an authority on this particular ques-

tion, it seems to me that the Canon's contention is a victory of common sense over local prejudice," said I, judicially.

Just then the ladies emerged from the companion and joined the gentlemen.

"Isn't this quite too too," cried Dora. "What lovely weather, not too hot and with a delicious breeze, a sparkling sea, grand scenery and a charming company. I wouldn't change places with an empress," and she threw herself into a rocker.

"But there are empresses who would gladly change situations with you, Dora," said my wife.

"And emperors who would be very willing to take Mr. James Clark's place," said the Rector gallantly.

"Do you see that ruin over there?" said Dawlish. "That is Tintagel. Isn't it picturesquely situated, perched on that precipitous crag? The castle is supposed to be of fabulous antiquity, in fact there is a local tradition to the effect that it was one of the strongholds of King Arthur, and this seems possible, as it is generally accepted that at Camelford, which is only ten miles distant from Tintagel, was the royal residence of that monarch, and there it is supposed he held his court, and presided over the tournaments of the knights of his round table."

"All this sounds very plausible," said the Canon, "and would seem to be fairly convincing, if we had real proof of King Arthur's ever having had any other but a legendary existence. There seems to have arisen some time in the fifth century a very powerful chieftain who was made Pendragon, or commander-in-chief, of the British tribes for the purpose of resisting the Saxon invaders, and it seems that this Pendragon, whom some have tried to identify as the legendary Arthur, achieved some successes against the heathen and delayed the conquest of the southern and western portions of the island for a considerable period, but in the absence of trustworthy records everything has been left to conjecture, and I fear that King Arthur and his knights will never rise to the dignity of historical personages, but remain the exclusive property of romance writers and of poets."

"It is really quite shocking, Canon, the ruthless manner with which you root up the goodly trees of our established beliefs," said Bella.

"The study of history is yearly becoming more of an exact science," said the Rector. "No information is accepted second hand. Searchers after truth are more painstaking and critical

than they used to be. There is a spirit of healthy skepticism abroad, the deadly enemy of ignorance, superstition, intolerance and cruelty. People are no longer molested on account of differences in religious belief, since it is admitted that where there's faith there must also be doubt. If a thing is certain there would be no necessity for faith and no credit in believing. In history the legendary and the mythical are being rapidly separated by broad, deep lines from the strictly authentic.

"Few people nowadays," said the Canon, "would ever trouble their heads about King Arthur and his knights if Tennyson (who is one of the few poets read nowadays) had not invested them with an air of reality in his 'Idylls of the King.'"

"It is curious," remarked I, "how Tennyson in the 'Idylls' introduced the manners and customs of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. It is singular to read of Romanized Kelts indulging in tournaments, wearing plate armor and antedating the age of chivalry."

"A good deal of latitude must be given to poets," said the Rector. "We must never forget that Shakespeare himself made some awful breaks. Why, in 'Julius Cæsar' and 'Coriolanus' occur such extraordinary solecisms as clocks striking and cannon firing."

"I will let you learned people argue about these abstruse points," said Bella, "but I confess I would like to know where Lyonesse, a province of Arthur's kingdom, was situated. I was always led to suppose that it has since been submerged; in fact my governess used to tell me that the Scilly Islands in those days formed part of the mainland."

"Perhaps," said Dora, "it was on the shores of this lost tract that was fought the great battle in the west where Arthur warred against the traitor Modred and the heathen knights, and where, too, was the Isle of Avallon, where the spotless king was taken to cure him of his grievous wound."

"All these," said the Rector, smiling at the enthusiasm of the two ladies, "are the beautiful creations of poetic fancy, and have no foundation at all in fact. From the rocky formation of the coast, it is impossible that any such great submergence can have occurred within at least 20,000 years, and it is clear also that the Scillies never formed part of the mainland within historical times, as they were as they are now, and were known to the Phœnicians (who unquestionably worked tin mines in Cornwall) a thousand

years before King Arthur's time under the name of the Cassiterides."

"I must say," said the Canon, "I agree entirely with my reverend brother, and after all the Arthurian legends are not more improbable than the tales of Cornish giants and the miracles of Cornish saints. They all have a foundation of truth on which story by story has been built a superstructure of lies and impossibilities."

"You are right there, Canon," said Dawlish, with all a Devon man's jealousy of Cornwall. "I believe as little in Cornish saints as Cornish giants; at any rate the former did not leave the impress of their sanctity on the manners and morals of the inhabitants. Their (the saints) names, which somehow got attached to almost all Cornish villages, are the only relics we have of these holy men. Up to the close of the eighteenth century the Cornish were about the toughest lot of people anywhere. They were hereditary miners and wreckers too; murder and pillage were their hobbies. It is difficult to conceive greater fiends in human shape than men who, by lighting false beacons, deliberately enticed ships on to the rocks for the purpose of making spoil of their cargoes, and of the effects of their passengers. They were even known to cut off the fingers of women to get their rings and to dash the brains out of the heads of half-drowned wretches who were struggling to reach the shore, in order that there should be no witnesses of their misdeeds. Clergymen on Sunday were also known to stop divine service and hurry down with the parishioners to the sea-shore on the news being brought to the churches that there was a vessel on the rocks. The parson on these occasions always put in an appearance in order to claim his tithe of the harvest of the sea. Of course those days are long gone by and their black deeds are buried in oblivion. I only refer to them to show that those things happened in the land of saints."

"I guess I don't take much stock anyhow in these saints," said Jim. "From what Dora has told me of them, they were mostly dirty beggars who thought it holy not to wash, and were watching out all the time for the best way of saving their own miserable souls."

The Emperor had been amusing himself by watching the coast through a fine telescope fixed on a tripod. The subjects of the conversation just related were mostly gibberish to him, and he now exclaimed:

"I should think all this jaw has made you people thirsty. Have you got any draught Bass ale or Scotch whisky and soda on board? Which is it to be, Beatson?" said he, addressing the captain of the yacht, who had just come up.

"You bet there's lots of Bass, as well as Scotch, Daddy," replied Jim, touching an electric bell. "What do you say you will take, Beattie?"

"A little of my native dew and potash water, thank you," replied the Scotchman. "The yacht is doing twenty knots now, and shall quicken to twenty-three soon. Doesn't she run smoothly? You ought to be proud of owning such a crack boat, Mr. Clark."

"You bet I am," replied Jim.

"And I am proud, too, of having such a charming namesake," said Dora enthusiastically.

When the drinks were brought, old man Clark emptied a tankard of ale at a draught, and said, "Now, that is just what I needed. I wonder people will continue to injure themselves by drinking those abominable steam and lager beers, made not with good malt and hops, like this delicious ale, but manufactured with glucose and most injurious acids which rot the stomach and produce Bright's disease. I would hang all dishonest scoundrels who murder people for filthy lucre."

We all agreed with the old man and the conversation drifted into various economic and social channels. Then Dora proposed deck quoits, and after a game or two of that, a little raft was towed astern, on which was a kind of gallows, from which several empty quart bottles were suspended, and pistol and rifle shooting contests were started. As was expected, Jim Clark proved victorious, but to every one's surprise the Rector was an extremely good second, beating even old man Clark, to the latter's disgust. It oozed out that the Rector in his youth had been a famous hunter and a dead shot with rifle and revolver.

The steamer passed close to the Land's End, and the splendid rock scenery was much admired.

The luncheon bell was ringing as the "Dora" was preparing to drop her anchor off St. Mary's, the principal island of the Scillies.

The Scilly Islands are well worth a visit, and it is surprising, considering their attractions, that they are not more patronized by visitors. The climate is very mild and salubrious, owing to the

close proximity of the gulf stream. Frost is practically unknown, and so is also great heat; the air is generally soft, yet bracing. St. Mary's is the only island on which there is accommodation for visitors, and that is confined to two small, very much country-fied hotels, all the supplies of which are drawn from the mainland. On the island of Tresco lives Mr. Smith, the Lord of the Isles. He is often called the King of Scilly or the silly king. I understand that he is a courteous, urbane, though rather eccentric gentleman, who stands very much on his dignity and seems to consider the feathered and finny denizens of the ocean as his personal property, and expects visitors to call on him and ask his permission to shoot gulls and fish for coddlings. He is the only person I ever heard of who endeavors to assert proprietary rights over the wild creatures of the sea, leaving clams and oysters out of the question. Mr. Smith resides on the island of Tresco, which he and his predecessors have converted into an earthly Paradise, the gardens abounding with sub-tropical flowers, shrubs and plants. With great consideration he allows visitors to land and look over his property.

The chief industry of the inhabitants of St. Mary's is the raising of little white flowers called Marguerites for the early spring London market, and tons of these pretty blooms are annually exported. These flower farms are very remunerative, though considerable initial and annual outlays are required for fertilizers. There are about thirty islands, great and small, most of them very small, in fact mere rocks. The proper course for the ordinary tourist to pursue is to hire a sailing boat with two men by the week at a cost of twenty dollars, which, divided up, say, among four persons, is not an extravagant expense. Most of the time should be spent in the boat, cruising among the islets, bathing, fishing, shooting and sketching or kodaking.

I will return after this digression to the "Dora," which has just cast its anchor. After lunch our whole party went on shore and visited the quaint little Elizabethan fort and the rather remarkable crenelated wall that completely surrounds the island of St. Mary. These may have been thought imposing fortifications at the time they were constructed, though to the modern eye it is difficult to see, comparing small things with great, how they could have kept out French or Spanish freebooters any more than the great Chinese wall did the Tartars. Of course it was the wrong season of the year to see the Marguerites, so, without wasting any

time, our party reembarked on the "Dora's" electric launch and made tracks for Tresco. Mr. Smith was away in London, so we left our visiting cards, inspected the gardens, and afterwards spent several pleasant hours cruising among the islets, landing where fancy prompted us to do so. We returned to the yacht in time to dress for dinner, thoroughly pleased with everything we had seen, and it was unanimously decided that the "Dora" should remain at her present anchorage until Saturday.

It was late when we turned in that night. A regular symposium was held on deck after dinner, and it was well past midnight before the sounds of merry voices, intermingled with peals of laughter, were stilled and the tiny wreaths of smoke ceased to circle upwards from our glowing cigars.

CHAPTER XIII.

A HOLE IN THE WATER.

JULY 8, FRIDAY.

WE were all up and about by 6 A. M. It would have been a positive sin to have lingered in bed on such a morning. We had determined overnight that a sea bath should be the first event on the program. So our push, ladies as well as gentlemen (with the exception of the Emperor and the Canon), including several of the ship's officers, appeared on deck in bathing costumes. For the accommodation of the ladies, the skipper had given orders to have the mainsail boomed out from the ship's side and immersed in the water so as to form a safe bath for the ladies and for those men who hadn't much confidence in their natatory powers, and also in order to provide a harbor of refuge for wearied Heroes and Leanders. But it cannot be said that we availed ourselves to any great extent of this useful provision, as we are all more or less human ducks and drakes, several of us, especially Dawlish, Dora and Annie, expert swimmers. English ladies take to the water naturally, as is becoming to daughters of the mistress of the sea (as far as European waters are concerned), and love not to dawdle knee-deep on the edge of the surf in order to display their fetching bathing suits so dearly as their American sisters do. The Rector enjoyed his dip as much as any of us. What a dead game sport he is, ready to take his share in the amusement of the hour with as great a zest as the youngest. Dora is a most graceful and fearless swimmer, and Dawlish is simply amphibious. The former had the impudence to duck his reverence, the Rector, who took it most good-naturedly. The crew watched our marine gambols with interest, not unmingled with astonishment. While we were at breakfast they (the crew) had their turn in the water, but comparatively few availed themselves of the opportunity. It is a curious fact that most seamen do not care about bathing, and though, since the introduction of training ships for boys in-

tended for the navy, swimming is regularly taught, not many practise the art in after life.

We spent the rest of the day in completing our tour of the islands on the electric launch, and visited in the course of our peregrinations the fatal reef on which was lost, about the commencement of the eighteenth century, almost an entire British squadron, comprising three line-of-battle ships, owing to an error in navigation. In this appalling disaster perished over two thousand seamen and officers, including the celebrated Sir Cloudesley Shovel, who, originally a cabin boy, had risen by sheer force of merit to the high position of Admiral of the Blue. I had noticed a monument in Westminster Abbey erected to his memory as a national tribute to a gallant and capable officer. In those days, fifty years before Harrison's invention of the chronometer, and when navigators, in place of the accurate sextant, were obliged to rely on the rough and ready method of determining the latitude by means of the cross staff, it is wonderful that similar tragedies like the one I have alluded to were not of more frequent occurrence.

After quitting this melancholy spot, we made for the Wulf Lighthouse, which has the reputation of being the most storm-lashed beacon in the wide world, the three keepers being frequently in winter cut off from all communication with their fellow-men for weeks together, but on this occasion, with Father Neptune in his pleasantest and sunniest mood, we had no difficulty in approaching and leaving this safeguard of mariners.

Our return journey to the "Dora" was not uneventful, in fact was dramatically the reverse. In the first place we landed on St. Martin (one of the larger islands) for lunch, which we had brought with us. The Canon essayed with most pronounced success to make the claret cup, while the Rector literally covered himself with glory by elaborating a most delicious salad and a lobster à Newburgh in the most approved chafing-dish style. I note here that our two churchmen seem to have learned with great nicety the art, if not of serving two masters, at least of enjoying the good things of this life, while not neglecting the concerns of that which is to come, which seems to be the highest possible achievement of Christian philosophy.

It did not take us long to thoroughly explore the islet, and then Jim instituted a rifle contest with small, finely sighted weapons. We started our practice by firing at rocks, but found that we

could have plenty of live targets in the shape of numerous large sea fowl called here cormorants or shads. These birds are extremely voracious and do a vast amount of damage by devouring an immense quantity of small fry. In fact I have been informed that a cormorant will eat its own weight in fish in an incredibly short time. They, like crows, are very suspicious and perch on rocks out of gun but not of rifle shot, and at a range of from eighty to one hundred and fifty yards we successfully grassed, or rather watered, quite a few of these feathered robbers, Jim's practice being deadly in the extreme with his new Holland rook rifle. During this improvised tournament we had not noticed the absence of Dawlish and Annie Leighton. Indeed we were by this time thoroughly accustomed to these sudden disappearances, as we all looked on the engagement as a sure thing, and would have suspected that the course of true love had not run smoothly if the couple had preferred our society to their own. Well, we had pretty well used up or frightened away the cormorants, and were thinking of reembarking, when Dora exclaimed:

"I hope nothing has happened to Captain Dawlish and Annie. I think, Jim, you might give them a view hello."

"It would be a great scheme," observed the Emperor, "to leave them for a bit by themselves on the island and steal away. Wouldn't they be scared?"

"I don't think it would phase them much," said Bella, with a smile.

Jim had just given tongue to one of his tremendous yells when the strayed couple sauntered up.

"Where have you been, my dear Annie? We had begun to think you were lost," said the Canon, in a complacent tone of voice.

"If we lost our way, sir," replied Dawlish, "we have found something else."

"We were gathering wild flowers, dear papa," said Annie, with downcast eyes.

"And this is my contribution to the bunch, sir, my sweet forget-me-not," said the gallant Captain, taking Annie's hand in his and bowing to the company.

"And this is mine, dear papa," said the blushing girl, looking coyly up into the face of her fiancé as she spoke.

It is needless to say, perhaps, that the happy pair were assailed by a perfect volley of congratulations. The Emperor, in the ex-

uberance of his spirits, requested the exultant father-in-law-elect to concoct a fresh brew of claret cup in which to drink the health of the happy couple. We all certainly felt in gushing spirits and as pleased as Punch. At last we reembarked again and were threading our devious way amongst the numerous picturesque islets. A smart breeze had sprung up, and there was quite a lip on the water, and our little launch began to get rather skittish. We were bunched together on the stern; the Canon was sitting on the rail, chatting and laughing gaily. Jim had just warned him in a joking tone of the precariousness of his position and of the likelihood of his (the Canon) making a hole in the water, when the launch gave a sort of sideway roll, followed by a plunge as a larger wave than usual struck her on the counter. In a moment the worthy churchman proved the truth of Jim's prediction by losing his balance and falling overboard. Cries of alarm escaped simultaneously from the lips of the three ladies at the suddenness of the catastrophe, if one can dignify such an incident by so formidable a word. But it was no laughing matter. The Canon was a big heavy man, and though fairly active for his years, as his golf performance showed at our late essay at Westward Ho, still he was no swimmer, and we could all see, as he rose sputtering and gasping to the surface, that he required speedy and efficacious help or he might be in very bad shape indeed, as he would be left some way astern before the launch could be rounded to and return to the rescue; but help was fortunately at hand. Our champion athlete, Captain Dawlish, was standing at the time of the accident close to the Canon, engaged in conversation with him. With a most praiseworthy promptitude on seeing what had happened, he kicked away his shoes, tore off his coat and dived after his fiancée's father, and swimming with a rapid, powerful overhead side stroke, was soon alongside the struggling cleric. In Dawlish's wake came a further reinforcement in the shape of Jim Clark, who sustained the credit of his country by speedily following the Englishman's example. So by the time the launch (which had had a considerable way on her) had turned, the half-drowning man had two daring swimmers to support him, and in a very brief space of time rescued and rescuers were once more on board. The whole affair lasted such a short time that we hardly realized what had happened when it was all over. The Emperor speedily opened a bottle of brandy and forced the Canon to drink a good sup, which had the effect of making him so sick

that we thought he would turn inside out. He discharged at least two quarts of a dubious mixture of sea water and claret cup. If the truth be known, the reverend gentleman had tasted so freely of the punch he had concocted and had exposed himself so unwisely to the hot sun that there is no doubt that he was just a little full, which fact contributed more than the pitching of the boat to his loss of balance. Dawlish came in for a lot of praise for his prompt action, and Jim had his share as well, and as soon as the Canon was sufficiently recovered he thanked his gallant preservers most unfeignedly. Neither Dora nor her cousin Annie could be said to be in the least hysterical, but they both broke down and had a little cry apiece in the dripping arms of their husband and lover, respectively.

Every atom of voltage in the storage batteries of the launch was requisitioned to convey us as quickly as possible to the "Dora." The incident had been observed by the second officer on the bridge through his telescope. The news of the accident had spread like wildfire among all hands, and the whole crew received us with rousing cheers, that only British and American seamen can give tongue to. The respect of the men for the owner was increased a hundred-fold by his behavior. There's nothing that appeals to the hearts of such men like an act of courage. They were also proud to feel that a countryman of theirs had been first in the field. The old man, too, got a cheer on his own account by shaking hands with Jim and Dawlish in the presence of the ship's company. So, on the whole, what looked at first a serious happening was changed into an occasion for rejoicing. The Canon went to bed for an hour and showed up at the dinner table, none the worse for his immersion.

A banquet and special jollification was given to the crew that evening, and the old man, in proposing the health at dinner of the engaged couple, said:

"Canon, you may well be proud of the man who will soon claim your sweet daughter as his wife, as proud as I am of my dear son. The conduct of these two gallant fellows has showed what stuff Americans and English are made of. I am as pleased now to sail in a ship that flies the British ensign as I should be if that flag was 'Old Glory' itself." This was an immense concession, and we all blessed the Canon for his having taken an involuntary bath.

CHAPTER XIV.

ANNIE'S BIRTHDAY.

JULY 9, SATURDAY.

WE weighed anchor at the reasonable hour of eight o'clock, and bade an adieu, which I trust (as far as I am concerned) will not be an eternal one, to the Scillies. It had previously been decided to give the engines of the "Dora" a short trial. Our first objective was Milford Haven, in South Wales, in which splendid harbor is situated the Royal dockyard of Pembroke. How admirably favored Great Britain is in respect to harbors! It would seem as if she was destined by nature to be Mistress of the Seas, at least of the European seas. Compare her coast line with that of France. It is not easy to say (leaving Toulon out of the question) that the latter country possesses even one really first-class entirely unartificial port open to ships drawing 27 feet of water in all tidal conditions. It is greatly to the credit of la Belle France that she has made such a good showing as she has done with such a tremendous handicap.

To return, it was a fine day, with a stiff breeze from the west, which lent a sufficient movement to the water. The "Dora," under a full head of steam, glided along with the speed almost of a destroyer, and in what seemed an incredibly short time we were at Milford. During the trial Jim was nearly all the time in the engine room, and as we slowed down previous to entering the haven, he excitedly rushed up to where our party was seated on the deck and shouted, "The 'Dora's' a bute; we have done an average of $28\frac{1}{2}$ knots an hour since we left St. Mary's. The turbines work grandly. What do you think of that, my darling?" said he, as he kissed his wife and shook hands with the Emperor. Jim was dressed like a common fireman in overalls, and was freely bespattered with oil. "I will just run down and change my clothes and we will have lunch, but we must drink success to the 'Dora's' first trial," and he summoned a servant by touching an

electric bell. Champagne was brought, and we all honored the toast. The officers seemed as pleased as the owner, at the success of the run.

The course of Milford Haven as far as Pembroke is winding and picturesque. When we had dropped anchor, we lunched and then landed to inspect the dockyard, in which a first-class battleship, an armored cruiser and a coast defense ship were being constructed. After this we were driven in hack carriages to Pembroke Castle, formerly a very strong place with a great donjon tower in a fair state of preservation. Once more on board, we proceeded a short distance along the southerly coast of Wales, past a very prettily situated seaside resort called Tenby, then across Caermarthen Bay, as far as the industrial town of Swansea, whence we headed in the direction of the island in the Bristol Channel called the Steep Holms, and soon arrived once more at Lundy safety harbor, in time to make an early dinner, after which we landed on the mainland at Clovelly, and found at the top of the long, steep street several of the autos awaiting us, and enjoyed a most delightful run in the cool of the evening past Bude, Boscastle and Tintagel and other points of interest to New Quay, at which sweet little Cornish coast resort we arrived just as the night was coming on. The main body of the autos had been ordered to proceed to a chosen camping ground on Dartmoor near to Tavistock, and await our arrival. Our section included the auto coach, the Boudoir, Smoker, Wagon and Utility car. At New Quay we found the "Dora" awaiting us, and we were not sorry to seek the retirement of our comfortable staterooms.

JULY 10, SUNDAY.

When we had all assembled on deck at about 8 A. M., previous to breakfast, Jim said impulsively to his wife, "What is the program to-day, darling? You and Dawlish arrange these matters, but I should say that there's some celebration on, judging from the elaborate toilets you ladies have bedecked yourselves with."

"You forget, Jim dear, that it is Sunday, and of course we are all going to church," replied Dora in a rather severe tone. "When we have returned to the yacht we will have a bathe in the briny, followed by lunch. In the afternoon we will indulge in a stroll about town, and end up by dining at the hotel."

"But I always supposed," put in the Emperor, "that no one

ever went to church at shore resorts, at least they don't do so in the States."

"But we are not in the States now, dear Daddy," replied our queen, "and I don't see why one should act differently in matters of conduct and religion when one is on a cruise to what one does at home. At least that is my opinion."

"And a very good opinion, too, my dear Dora," said her uncle gravely. "I am rejoiced to see that my sweet niece remains true to her English training."

"You are an exception, Mrs. Clark, I am glad to say," said Dawlish, "to the general run of our countrymen and countrywomen who, though they may be quite strict Sabbatarians at home, when in Paris or other fashionable continental cities throw off their assumed cloaks of sanctimoniousness and (as the saying is) when in Rome, do as the Romans do, cut church, go to race meetings and theaters, and out-Herod even the gay Parisians themselves, as the great majority of even the most worldly and frivolous of these mark the sanctity of the day by attending early Mass. We have great qualities, we English people, but we are the greatest hypocrites the world has ever seen."

"That is a very scathing judgment, Captain," said the Rector. "I guess, though, you are about right. But I could have told that we are churchbound by the elaborateness of the ladies' costumes. It is certainly paying a great compliment to a little country church to beautify it so, and it should give a finishing touch to the parson's eloquence. Speaking for myself, I always preach better when there is a sprinkling in my congregation of smart, well dressed women. I feel exhilarated and nerved up, and correspondingly depressed when having to address a mass of poor, shabby victims of hopeless poverty. I long to relieve their destitution; but what can I say to them but bid them be patient in the midst of their temporal tribulations, and console themselves by looking forward to the high old time that will be theirs in the glad hereafter, when things shall be evened up. In a word, I have to preach the negative virtue of resignation. On the other hand, in holding forth to the well-to-do, my task is easier and less perfunctory. I have merely to point out the beauty of the virtues of self-denial and of alms-giving, which widen to the rich the narrow passage that leads to Paradise through the eye of a needle. Again, a wealthy, educated congregation does not object to a little wholesome castigation in the shape of reproof for their short-

comings; they take it good-humoredly, and rather like being told in a gentlemanly fashion that they gamble too much and habitually over-stimulate themselves."

"But, Rector," said I, "don't you think that it is the chief object of a great many fashionable women to display their fine clothes in church to the best advantage? Of course it is understood that present company is entirely excluded from this discussion."

"I don't agree with you, Judge," replied the Rector. "It may be true of some, but not of the majority of society dames. Surely it is as much an act of worship to beautify the House of God by charming forms in elegant costumes as it is to deck the altar with Lenten lilies and the lectern and the pulpit with roses and orchids at Easter time. Nothing was considered too good for Solomon's Temple, gold of Ophir, cedar of Lebanon, ivory of India, and possibly silk of China, and though the lilies of the field may have been better appareled than Solomon in all his glory, we may be sure that when that monarch attended the services of the temple he himself had constructed, along with his thousand wives and his illustrious visitors, such as the Queen of Sheba and Hiram of Tyre, it would be next to impossible in these modern and somewhat shoddy days to equal the splendor of the garments worn on such occasions. It is not for any of us to pry into the secret motives of others. But I say, for my part, come, ladies, to my church in your prettiest frocks with your hearts filled with love and charity. Adorn your lives with good works and your bodies with smart clothes, and so fulfil the destiny Divine Providence has marked out for you, that of embellishing His beautiful world and of gladdening the hearts of all men."

You may bet your bottom dollar that the ladies applauded vociferously this decidedly original sentiment, and we men could not refrain from adding our share to the meed of praise.

"I guess, Rector," said I, laughing, "that yours is the most ingenious plea ever put forward in defense of feminine vanity, and now the ladies will henceforth be able to appeal to the dictum of so eminent an authority as your worshipful self when accused of any amount of extravagance in the shape of frills and furbelows. But seriously, don't you think the attention of susceptible males is apt to be distracted from religious exercises and from the due digestion of weighty words from the pulpit by the presence of deliciously gowned pretty women? The prayers of

a St. Anthony would be apt to assume an incoherent and meaningless form if he were sitting in the pew behind our fair ladies, with those three exquisite Paris hats right in front of his saintly visage."

"Beauty in any shape is of Heaven, heavenly," replied the Rector, adroitly parrying my home thrust. "Everything ugly and repulsive is suggestive of vice. You never saw a homely-looking angel in any of the pictures of the old masters, whereas incarnate evil is always depicted as black and frightful. How charming, too, is nature in all its aspects. You may be sure, Judge, that beauty is allied with holiness, and that the Greeks knew what they were about when they worshiped the *To Kalon*."

"I am afraid the Archbishop of Canterbury would dub such opinions as heterodox," said the Canon, laughing, "but I agree with every word you say, Rector. Nothing elevates the healthy mind so much as being surrounded with lovely objects. The hideous, sordid surroundings of the poor in our large cities has a great deal to do with the prevalence of crime and of a degenerate mentality. How can people cultivate virtue and moral living in close, dirty tenement buildings? Statistics show that quite a novel reformation has resulted in some of the most crowded of the London slums by the turning old churchyards into gardens. Flowers preach silent sermons and point the soul heavenwards."

Till the Canon had put in his oar, I had supposed that our good Rector had been talking through his hat, in other words, had been poking fun at us; but I now was made aware of the undercurrent of true wisdom that ran like a golden thread in a piece of rich tapestry through the tenor of his argument, but our attention was directed to more material objects by the announcement of breakfast. I don't think I ever enjoyed my food so thoroughly as I have done since we started on our expedition; and how good one's baccy tastes, too, afterwards. I feel like a new man in every sense. There can be no question that the English know how to live healthy lives, and we Americans discover the truth of this when we come to adopt their methods. Also the English climate is mild and nerve-soothing, whereas the American climate is exciting and therefore exhausting, and we pay the penalty of leading the world in business by worrying ourselves into premature graves. Behind the successful American man of business stalk the grim specters of heart trouble and of Bright's disease, ready to encircle him with their fatal, shadowy arms.

The launch conveyed us to the jetty used by the local fishermen, and we strolled up through the quaint little town to a rather dilapidated church. We were shown to the pew directly under the pulpit by an ancient-looking man with a shrewd, rugged face. Our advent had evidently been bruited abroad by this time, as the moderate-sized edifice was crammed with natives and resorters. There was, indeed, hardly standing room. The meek-faced parson was obviously much flurried and made divers mistakes in giving out the hymns and read the second lesson first. He didn't seem able to take his eyes off Dora, who had kind of hypnotized the poor man, but in this last respect he was not singular. He preached quite a decent sermon, however; at least the first part went off in good shape till, raising his eyes, as he came to his now "fourthly, brethren," his line of vision encountered Dora's glorious optics, and somehow he got confused and dropped his manuscript, and it took him fully two minutes before he could find his place again. He turned as red as a peony, and I sincerely pitied the poor soul. At last he was safely through, to his own, as well as to our relief, and while the final hymn was being sung the ushers took up the collection, which must have easily beaten the record for that place of worship. All our party gave liberally, and I could see that the check which the Emperor tossed into the plate was one for three figures. There was quite a crowd assembled in the pretty churchyard to see us come out, and I could hear such remarks made in low but audible tones as "Just look at her dress!" "That's the man that killed the robbers. He's the aluminum king." "Isn't she a beauty?" "Oh, dear, what a hat," etc., etc. I am not sure but that our ladies did not feel more flattered at these outspoken, unstudied expressions of candid criticism than they had ever done at the silent, approving, insouciant glances of the blasé members of the smart set in town.

We walked to Towans Head, from which vantage spot we gained a fine view of the adjoining coast scenery. What a gem of a seaside resort this is. We have nothing like it in the States. We possess hardly (Maine excepted) any rocky cliffs on our coast line, which, as a general rule, is depressingly tame. Nature has not been at all kind to us in this respect.

On our return to the yacht, we found that we had severally acquired such an appetite that the proposed bath was postponed till the afternoon. Until we had satisfied the cravings of nature, all else seemed of minor importance. About 4 P. M. we had our

swim, our graceful group being closely watched by numerous parties in rowboats. I for one did not regret the display of this insular curiosity, as the water toilets of our ladies constitute in themselves a salutary educating medium, wherever they happen to be in evidence. Refreshed by our dip, we half dressed for dinner. By this I don't mean to say we only put on half the usual articles of attire, but that our ladies wore high-necked gowns and we men Tuxedo coats, so that we were *en demi toilette*, as the French say. Gallic idioms do not bear literal translation. The Emperor had resolved to give the local cooks a chance, and so had engaged a table in the restaurant of the New Quay Arms Hotel. Before starting, it was discovered quite by accident that it was Annie Leighton's birthday. This occasioned a short colloquy between Jim and Captain Beattie, who gave several orders to his subordinates. On landing at the jetty we walked along the north shore, explored several small caverns and ascended the steep zig-zag path cut in the side of the cliff that led up to the hotel, which was crammed with resorters, and our party, especially the ladies, took the place by storm. All eyes were directed to our table, and the women guests seemed most of the time to be taking mental photographs of our ladies' costumes, rather than attending to the prosaic business of masticating their food. The dinner was quite a simple repast, mock turtle, boiled salmon, shoulder of mutton (and oh, what mutton!), plovers on toast, raspberry and red currant pie with scalded (alias Cornish) cream, simply delicious, finished up with old cheddar cheese. I wish I knew where to get the last-named. In the matter of liquor, we struck it in the shape of magnums of Pierret Jouet of 1914, a perfect treasure trove. We did justice to it and drank the fair Annie's health in brimming bumpers. While we were still at the pie stage, Annie, with a merry, mischievous expression on her face, asked a waiter to bring her some more Devonshire cream. The waiter, a rather awkward, uncouth-looking creature, whose dress clothes had obviously been made for some one else, gave a start as if an unseen person had pricked him with a pin. He seemed quite bewildered for a moment, his mouth opened and his eyes turned up till only the whites were visible, and he seemed to give a kind of spasmodic gasp, as he replied in a jerky fashion:

"I am sorry that we do not keep it, madam."

"But I have just eaten some at this table," retorted Annie.

"Oh, that is Cornish cream, madam; quite different, I assure you, and vastly superior to that made in Devon."

"Well, I will take Cornish cream, then," said Annie, and the waiter hastened to obey her behest.

"Now, Willie," continued Annie, addressing her fiancé, "do you mean to tell me that there is any real difference between Devonshire and Cornish creams? The waiter, it is true, evidently seems to think so, but then he is prejudiced, and possibly never was in the former county. But you are enlightened. Do you still stick to your strange opinion? Are not these two creams exactly and identically the same? Won't you own up to it now?"

"There are no two things exactly similar in nature, dear," replied Dawlish. "For instance, there are no two sheep in a flock, no two leaves in a forest exactly alike in all respects, so surely this is possible of two creams."

"That is begging the question," replied Annie. "Now, Judge," said she, appealing to me, "you are capable of giving an impartial and dispassionate judgment on any subject. Can you detect any difference between this cream and that which the chefs made on board the yacht, and that, too, which we enjoyed at Ilfracombe?"

"I confess," replied I, "that I am unable to detect any difference at all, but, of course, that doesn't absolutely prove that there exists no variation."

"I consider that is a most non-committal kind of statement," replied Annie. "You lawyers are sometimes over-cautious, but I consider the judgment is in my favor. What have you to say to this, Willie?" said she, smiling at her lover.

"May I have leave to address the court, your Honor?" said Dawlish, speaking to me.

"Why, certainly," replied I, "though what defence you can set up I cannot for the life of me imagine."

"Well, you know," replied the Captain, "what I have to say is brief and to the point, or rather two points. First, that it takes many years of careful study and the consuming of scores of quarts of cream to be enabled, assisted by an exceptionally susceptible palate, to detect any difference between the Devonshire and Cornish varieties of the same article. Secondly, you cannot eliminate inborn prejudice from a real Devonian or a genuine Cornishman, except you chop it from him with an axe or blow it out with a shotgun."

"In other words, you have to kill them first," said Jim.

"Precisely so," said Dawlish, gravely.

"Well, that's a candid avowal at any rate," broke in the Canon, with a laugh. "So, my dear daughter, I had better give you as a wedding present an axe and a shotgun, as your future husband is a Devonian himself."

"I say, Dawlish," cried Jim, "that's one on the point of the jaw for you, old man."

"Yes, a regular knockout checkmate," echoed the Rector.

"I don't think it will check the mating of that pair at any rate," observed Dora quietly.

"I must say, Dawlish," said the Emperor, "you jollied the whole crowd pretty neatly about the cream. You fairly took in the Judge. I don't care thirty cents whether this cream is Devonshire or Cornish, it's mighty good, and so is this pie; and I don't know what you have done, ladies, and gentlemen, but I have made a great dinner. I say, waiter," continued the Emperor, "just go and bring the chef. I should like to see him for a moment."

The waiter retired, but soon returned and said:

"There's no one of the name of Chef staying in the hotel, sir."

"There's the greatest blockhead on earth in this hotel," roared the old man, "and that's you. If you haven't got a chef, bring up the cook."

With that the half-dazed servant scuttled out of the room like a frightened rabbit, and soon returned with a very stout two hundred and twenty-pound female. She had a great red moonface and a mouth that seemed to extend all round her head when she smiled, which was continually.

"Cook," said the old man pompously, "I am much pleased with the dinner you have prepared for us. Here is a small token of my respect," and he handed her a five-pound note. She made a reverence towards the Emperor, which made her look like a firkin of butter doing a curtsy, and having mumbled her thanks, wobbled out of the room, highly delighted, and well she might be, for that public testimonial to her prowess coming from such a famous gourmet would tend to increase her own self-esteem and her value in her employer's eyes, in a way nothing else could have done.

After the consumption of a couple of bottles of very fair port, we men joined the ladies on the piazza facing the sea. All the guests of the hotel and a number of the outside visitors and re-

sorters had also been drawn thither with the view of seeing the famous Clark party. I forgot to mention that a detachment of the Blue Hungarian Band, eight in number, had that day arrived from town. They had been engaged by the Emperor for the remainder of the trip. The musicians had landed by the old man's orders and discoursed sweet music, to the great delight of all.

It was a delicious night, balmy and cool. Suddenly two searchlights streamed from the deck of the yacht and commenced making mystical movements on the sky.

"What is the yacht signaling, Captain Beattie?" said Dora, who sat next to him.

"Many happy returns of the day to Miss Annie Leighton," replied the officer.

"Oh, isn't that clever?" said Annie. "I ought to be happy after that." Just then the whole yacht burst forth into a blaze of electricity, festoons of lamps gleaming everywhere, outlining her spars and funnels, and then the three-inch guns began to bang away, the number of explosions according with the years of Annie's age. This was followed by a really smart pyrotechnic display. Fireworks always look better on the water than on the land, and the bouquets of rockets made a fine show.

The old man insisted on standing drinks to the crowd, and many was the lament from numerous fair ones that it was Sunday, and therefore dancing was necessarily tabooed.

CHAPTER XV.

A SERMON ON STONES.

JULY 11, MONDAY.

EIGHT o'clock saw us all on the auto coach ready for a start. We were sorry to leave New Quay. It is a most charming little out-of-the-way resort, and we all determined, though this was our first, that it should not (D. V.) be our last visit.

We were to rejoin the "Dora" at Falmouth. We started at a smart pace and made straight for the Land's End *via* Redruth and St. Ives, which latter is a most ancient fishing town, so old, indeed, that it must have been founded soon after the flood, if not before.

We did not stop to inspect its antiquities, but sped onwards till we arrived at the termination of all things British, that is the Land's End. The weather was brilliantly fine and the scenery splendid; what an ironbound coast it is, no chance for a vessel or her crew when she goes ashore on those cruel rocks. We left the autos and walked down to the edge of the cliffs.

At one point we halted for two reasons: first, to allow the Canon to ventilate his opinions on the subject of rocking stones, of which there were several very fine specimens in full blast just hereabout. The second reason was to give Miss Leighton and Captain Dawlish a chance for a quiet stroll and a spoon unobserved among the rocks. This latter was the truly philanthropic idea of our queen.

It is needless to say that it wasn't long before the happy pair had slipped out of sight, and the rest of us were gathered around our antiquarian. His opinion on the formation of rocking stones is curious, and though I believe accepted by most scientific men, may not be so well known to the unlearned majority. It is this: sometimes it happens that an enormous block of granite which probably was conveyed to its present resting place by some traveling glacier of a remote period, has a vein of softer material, such

as limestone or decayed trap, running crosswise through it. This vein in the course of ages is gradually worn away all round by the action of the weather, leaving at last the upper portion of the rock balanced on the last remaining fragment of the soft vein, which is the connecting link with the lower half of the stone, and so marvelously even is this process of decomposition that a child's hand may sometimes suffice to set in motion a block of granite weighing from ten to twenty tons.

By the time the learned churchman had concluded his sermon on stones, we were prepared to do justice to a most appetizing lunch that the servants had spread on an adjacent rock, and the lovers certainly gave a visible proof that the tender passion does not necessarily impair the appetite.

How delicious a good cigar tastes after an *al fresco* banquet! There may be troubles in store for all of us, but we have none to-day. The beginning and the end of my creed is to be as happy as you can yourself in this world, and to give as much happiness as possible to others. People call me an Epicurean: so be it. I have no patience with those who say that it is sinful to enjoy yourself; that this world is a miserable desert full of thorns, lions, donkeys, bears and bulls, though it is true there is a superabundance of the last two. The saner in body and mind a man or woman is, the happier is he or she likely to be. Happiness to an immense degree is a question of digestion and dollars.

With glad hearts the majority of the members of our party mounted our bikes, leaving the Emperor, the Rector, and the Canon to their cigars and conversation on the Coach.

The going was too good for anything. Oh, those granite roads of Cornwall, shall I ever forget them! We soon covered the distance that lay between Land's End and Penzance, through which pleasantly situated town we sped, our procession of cars evidently giving the inhabitants the impression that a circus had entered the place. We cried a halt at the neighboring village of Marazion, and it being low water, walked across to St. Michael's Mount, famous in legendary lore as being formerly the residence of the first giant whom Jack, the slayer of monstrous humans, killed. It is difficult to separate the truth from the fiction in these tales.

The castle is most picturesque and must have been pretty well impregnable in ancient times. The view from the terrace is delightful. While there we made out the "Dora" steaming leisurely

along on her way to Falmouth. The day was young yet, and as we were about to tackle some hilly country, on our return to Marazion, we replaced our trusty cycles on their stands and took our accustomed places on the Coach.

Arriving at Helston we left the rest of the cars there, and made a side dash to the Lizard, a narrow promotory about ten miles long running straight out to sea; at its end are placed two light-houses. These are the first English beacons that a homeward-bound vessel sights, and consequently they are probably as important to commerce as any in the world.

We stayed on the Lizard long enough to admire the rugged cliff scenery, and then sped back again, only having been absent from Helston little more than two hours. A delightful ride of about twenty-five miles brought us to Falmouth, where the faithful "Dora" was awaiting us. We were glad to get on board and enjoy a bath and an easy time previous to dinner.

We found it to be an immense advantage, this keeping in touch with the yacht, as we could always replenish our electricity, etc., etc., without having to depend on local sources of supply.

JULY 12, TUESDAY.

We spent the early hours of the forenoon in inspecting the granite quarries, which have supplied material for building the great Spithead forts of Portsmouth and other public works; also we paid a visit to the old-time castle that was built to command the narrow entrance to the land-locked haven, capacious enough to allow all the fleets of Britain to ride at anchor therein. The castle is still retained as an ornament and curiosity, but as a means of protection it has given place to batteries of powerful 9.2 inch and 7.5 inch quick-firing guns, dirigible torpedoes, mines, and submarine torpedo boats.

Having made a rendezvous with the yacht in Plymouth Sound, we betook ourselves to our land conveyances, having first replenished their electric storage batteries.

We proceeded along the main road *via* Redruth and Bodmin to Truro, at which latter place we dismounted in order to view the cathedral, a modern affair of modest dimensions, of no great architectural beauty. I should judge that it would be quite impossible nowadays to build a cathedral equal to the magnificent Gothic edifices that constitute one of the principal glories of the old country. Probably St. Patrick's Cathedral on Fifth Avenue, New York City, is the finest strictly modern sacred building of

the nineteenth and twentieth centuries in the world, the chief secular ones being the Capitol and Public Library at Washington D. C., and the Courts of Justice at Brussels, Belgium.

We were invited to descend one of the great tin mines near Bodmin, but we did not avail ourselves of the privilege, owing to the heat of the weather, but I should have liked to have visited some very ancient workings of the Phœnicians, that bear, so I am told, the marks of the tools of the old-time miners, who have with their implements been mingled with the dust for more than 2,000 years, but in this I found myself in a minority of one, as the cycling members of our party were so enamoured of the billiard-like surface of the splendid road after leaving Redruth, that nothing would satisfy them but pressing on.

The last stage of the journey was performed in smart time, we once more stored our cycles and let the autos career along at about twenty miles an hour. As we crossed the high-level bridge at Calstock that spans the Tavy River, we could see at our feet the city of Devonport, with its naval dockyard, which stands third in importance after Portsmouth and Chatham.

We passed by the series of outlying forts that form the land defences of Plymouth, and entered that city, and autoed up the High Street to the neighborhood of the Hoe, where we lingered for an hour or more inspecting the statue of Drake, and the sacred spot of ground where that hero with his brother English worthies played that ever famous game of bowls at the time when the Spanish Armada was sighted coming in the shape of a crescent up the English Channel. In the long list of Britains' illustrious sons, I am inclined to think that Drake should be placed the first, even outranking the immortal Nelson himself. It was chiefly owing to Drake's consummate skill, his noble patriotism and invincible resolution, that the fleet was kept in readiness at the most critical moment, not only in English, but in European history, when the miserable parsimony of Queen Elizabeth grudged not only pay but (incredible as it may read) even provisions and ammunition to the heroic sailors who were to engage in Britain's Salamis.

Not only this, but his incomparable example and fearless audacity inspired those around him with unconquerable valor. The skill with which he harried the "invincible" Armada in its passage up the Channel, and fought and gained the crowning victory of Gravelines (possibly the most important naval action

in modern history), is above all praise, and unquestionably preserved the liberties, religious and secular, not only of his own country, but those of Europe as well. If England had fallen, all else worth preserving would have disappeared, and possibly even the United States of America might now be a Spanish possession. I think that there should be a statue erected to Drake in the Central Park, New York City, for perhaps it is not going too far to say that it was he who made the victories of Manila and Santiago possible.

Plymouth is a doubly sacred spot to American pilgrims, for here it was that the "Mayflower" was equipped, and it was from Plymouth Sound that she started on her ever memorable and epoch-making voyage.

I have thought fit to pen these lines in my diary; they are culled from reflections that crowded into my mind as we sat on the Hoe listening to the exquisite strains of the Marine Artillery band. It is somewhat curious, by the way, that the marine forces of England and the United States respectively should furnish the best service music of the two countries.

We wended our way to the landing-place, where we found the "Dora's" launch waiting for us. We were soon on board in time for tea, after which refreshment I occupied an hour (previous to dressing for dinner) in writing up my diary.

I had always heard that the climate of Plymouth is distinguished by excessive humidity, and that rain, a penetrating soft, persistent form of Scotch mist, is the rule rather than the exception. Whether there was a special interposition of Providence in our favor I know not, but what I do know, is that during our short stay at Plymouth, the weather was all that could be possibly desired.

The captain of the "Yorkshire" had (after asking the Emperor's leave) advised some of his naval friends of our expected arrival, and so after dinner various steam and electric launches came along side the "Dora," whose after-deck (it is not proper to say "quarter-deck" when referring to a yacht) was soon heard the buzzing of conversation and rippling peals of laughter. At intervals selections by our band were given from the "Mikado," the "Pirates of Penzance" or "Hungarian Rhapsodies," the notes of which seemed to float with entrancing sweetness on the lambent air, as we sat around in groups partaking of our creature

comforts in luxurious deck chairs, enjoying the soft night air, and each other's society, gazing all the time o'er the lake-like waters of the glorious Sound, on whose translucent surface were reflected the lights of the starry firmament and those of the adjacent city.

CHAPTER XVI.

A MASHING OLD SALT.

JULY 13, WEDNESDAY.

WE were up betimes, and after breakfast the "Dora," having got up a good head of steam, put out to sea and gave a specimen of her phenomenal powers along the coast, first to the Lizard, afterwards as far as Exmouth. On our return we visited the Eddystone Lighthouse and the famous breakwater, and then casting anchor in the Sound, we boarded the electric launch and paid a visit to the romantic and exquisite country seat of Lord Mount Edgecombe, whose acquaintance we had made in town. His Lordship was in London, but under the conduct of his steward we were courteously shown over the house and grounds, and enjoyed peeps of the beautifully timbered park. We then returned to the yacht for lunch, which meal being over we set out for Devonport, inspected Drake's Island and a portion of the dockyard, and then once more mounted the auto coach and sped away to Dartmoor.

We found our camp about five miles from Tavistock, pitched in a most delightfully wild location, surrounded by rugged tors. After tea the auto coach was called again into requisition, and we paid a fleeting visit to the wondrously beautiful residence of the Duke of Bedford. I could hardly have believed that such a fairy-like place existed except in the Arabian Nights. The gardens are a seven days' wonder.

We returned tired but happy to the camp, and enjoyed a night's refreshing rest in our luxurious gipsy tents. What a blessing it is to be in a land where the dreaded mosquito is unknown. The pure air of Dartmoor, apart from anything else, is an excellent soporific.

JULY 14, THURSDAY.

Attended by our flying detachment of autos, we proceeded to

Exeter *via* Launceston and Okehampton, and a most delightful and invigorating ride it proved. Dartmoor possesses a charm of its own, and it certainly is one of the finest of England's playgrounds.

We didn't trouble our cycles much, as the country through which we passed was for the most part too hilly. A halt of two hours was called at Exeter in order to view the splendid Cathedral and the ancient castle.

Exeter was formerly the principal city of the West. Its strategic position made it a coveted post. The Conqueror found it a hard nut to crack, and it had to stand several sieges at various times, during the anarchic reign of Stephen, the Contention of the Roses, and the great civil war, its possession gave to the victors, for the time being, a firm hold on all the west country.

Leaving this notable place behind, we cyclists mounted our wheels and sped swiftly (followed by our autos) in the direction of Torquay. Before arriving at this fashionable winter resort, we had a picnic lunch *al fresco*. Torquay, like a miniature Rome, is built on seven hills, which are dotted with exquisite villas peeping out from luxuriant verdure. Near at hand is Torbay, where William the Third landed with his army in order to preserve the liberties of the English people, endangered by the insane folly of the wretched bigot, James Second, the last monarch of that miserable Stuart dynasty, which presents the most eminent specimen of hereditary maladministration of successive monarchs the history of the world has recorded.

From Torquay we bowled along the coast road to Teignmouth, a pleasant summer resort, where we had a sea dip and a stroll on the sands, the happy hunting grounds of countless children with their parents and nursemaids. From thence we passed through Dawlish, another and smaller resort, with its curious rocks, worked by the surges of ages into various suggestive shapes, the principal of them being called the Parson and Clerk, from their fancied resemblance to a clergyman preaching in an old-time three-decker pulpit, with his coadjutor underneath droning out the responses.

By a pretty roundabout route we turned back, and at length arrived at our camp, which occupied a convenient site on the southern verge of Dartmoor, a few miles from Torquay.

JULY 15, FRIDAY.

There was no particular occasion to hurry, so we spent the early hours of the morning, loafing around the vicinity of the camp, enjoying the scenery and the pure fresh air.

Dora, Annie Leighton, and Dawlish did a little sketching in water color. I was surprised at the real talent displayed by the last named. Sketching is a delightful accomplishment which so few American ladies seem to take to. English ladies are generally adepts at the minor arts that help to pass away the time, and to occupy otherwise idle fingers. Crochet, embroidery, wool work, sketching, or painting on china may not amount to much from a strictly utilitarian point of view, but they give an air of business, and are certainly graceful and ornamental makeshifts, and help to banish ennui and fill up spare moments.

At last we were on the road again, and varied by interludes of cycling, we arrived at Weymouth, where we found the launch that speedily conveyed us to Portland harbor, where the "Dora" was anchored inside the breakwater that is constructed of huge granite blocks, fixed in their place by the labor of the convicts belonging to the great government penitentiary, situated on the neighboring promontory, or, as it is called, "Portland Bill," that is connected with the mainland by that natural curiosity Chisel Beach. In close proximity to our yacht lay a division of the Home Defence Squadron, with a complement of cruisers and torpedo boat destroyers.

The whole train of autos was ordered to proceed to the neighborhood of Southampton, pitch the camp in the New Forest and await instructions. After lunch we all spent some time in perusing our mail and in writing necessary letters. We found a whole pile of visiting cards from officers of the Squadron. When we reassembled on deck Dora asked Captain Beattie to point out to her the "Kent," armored cruiser.

"Admiral Squally has left his cards," said she, "and I am going to invite him and his principal officers to dine with us to-night."

"But my dear Dora," said the Emperor, "I am, as you know, arranging to give a big dinner party to the officers of the Squadron to-morrow evening, and of course the Admiral will receive his invitation along with the others."

"But, Daddy," replied Dora, "don't you remember what the captain of the 'Yorkshire' told us at Lundy, that the Admiral

is going up to town to-morrow and therefore couldn't be present?"

"It seems, dear," said Jim, rather tartly, "that you take a very great interest in this Admiral. You have owned up to having flirted with him in London."

"Oh, Jim dear," replied Dora laughing merrily, "I am afraid it is a question of the green-eyed monster once more. You are jealous, my love. But remember that the man is sixty-four and as homely as a hat. Anyhow I mean to have my own way, and am going to call on the Admiral this afternoon. He is awfully nice and adores me," and with an imperial air, she requested Captain Beattie to have the launch ready in an hour's time to take her to the "Kent."

"Now, Jim," said Dora, with a malicious smile, "will you accompany me?"

"I don't want to see the old buffer. But you can do as you like, dear," replied her husband rather gruffly.

"Now don't be cross, darling," said our queen, "it is so unlike you. But I dare say some of the others will escort me if you don't."

I was the first to volunteer, the Rector being a good second, my wife, of course, expressing a wish to join the expedition. Annie Leighton and her fiancé naturally preferred each other's exclusive society, while the Emperor and the Canon elected to have a quiet time on board the yacht.

I could see that Jim was slightly rattled. He was so wrapped up in Dora, that he would have felt inclined to be jealous of Methuselah himself if that antediluvian patriarch had been still around, and had betrayed symptoms of being mashed with his (Jim's) wife, but I could not understand Dora's motives for thus showing such a decided preference for this old foggy of an Admiral.

At the appointed time, Dora and my wife appeared, clad in most bewitching toilets, rather too elaborate, I thought, for the occasion. When we were along side the "Kent" I was surprised to see that considerable preparations had been made for our reception.

I learnt afterwards that immediately on our arrival, Dora had quietly directed our third officer to communicate by wireless telegraphy with the "Kent" to the effect that she (Dora) would call at a special time.

As we ascended the gangway of the fine ship of war, which appeared to be as comfortable as she is formidable (for which former reason, though one of the oldest vessels in the Squadron, she had been chosen as a flag-ship), we perceived the marines and a division of bluejackets drawn up in two lines, while the principal officers were assembled in full uniform on the quarter-deck with Admiral Squally, a monkey-faced little old man, at their head.

We were received with as much ceremony as if we had been a party of Royalties, and the Admiral seemed so pleased at the honor done to him, that he couldn't say enough, and Dora was all smiles and sugar as she took his arm on a tour of inspection round the ship. Everything was as clean as a new pin and in apple-pie order, as is always the case on British and American ships of war.

The crew of the fore 9.2 inch gun went through the process of loading with a dummy charge and discharging the weapon, the captain of the gun, a splendid specimen of manhood, evidently taking an immense pleasure in explaining the action of the deadly weapon to our queen. The same process was gone through with a six-inch quick-firer, and then with a Hotchkiss twelve-pounder. Afterwards we visited the men's quarters, entered the galley and tasted the cocoa, peeped into the gun-room and the officers' quarters, and finally brought up in the Admiral's cabin, which was most tastefully decorated. We had tea, Dora officiating at the urn. Captain Beattie and the first lieutenant had been on the same ship together as midshipmen in the Mediterranean, and we were all soon as thick as thieves.

Admiral Squally has the reputation of being a tremendous martinet, and I was told when on the China Station almost stirred up a mutiny by his severity in stopping the men's allowances and leave for the most trivial offenses, but now he was as mild as milk, and looked as if butter would hardly melt in his mouth, and seemed to bask in Dora's smiles just like a Florida mud-turtle in the full blaze of the midday sun.

After leaving the "Kent" we visited the Admiral of the Squadron on board the "King Edward," first-class battle-ship, and returned to the yacht in time to dress for dinner.

We found Jim a mixture of jealousy and repentance, and Dora, who was in overflowing spirits, bantered him on the attentions Admiral Squally had paid her.

"Wait till you see him, you will say that you really have cause for jealousy. He is a perfect specimen of an old Apollo, isn't he, Judge?" said she appealing to me.

'Well, if Apollo was like the Admiral," I replied, "all I can say is that the Greeks have strangely misrepresented the god of mashers in the statues they sculptured of him."

Jim didn't quite catch on to the meaning of my observation, and went on puffing out huge volumes of smoke in solemn silence.

Certainly if the Admiral had been the King of England, Mrs. Clark could not have taken more trouble with her toilet that evening. She wore a princess gown demi-trained of parma violet, satin draped with glorious rose point lace; she wore the sapphires and diamonds the old man had given her. She looked brilliant, talked brilliant, and in fact was superlatively brilliant, so we all thought, and so did the Admiral and his officers; the former, seated at dinner on Dora's right hand, seemed quite bewildered with the graciousness of his goddess's demeanor to him, and his hands trembled, not with old age, but excitement, as he assisted to place on Dora's lovely shoulders the long regal mantle of dark violet velvet, deeply trimmed with ermine, previous to her sortie on deck.

Jim on first seeing the Admiral was evidently much relieved by the latter's simian appearance, but during dinner I noticed that he gradually became more silent, as his potations got deeper. When we men had got through our wine and had joined the ladies outside, the little Admiral, as a matter of course, seated himself by Dora's side and carried on a long conversation with her in an inaudible undertone. I noticed that once she seemed as if imploring him for something, at another time she patted him on the back of his hand in a bantering sort of way with her closed fan, and finally I saw her furtively draw off one of her long pearl-gray, mosquetaire gloves, and quickly hand it to her companion. I seemed to hear the word "Remember." The Admiral nodded as he pouched the glove.

Jim was by this time getting quite ugly, and I was in a mortal terror lest he might suddenly rise up and pitch the diminutive Admiral into the sea. However, nothing of such a terrible nature transpired, but I was immensely relieved when the officers of the "Kent" at length took their departure.

I confess to being completely mystified. It was impossible that Dora really cared for this homely little manikin. Was she de-

liberately trying to stir up jealousy and strife? That seemed altogether foreign to her nature. I cross-examined my wife when we had retired for the night, but I found that Bella was just as much in the dark as myself. I came to the conclusion that Dora was playing with the Admiral for some deep purpose of her own. What that purpose was I couldn't divine, though I cursed my stupidity afterwards, when we knew all. A child would have solved the puzzle. Detectives often fail and over-reach themselves, by assuming that their cases are much more complicated affairs than they appear at first sight to be. When the Admiral was gone, Dora, who had a triumphant expression on her face, sat down and indulged in a quiet laugh all to herself. Then she proceeded to try and exhaust all her wondrous powers of fascination on her husband and father-in-law, and partially succeeded in her object of mollifying them (for, to tell the truth, the Emperor was just as much put out by Dora's philanderings as Jim).

"But, Dora dear," said the Canon apologetically, "I can't for the life of me understand what you see in this man-monkey, and besides you will drive the little fellow to distraction, and we shall see in the papers one morning, 'Dreadful Suicide of Rear-Admiral Squally, second in command of the Home Defence Fleet. Cause unknown. Possibly blighted affection, as a lady's glove was found in his cabin bespattered with his blood, side by side with a loaded revolver, with one chamber discharged.'"

"Yes, Dora," said Jim eagerly, "I saw you give Squally one of your gloves. What did you do that for?"

"I had to," replied Dora, laughing, "it was a case of a compromise. The Admiral struck his flag to me literally, and he is going to send it to me to-morrow, the battle-flag of old England white ground, with a red St. George's cross, and I am going to give it to Captain Beattie to keep, and to bend it on to our mizzen-peak when I give him the office."

"There, I knew Lady Incognita had a good reason for her flirtation," said the Rector, laughing.

"That's a cranky notion, darling," said Jim. "What an idea! We can't hoist that flag, it would damn me in the opinion of all yachting men. Only members of the R. Y. S. can fly Britain's battle flag."

"But you may be a member some day, Jim," said Dora.

"No, I shan't, I haven't a ghost of a chance, and you know it. It's beastly mean, Dora, to jolly me like this."

"Come along, Bella, we will leave the men to the consolation of whisky and tobacco," said our queen, rising and shaking out her train. "They do not understand us women, and I believe never will."

"By the Lord, you are right," said the Canon, laughing.

"What's all the trouble about?" said Dawlish, who had been so absorbed in his Annie's society that he hadn't noticed what had been transpiring elsewhere.

"Why, Mr. Clark and Jim are wild because Mrs. Clark has been mashing Admiral Squally. She gave up one of her gloves to him, and he is to give her a flag, and that's all there's to it," I replied.

"A monkey-parrot kind of business, eh, Jim?" said Dawlish, giving the ex-cowboy a mighty slap between the shoulders with his open hand.

"Perhaps," enigmatically observed the ex-cowboy, with a half sigh.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE ADMIRAL STRIKES HIS FLAG.

JULY 16, SATURDAY.

WE occupied the morning in seeing the great Penitentiary and the famous Chisel Beach. On our return we lunched on board the "King Edward," and afterwards paid visits to several of the warships. Dora was in great spirits and didn't seem to miss Admiral Squally, who went to town to-day.

Just before dressing-time for dinner, a launch from the "Kent" ran along side the yacht, and a midshipman came on board and presented a parcel to Dora, on which was inscribed in large letters, "With Admiral Squally's compliments and best wishes."

Dora thanked the middy and requested him to sit down and have a whisky and soda, while she unfastened the bundle that contained a Royal Navy flag, which she handed over to Captain Beattie, saying as she did so:

"We will unbend this to-morrow, Captain."

Captain Beattie received his country's ensign with profound respect and replied:

"Your wishes are commands to me, Mrs. Clark."

The dinner was a grand success. All the old man's gold plate was on view, and I felt proud that we were able to astonish the gallant English officers with a display of real culinary science, and how they sucked down the Emperor's peerless champagne. It did one's heart good to see it. It was almost a stag party, our three fair ladies having to face the admiring glances of an Admiral and all the Post Captains, Commanders, First Lieutenants and Chief Engineers of the Starboard Division of the Home Defense Fleet, but then Dora was a host in herself, looking a picture of beauty, in cream white satin and point lace, with the glorious diamonds that had cost 100,000 pounds to purchase, and eight human lives to retain, with the Admiral of the Fleet on her right hand and the Senior Post Captain on her left.

After the patriotic and international toasts had been duly honored, the Admiral proposed in a bluff, sailorly fashion the health of the Queen of the Fleet, "with three times three and one cheer more and no heeltaps, gentlemen, and don't forget to break your glasses afterward," roared the Captain of the "Kent."

Every man was on his legs in an instant, and the volley of cheers must have been heard on board the neighboring warships, as each man emptied his glass and dashed it in pieces on the table. Such spontaneous enthusiasm I never witnessed, and a proud smile of exultation lighted up Jim's face. He forgot for the moment all about Squally, every consideration being swallowed up in the proud consciousness of his darling's triumph.

The Emperor, too, was delirious with excitement, and as for Dora, all the society successes gained by her during the past season rolled into one did not, I am sure, equal for pure delight this one supreme and convincing proof of her hypnotic sway over the hearts of these British sea lions. Poor Jim, little accustomed to public speaking, had of course to respond for his wife, and in spite of evident nervousness, performed better than I had expected, his voice (strange to say) almost quivering with suppressed emotion.

When we were all assembled on the deck the sight that met our view was an entrancing one. It was a perfect summer night, the stars shone bright, and the great searchlights from the warships crossed and recrossed each other in all directions, and soared up to an amazing height, as if wishing to pierce the azure empyrean itself, while the yacht was surrounded by the launches and rowboats of the Fleet.

The "Dora" was illuminated from stern to stern. The Admiral whispered a few words in the ear of Captain Beattie, who in his turn spoke in low tones to our first officer, who quietly retired, and then, as if by magic, two great beams of electric light soared up from amidships of the yacht and commenced wobbling to and fro, as if endeavoring to write some mysterious characters on the sky. When these gyrations ceased suddenly, as if guided by one unseen hand, the searchlights from each battleship, cruiser and destroyer began to move in harmonious rhythmic manner, and then burst out from each vessel, commencing from the flagship, rounds of tremendous cheers that found echoes in the bluff commanding heights of Portland Hill, and were taken up by the crews of the surrounding boats.

"What is the meaning, Admiral, of these wobbling search-lights and of this cheering?" said Dora. "Is it the anniversary of some great naval victory?"

"This demonstration is in honor of the victory the fair lady who is sitting next to me has gained over British hearts. The signal the 'Dora' has just despatched was:

" 'The two Doras salute the Squadron,' and the reply was:

" 'Success and happiness to the Queen of the Fleet,' " and the Admiral rose and bowed low amid general hand-clapping and ones of "bravo bravissimo" from all the crowd.

I could see that Dora was visibly affected by this tremendous ovation. Her thoughts at this moment must have reverted to the period so short a time ago, when she was a poor, trampled on, despised orphan girl, and now she was sitting here the recipient of as grand a compliment as ever had been paid to mortal woman. No wonder that the tears welled in her eyes, and her voice trembled as she earnestly thanked the courtly Admiral.

Well, all things have an end, and our guests at length departed to their several floating homes, and we not unwillingly sought our staterooms.

I learnt afterwards that the Emperor had in no small measure contributed to this display of spontaneous enthusiasm, by quietly, in the course of the afternoon, despatching munificent presents of champagne and cigars to the officers of the warships, accompanied by checks to provide banquets and tobacco for all the crews. He had done this in Dora's name, as if the gift had proceeded from her initiative. An act of self-effacing adoration on his (the Emperor's) part that was really remarkable. I learned this from Captain Beattie, who made me promise to preserve the secret.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

JULY 17, SUNDAY.

IT was 8.30 A. M. this morning before I arrived on deck. It is seldom that I am so unmatutinal, but I stayed up beyond my usual time last night in order to write up my diary, the entries of which had fallen somewhat in arrear. I found that all the members of our party had preceded me, and I was greeted by such salutations as, "Good morning, Judge, bully for you," "Here's the early riser," "What price worms, you old humbug?" etc., etc. The scene that greeted my eyes was indeed a lovely one. The "Dora" was riding at anchor just opposite the Club House of the Yacht Squadron at Cowes. Southampton Water with its well-wooded left bank stretched away to the north, the Isle of Wight and its variegated coast line appearing to the south, with the houses of the little town of Cowes huddled together in picturesque confusion at the mouth of the Medina River. Around us were many yachts great and small, chiefly cutters and yawls, with a schooner or two thrown in here and there. The Solent was as calm as an inland lake, an air of restful quietude pervaded the whole scene, only occasionally broken by the rhythmic sound of oars against rullocks as some yacht's boat plied to or from the shore. The members of our party (with one exception) were grouped together chatting gaily, awaiting the sound of the breakfast gong, ever welcome to those on shipboard, who do not happen to be troubled with the qualms of seasickness. The exception referred to was friend Jim, who was standing apart from the others, gazing moodily at the mirror-like surface of the surrounding water. I could see at a glance that he was not himself, so I approached and slapped him on the back, saying as I did so, "Brace up, old man, what's the matter with you this glorious morning? You look as if the champagne you drank last night has touched up your liver. Let me recommend a seidlitz powder,"

"My liver's all right, Judge, thank you," replied our hero, rather wearily, "but between you and me, I feel worried about Dora, and that infernal little Admiral of hers. I dare say you will think me a rotten fool for harboring such ornary ideas, but I can't help it. What is your opinion, Judge? Do you really suppose that there is anything serious betwen them. I tell you straight, if I thought so, I would shoot him at sight, and put a bullet through my own head afterwards."

"My dear Jim," I replied, "you must be downright crazy! How can you, how dare you entertain the slightest suspicion of the truth and honor of your dear, sweet wife? She is the soul of purity itself. I really am ashamed of you, Jim. I shall change my opinion of you if you say such things." I felt obliged to speak roughly to our hero, and bring him sharply up to the wind (as yachtmen say).

"But then, how do you account for her flirting with Squally in town, and then carrying on as she has been doing? Do you know, Judge, she had a wire from him last night before we left Portland, which she refused to show me? What do you think of that, eh? And then that business of the ensign, for what purpose did she accept that from him. A married woman receiving presents from a man who is not her husband, is that good form?"

"Oh, ah, Jim, that's coming it strong. A gift like a flag can only be considered as a souvenir, it isn't like jewelry and such like truck," said I, trying to smooth matters as well as I could.

At that moment Jim raised his eyes aloft and exclaimed: "Why by the Holy! There is the identical flag unbent at the mizzen-peak. It is too bad. I shall be the laughing-stock of all the men in the club house. I will go and order Beattie to haul it down again."

At that moment Dora came up, looking like a perfect human peach in a ravishing toilet of white serge and gold. She seemed in the highest spirits, and said:

"You are just the man I wanted to see, Judge. My husband has been so cross to me, that I had a good cry this morning, and am afraid that my eyes are all red and nasty. I am one of those women weeping doesn't suit. It's all about that poor old chap, Admiral Squally. Really, Jim is so jealous that he will have to take me about in a glass case gagged and bound. Do you think I look nice, Judge?" said the lovely creature. "I will wear a spotted white veil so that people shan't see my red eyes, the

result of Jim's unkindness. We are going on the Club Lawn after church parade. You will come with me, Jim, won't you?" said she, giving her husband a sly look from under the long lashes of her violet eyes that would have lured St. Simon Stylites himself from off his pillar.

"How can we go there, my darling?" replied her husband, whose fit of sulks was obviously evaporating under the influence of her witching manner. "I am not a member and never will be. I'll bet a thousand dollars to one that I have been black-balled."

"I'll take you, Jim," replied Dora, gaily.

At that moment a servant came up with the mail, which had just arrived, and handed a letter to Jim, which I could see had R. Y. S. engraved in red letters on the envelope. Jim opened the missive and perused it with a bewildered air, and then gave a wild Indian war-whoop and shouted:

"I'm elected! I'm elected! See, Judge, read the letter!" All the members of our party with the ship's officers come crowding around on hearing Jim's excited exclamation, and for the benefit of the crowd I read the letter aloud. It was very much to the point:

"DEAR SIR:

"I have to announce to you that at the annual meeting of the Committee of the Royal Yacht Squadron held to-day, at Boodles Club, St. James's Street, for the purpose of election of members and for general business, you were duly elected. The entrance fee is fifty pounds and the annual subscription is ten pounds. I shall be obliged by your forwarding a check for the amount (sixty pounds) directed to me at the R. Y. S. Club House, Cowes, I. W.

"I remain, sir,

"Your obedient servant,

"S. GALLOWAY

"(Secretary to the R. Y. S.).

"James Clark, Esq., S. Y. 'Dora,' Cowes, I. W."

For a moment there was a silence, then a volley of congratulations followed, the Emperor's voice being heard the loudest.

"But for land's sake," cried Jim, "how did it all come about? I thought that Admiral Squally black-balled nearly all the candi-

dates." Then observing a smile on Dora's face, a light seemed to break in upon him, and he cried:

"It is your doing, my darling Dora! You sweet, clever witch. I see it all now; you were fooling the old man all the time. Oh, what a darned thick-headed numskull I have been. Come, Judge, come all of you and kick me as hard as you can. I don't deserve such a glorious wife. Will you forgive me, darling?" cried he, falling on his knees on the deck, regardless of our presence, and seizing Dora's hand in his, covering it with kisses.

"There's nothing to forgive, my dearest," said Dora, stooping down and kissing her repentant husband, "but I am to blame for carrying the farce too far. I ought to have showed you the telegram from the Admiral. Here it is, love, and don't rumple your new, white, duck trousers, by kneeling on the deck, though I must say it is clean enough to eat one's breakfast off." Jim arose and read the despatch out loud. It was as follows:

"From Admiral Squally, Boodles Club, London, S. W.

"To Mrs. James Clark, S. Y. 'Dora,' Portland, Dorset.

"Your husband is unanimously elected through influence of me and my friends. Am coming to claim reward.

"And what reward did you promise him?" said Jim, anxiously.

"A single tress of what you admire so much and are always pulling down, and putting my maid to a whole heap of trouble to arrange again, namely, my hair," replied Dora, saucily. "The Admiral wasn't content with the glove, so I had to promise him this. Come, Annie," continued she, "you've got some scissors, for you are always doing embroidery, while eternally discussing the state of the weather or of your heart with Captain Dawlish, and please cut off quite a nice piece. I will enclose it with a pretty little note of thanks, and leave it at the club house to-day."

Annie was advancing to play the part of executioner to a tress of the said hair, when Jim exclaimed:

"You mustn't do it, Annie, every hair is worth a thousand dollars to me."

"But she must, Jim," said Dora, "so be quiet. That reminds me, dear, that you owe me exactly the value you attach to a single thread of my great red mop, so pay up at once, sir, and look pleasant."

The haircutting was performed with great ceremony amid

general laughter, while Jim gave the hair and face of the woman he adored so many rapid fire kisses, that the blushing lady had to tell him to stop.

"Now ladies and gentlemen," said Jim, let's drink to the flag in the open air right under where it is waving. That was awfully cunning of you, Dora, to make old Squally give it to you. It is government property, and it makes my boat a man-of-war, I guess."

"And your wife a woman of peace," said the Rector, "Blessed are the peacemakers," added the ecclesiastic, solemnly, "and my blessing on both of you," and he raised his hands bishop-like, over the heads of the happy pair who were standing lover-like in our midst, Jim's strong right arm round Dora's waist, and her head reclining on his shoulder.

Not only did we rapturously toast the two Doras, but Jim insisted on making the ceremony an imposing one, by saluting the flag with eighteen rounds of blank ammunition from our quick-firers, causing, thereby, considerable curiosity among the good people of Cowes. After breakfast, we all went ashore and strolled about till church time, and Jim said that he had never been in such a goody-goody frame of mind before, and his feeling of thankfulness bore visible fruit in the shape of a check for a very substantial sum that he deposited on the plate when the collection was taken up. We took our turn on the green by the sea after service, as the ladies had to show off their toilets, and then we proved the truth of Dora's prophecy, by entering in a body the sacred precincts of the Royal Yacht Squadron. We found our coming had not been unexpected, and quite a few of the members whose acquaintance we had made in town hastened to offer their congratulations. It was quite certain that Jim was a grand addition to the club. Not only had he perhaps the finest steam yacht afloat, and one of the most beautiful and clever of women as his wife, but he was the son and heir of one of the wealthiest men in the world, a man who had already won a great reputation as a Lucullus-like entertainer; in whose hands, therefore, the reputation of the club for hospitality would be absolutely safe. Besides Jim was known (though a bit of a wild westerner) to be a thorough good fellow and sportsman, every inch of him, and moreover the old Chinese wall of aristocratic exclusiveness had long ago been broken down, and red gold counts for more than blue blood nowadays. But the latter was not lacking, for

Dora came of patrician stock, so the Clark combination was very strong.

As the members of our party were standing or sitting on the club lawn, we were the observed of all observers, for since our arrival, hadn't every individual in Cowes, either through telescopes or field-glasses, or by aid of unassisted vision, been examining and admiring the great steam yacht that had taken up her moorings so quietly at five o'clock that morning. And hadn't every one heard all about the Clarks, their wealth, romantic story, and of the wiping out of the bandits, and how they had taken London society by storm, and had just completed quite a unique tour on the most extraordinary set of autos ever constructed, and of course every one knew by this time of Jim's election. News travels apace in a small town like Cowes, if the "Dora's" guns and the hoisting of the white ensign had not already told their own tale. Though the *crème de la crème* of society had not appeared on the scene yet, but were preparing to taste the pleasures of glorious Goodwood before seeking the refreshing breezes of the Solent, still there was a strong contingent of yachtsmen and their families who preferred the sea water to the turf, and these, with the usual crowd of summer tourists, made such a press as soon blocked the narrow walk in front of the club house, every one being eager to catch a glance at the famous beauty, her husband and father-in-law.

While we were sitting in comfort watching the abortive efforts of a solitary policeman to persuade the well-dressed crowd to move on, who should appear on the scene but Admiral Squally, evidently duly filled with a sense of his own importance. He saluted with a highly *impressé* air the ladies, and more especially Dora.

"Did you get my note, Admiral?" said our queen, laughing merrily. "I hope you are satisfied with the enclosure. It was as much as I dare give you." Of course to all the bystanders, apart from our own crowd, this was all Hebrew.

"I shall only part with the said enclosure with my life," said the Admiral, gallantly, as he, with a great flourish, made another profound obeisance. "I am proud as an old member to welcome you, sir," (addressing Jim) "to our club. I trust you will add to its luster by your victories, as your charming wife will embellish it by her beauty and attractiveness."

Jim laughed at the elaborate nature of the little man's compli-

ment, shook hands with him and was introduced on the spot to some of his cronies, the result being that a whole batch of club members accompanied us back to the yacht to partake of lunch. Jim was soon hand in glove with Squally, who is a good little chap, though possessed of the fond delusion so many diminutive men entertain that every fine woman he comes across naturally falls in love with him. Squally, to hear him talk, is a terrible fellow among the women, but his bark is worse than his bite, and he has never seriously endangered the matrimonial felicity of any couple. His society lady friends are in the habit of playing all sorts of games upon him, and of making him believe that they are severally and collectively head over ears in love with him. His rape of Dora's lock was a triumph that completely satisfied his ambition. There was high wassail on board the "Dora" and our band played a selection of semi-religious tunes on deck after lunch.

During the afternoon the Emperor had a square talk with Dawlish and me, and informed us that he had received a most courteous letter from the Duke of Richmond and Gordon (between whom and the Clarks there had been an interchange of hospitalities during the late London season), saying that he (the Duke) would locate us a site for our camp in his park during the forthcoming Goodwood races, if it would be a convenience, and the Emperor said, moreover, that he had replied to his Grace's letter, accepting his kind invitation, and he (the Emperor) requested Dawlish to accompany the autos in order to see that a good camping ground was selected. The Emperor also said that on Friday evening, after the conclusion of the races, we were to proceed straight to a private park three miles from Canterbury belonging to Mr. —, where our camp was to be pitched, and that on the next day (Saturday) we were to make a public entry into the city, where we were to be received in state by the Dean and Chapter and Mayor and Corporation, and the Emperor also went on to say that he had donated 250,000 pounds each to the Cathedral and the city. The former sum was to provide funds for completing the restoration of the Cathedral and the balance was to be invested in the names of the Dean and Chapter for the time being, the income being devoted towards keeping the Cathedral in repair and for the maintenance of the choir, and lastly, for providing scholarships for giving a free musical and general education, together with board and lodging for those boys who

were selected on account of the excellence of their voices. The other 250,000 pounds was devoted to various secular purposes, one of the chief of which is the purchase of a public park for the citizens of the city of Canterbury, in which park are to be provided facilities for all manner of sports, athletics, cricket, football, etc., with a pavilion and provision for the support of three ground men, and once a year there is to be a benefactor's day in the park, a grand fête, sports, fireworks, and public feasting. There were also generous gifts for the county cricket club and the local hospital. A fund was instituted, the income of which was to go towards founding pensions for worthy reduced citizens, and for assisting others who had fallen on evil times to tide over their misfortunes till they were (to use a technical term) once more on an even keel. Technical schools were to be established with scholarships for clever, aspiring youths. A fund was also set apart for giving coals, blankets, and substantial meals in winter to the poor, for the establishment and maintenance of free baths, and lastly a considerable amount was granted to the municipality to assist the Mayor and Corporation in publicly displaying hospitality during the cricket week and on other notable occasions.

It appears that the Emperor, before leaving town, had gone with the Canon pretty minutely into the matter, and had also paid several flying visits to Canterbury to consult with the Dean and the Mayor, and I feel sure that the money could not have been better expended. It will be noticed that there is no mention of a public library in the list of benefactions. The fact is the Emperor was dissuaded from applying, or rather misapplying, any portion of the funds in this way, it having been conclusively established by exhaustive statistical examination that free libraries are chiefly used by an idle section of the public for loafing, novel reading, and as places of assignation for members of the two sexes. That they practically are neglected by the working classes and altogether fail in achieving results solid enough to justify the outlay.

The Emperor having finished his explanation of the way he had so substantially benefited the Cathedral and city of Canterbury, proceeded to unfold the program of our doings during the fall. On leaving Canterbury, we were to board the yacht at Dover the following week and return to Cowes for the regatta, after which we were once more to revisit Canterbury and witness the marriage in the Cathedral of Dawlish and Annie Leighton,

and having seen the happy pair started on their honeymoon, the remainder of our party were to spend a fortnight at Ostend and Homburg, then rejoining the "Dora" at Dover, we were to wend our way to Scotland to shoot the whirring grouse, lay low the antlered monarch of the glen, entrap the silvery salmon and await on the Emperor's recently acquired property the return of the honeymooners. Then later on to visit London, Brighton, New York and 'Frisco. The old man seemed to take a great pleasure in detailing all these various arrangements, and he poked a lot of fun at Dawlish while talking. He seemed in a very happy frame of mind. He was aware of the great uncertainty of human life, and that none of us can really count at all on the future; but, as he himself said, "I have no cause for worry or anxiety. I have made all necessary dispositions of my property by will and otherwise. My affairs are in excellent shape, my life is in the keeping of God, I enjoy every day as it comes and try to do some good in my generation. I hope to live to see my grandchildren playing around me, but if I don't I guess that it won't make much difference to them. We cannot always command good fortune, but we can act so as to deserve it. The main thing is not to worry, for, as my sister Keziah always says, it was worry that killed the cat." This conversation gave me (if it were possible) a higher opinion of the Emperor than I had had before. He is a right kind of philosopher. Great wealth couldn't have fallen into better hands.

JULY 18, MONDAY.

We took a quick steam to Cherbourg and back, the yacht occasionally doing as much as twenty-nine knots, to the surprise of Admiral Squally and other naval experts on board. We did not see so very much of the ladies; they were busy selecting and fixing up their Goodwood frocks. Dora had another motive for remaining *perdu*; she wished to escape the attentions of the little Admiral. He bored her, and she had no further use for him, having got all she needed out of him.

On our return from the French coast we steamed up Southampton Water, had dinner on board, and then, bidding temporary adieu to the yacht, landed, mounted the auto Coach and enjoyed a delightful ride to Goodwood Park, where we found the camp had been pitched in a delightful location. The "Dora," after leaving the remainder of her passengers, such as the Admiral and his friends, at Cowes, had orders to proceed to Dover, anchor in the safety harbor and await orders there.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE YANKS SKIN THE BOOKIES.

JULY 19, TUESDAY.

It would be superfluous to describe the glories of Goodwood. It is a pretty hackneyed subject, I guess, but if any one fails to be impressed by the said glories, the unimpressed one must indeed be a strange, unimpressionable individual.

We were saved that weary ride up the hill each day, and so avoided being choked by dust or coated in mud, as our camp was pitched in the southern section of the park.

By the Emperor's orders, the Coach, Boudoir and Smoker were placed side by side nearly opposite the winning post. By special permission, the Kitchen Car and the Wagon were allowed to be stationed in rear of the lawn. We had an immense picnic party to lunch. A hot lunch is, I believe, a novelty on an English race track, and fairly astonished the Britishers. The Duke of Richmond and Gordon and all his house party lunched with us, and afterwards inspected the Kitchen Car and the Wagon. We had, of course, tickets for the Royal enclosure and spent a good deal of the time there or in the paddock.

Occasionally, with our numerous friends, crossing the race track and mounting the cars in order to get a better view of the course, I found myself making frequent visits to the general ring in order to transact certain betting business on my own account and on that of our ladies with a trusty bookmaker, a member of Tattersall's, to whom I had been introduced by Jim, and who managed to get away with quite a lot of our money, since, whether it was owing to my ill-luck or faulty information, I only spotted the winner once during the day, and that was a two to one on chance. However, we all put in a great time.

There's a fascination about Goodwood very nearly equal to that appertaining to Henley. They are both unique gatherings in their respective ways. Goodwood is an Ascot in miniature,

but it isn't so crowded as the latter and more resembles a big picnic.

Patriotic as I am, I fear I am becoming fatally imbued with the dread that a perpetual exile in England would not break my heart, as I used to think it would.

We dined at Goodwood House, and a most brilliant affair it was. There are, among other guests, two Royalties staying with the Duke for the week. The Emperor has invited the whole outfit to dine with us in camp on Thursday and breakfast tomorrow. He is trying now to put on a haughty, *blasé* air and to play the aristocrat, but occasionally makes a big break and the bottom falls out of the whole business.

Jim and Dora chaff him unmercifully in private, but that doesn't phase the old man, who, I shouldn't be surprised, will try and marry some dowager Duchess some day, if he gets a chance.

JULY 20, WEDNESDAY.

The breakfast party was an immense success. All our guests were charmed with the camp and the autos. The Duke is going to order a coach like ours, and he was simply fascinated with the Kitchen Car and Wagon. What a thing it is to be members of the ultra-smart set and to be on familiar terms with Dukes, and in a more modified sense with Royalties. If any woman could be said to be in a heavenly state of contentment that woman is Bella.

Little did we think a year ago, when living in comparative obscurity in Strawberry Villa, Yonkers, what glories awaited us, and it is all directly traceable to our Dora getting lost and having to be advertised for.

I wasn't much more lucky in my betting ventures to-day. What tarnation short odds these English bookies give!

Jim sprung a surprise on us to-day by telling us that he had a colt entered for the Cup, a genuine American thoroughbred. Of course, talking of thoroughbreds, the English and American stud-books are a kind of joint-stock affairs, the names of the ancestors of all our pure-bred running horses being found in the former volume.

We all started in to back Jim's horse, Woolly West. We got a pretty good price at the outset, namely, 7 to 1. The colt evidently was not much fancied, Lord Lonsdale's beautiful mare,

Bridecake, the winner of the Oaks, being first favorite at even money.

I was lucky in getting on at the long price, as very soon it was evident that there was a big commission in the market to back Woolly West, as the price during the day gradually shortened until it finished at three to one, and even at that low figure the bookies looked shy and talked about five to two. The fact is, not only Jim, but the Emperor and all our push, including the Ducal party, had been planking it down on the strength of the colt having done an excellent trial.

Our camp was literally besieged by hundreds of people wishing to see our wonderful outfit. But the Emperor had taken the precaution to have the whole camp enclosed with barbed wire and guarded by police, and made a charge of five shillings for each permission to view it, the money thus acquired being given to the cottage hospital at the neighboring city of Chichester, otherwise the camp would have been invaded by toughs and dead-beats and partially pillaged.

JULY 21, THURSDAY.

This has been a notable day in every respect. The weather continued to be most brilliantly fine. As we entered the Royal enclosure, Dora's appearance, as she leaned on the arm of the Duke of Richmond, caused a veritable buzz of genuine admiration. Her dress, of course, had been made just for this occasion, and was a confection of cream white foulard and Duchess point lace. Annie wore an exquisite costume of white *crêpe de chine*, while my wife sported white batiste on pearl gray taffeta.

As on the two preceding days, we were invited to visit the Royal box. Jim was all excitement. It was currently reported that Bridecake had hit her off fore leg in the stable, and possibly might not run, consequently the odds laid against Woolly West grew shorter and shorter, and it looked as if he would start first favorite. Still his owner and his owner's father kept piling it on till between them they had fairly exhausted the market. It was a case of sheer weight of capital. Many of the leading bookmakers refused to lay any more against the colt. All our party were so excited that we fairly neglected the minor races; even the ladies ceased to criticise each other's frocks, and bent their pretty faces over their betting books and kept sending their cavaliers into the ring to put a bit more on.

With feminine want of logic, they could not understand why it was that the odds against our colt kept shortening. The fair Annie was bitten with the fever, and just before lunch time she triumphantly told a crowd of her lady friends that she had just backed the colt to win a further 400 pounds at the odds of 4 to 1. Her friends couldn't understand this almost crazy liberality on the part of the bookmaker, and I myself was so curious that I interrogated Dawlish, and found that the fond lover, who had been entrusted with the commission, hadn't been near the ring at all, but had laid the odds himself in order to please his fiancée.

It is impossible to say how many people lunched with us on the lawn, but it seemed to me as if half the House of Lords were present at one time or another, though perhaps I may have (owing to the heat or the Emperor's champagne) counted twice.

After the big-bugs had satisfied the cravings of hunger and thirst room was found for the smaller fry, who made great was-sail and drank freely to the wished-for success of Woolly West. About this time I perceived a familiar figure standing under the trees, and recognized my friend Simpson, the reporter of the *New York Journal*, faultlessly attired in a well-fitting gray frock coat and white hat, with a pair of field-glasses in a sling. Leaving Bella with her friends, I approached the reporter and said:

"Hello, Simpson, what brings you over here? You look happy and prosperous."

"Thank you, Judge, I am both. You are just the man I was looking for. I was sent over by the *Journal* to write up an account of Mr. Clark's train of autos. New York City is burning to know all about them. Perhaps you can help me? I guess I didn't like to interview the boss, he is such a swell now. See, he is talking to the King as if the latter were his bosom friend. Hurrah for aluminum! Besides you can give me a tip for the cup. I have backed Woolly West. Is he going to win, eh, Judge?"

"Come right along, Simpson, and have some lunch first," replied I. "As to the cars, meet me at the camp to-morrow morning quite early and I will show you round myself. Here is a special ticket of admission. The Emperor has hit the bull's eye, or rather Mrs. Clark, *alias* our hired girl, has. You remember your interview with me at Strawberry Villa, I suppose?"

"Great Scott! I guess I shan't ever forget it," replied Simpson. "But how about the cup?"

"Oh, our colt will win, at least Jim Clark says so. We all

stand to rake in a pile," and he led Simpson to the lunch table.

"Great Cæsar! That's elegant wine," said the thirsty reporter, draining a tumbler of Pommery of 1912. "No wonder the boss is perhaps the most popular man in England, but what a splurge you people are making over here!"

"Well, Simpson, we are doing all right. I will to-morrow lend you my diary of our late tour. It may help you to write up your account for the *Journal*, but I must hurry away now to the paddock to see the cup horses saddled, so I must leave you to eat and drink at your sweet will. So long."

"Just a moment, Judge," replied Simpson. "Let me drink your health. You have made my fortune and have showed yourself to be the best friend a man ever had in this world," and the reporter gripped my hand in a way that showed me that he meant what he said.

I thanked him and lit out for the paddock in time to see the string of cup horses led round by their trainers. I noticed that Bridecake wore a bandage round her off fore fetlock, but she moved with springy step and evinced no sign of lameness.

Woolly West showed up grandly. He is a bright bay with white points, fully 17 hands high, with powerful shoulders and hind quarters that gave him the appearance of a weight-carrying hunter. He bore his little American jockey like a feather and seemed in the pink of condition. The English trainer, Dawson, of Newmarket, evidently knows his business. Having seen the horses, our party, which included the Duke of Richmond, his guests and others, made its way across the track to where our three autos were stationed side by side, and we climbed on the lofty roofs, from which we obtained an excellent view of the whole track. It was a truly beautiful scene that greeted our eyes. Facing us was the Royal enclosure, lower down the grand stand and lawn, and beyond them the line of booths of the betting list people, displaying as a whole the various strata of English society, from Royalty downwards.

On our side of the track was a continuous line of coaches, carriages, buggies, wagons, etc. Stretching away to the distance behind us was a motley array of lunch tents, caravans and every imaginable kind of side show, while beyond we could make out across the green sward the race track, till it disappeared out of sight among the trees, and further still the grand park and well-

wooded countryside in the full beauty of their summer garb stretching away in gentle undulations, and like a frame to the picture glanced the bright waters of the Solent.

It was a witching spectacle of a section of a noble country. No wonder Englishmen have fought so well for such a land, and will fight again if called upon to do so.

A tumultuous noise from the ring went up like the roar of a panic-stricken open air stock exchange, as the horses, five in number, took their preliminary canter preparatory to wending their way to the starting post, far up the course. Just then Dora exclaimed:

"Oh, Jim, there is the gipsy woman whom Bella and I helped to fool poor Annie in the New Forest. Give her a fiver for luck, there's a dear."

Jim hurriedly obeyed the behest of his fair spouse, while Annie cried:

"Oh, Dora, so it was a fake game all the time. How mean of you, but it doesn't matter, dear, does it?" and she looked up at Dawlish in a pretty, coquettish manner.

I did not catch the response the gallant Captain vouchsafed, as it was made in a whisper. My eyes were by this time glued to my field-glasses watching the shifting colors of the jockeys, as they began to prepare for the race. After two false starts, a great shout "They are off!" sounded from all sides, and the steeds had been despatched on their long three-mile journey. I felt my heart beating as the contestants entered the straight. They had to pass the winning post and go round the entire course. As they swept by us Sordello, Lord Falmouth's representative, a big chestnut horse with a raking stride, was leading, four lengths in front of Bridecake, who seemed going easily within herself, two length in advance of our colt, who was pulling double, the other two close up. There was silence now among the vast assembly as the horses continued their career in the above-named order, till momentarily lost to view by the dip in the course. When they appeared again Sordello was losing ground, but Woolly West was still about two lengths behind Bridecake. At the distance Sordello had shot his bolt and was passed by Bridecake, who for a moment looked all over a winner, but only for a moment, for half-way up the straight the mare's jockey was seen to be hard at work on her with whip and spur, and the long, lean head of Woolly West next to the rails was

stealing up to her girths. The gallant mare, called on by her jockey for one last supreme effort, did all she could. She had never known what it was to suffer defeat, it must have seemed so strange to her dazed mind. It was all in vain, for Woolly West, going great guns, untouched by whip or spur, drew up level, and running very strongly, passed the post a winner by nearly half a length, amid a scene of wild enthusiasm. Up in the air went the Emperor's and Jim's new Lincoln and Bennett tiles, while cheer after cheer arose amid a scene of uproar. But from those two dense groups of men who thronged the enclosures allotted to members of Tattersall's and to the ready money book-makers came no applause, for the ring had been heavily hit by the victory of Woolly West. There was only one loser in our crowd. That was Dawlish, but he got full value for the two monkeys (1,000 pounds) he had lost to his ladye love in the shape of smiles and kisses.

Jim was the proudest man in all England as he led his colt to the weighing enclosure, while the Emperor rushed away to the telegraph office to cable the glad news to San Francisco of the genuine victory of the Stars and Stripes, for was not Woolly West a downright American colt, ridden by an American jockey, too? Our crowd took a very large sum out of the ring, the Emperor and his son, of course, getting the lion's share. It was enough to turn the head of a young man like Jim to not only win so great a race, but to have his hand shaken afterwards most cordially by the King himself.

You may be sure that the dinner party in our camp this night was a glorious success. The amount of the Emperor's champagne that was consumed during this day of days must have been something enormous, for it flowed like water.

JULY 22, FRIDAY.

The industrious Simpson arrived at the camp at 6 A. M. I was up to receive him, and for two and a half hours was engaged in posting up the reporter in all the chief points of interest connected with our train of autos, and allowed him to cull all the information he required relating to our tour from the pages of this diary.

Simpson was most effusive in his thanks, for now he was in a position to amply reward his employers for their liberality to him. He told me that the proprietor of the *Journal* had given

him a virtual *carte blanche* in regard to his expenses, besides a big round sum as remuneration.

The last day at Goodwood is an off day, and we spent a very quiet, though enjoyable time. We only took a languid interest in the racing business, and without a single pang of jealousy, Jim allowed Admiral Squally to act as squire to Dora, and the little man strutted about like a red-faced turkey cock by the side of his admired one.

On our return to the camp we had an early dinner, and as the sun was sinking in the west we were rolling swiftly along in the direction of Canterbury.

CHAPTER XX.

CINDERELLA'S HOMECOMING.

JULY 23, SATURDAY.

THIS day may be said to mark the termination of a tour that will always be vividly remembered by me. During this all too brief month I, for one, have certainly seen more of the inside track of my dearest friends' idiosyncrasies than I ever did before, and I feel in consequence bound to them by stronger ties than ever. You may meet people at short intervals for years and years, and yet remain in utter ignorance of the real trend of their motives or of the constitution of their characters. A long voyage (a month or six weeks is a long one in these days of rapid transit) or an expedition like the one just completed brings men and women into constant daily contact; he or she must indeed be a deep, patient dissembler who can conceal from watchful companions the petty weaknesses and imperfections of human nature.

However artfully contrived and skilfully adjusted, the moral and spiritual masks and dominoes are loosened, untied and fall, exposing the deficiencies as well as the excellencies of chameleon-like dispositions, and happy is it when preconceived opinions of friends are not thus changed for the worse.

The greatest earthly blessings we poor mortals can hope for are contented minds, impregnable digestions and firm friends. When we are fortunate enough to secure the last let us grapple them (as I do) to our souls with hoops of steel.

After this small soliloquy I will resume. I have said that this is practically the closing day of the tour, for to-morrow the goodly brotherhood and sisterhood of our little Round Table will be at least temporarily dissolved, since its evening will see the good Rector journeying to London, from whence he will, after having completed some necessary chores, hie him back to the Empire City on board a big steamer of the transportation line.

He, the Rector, affirming that the longer period the commodious vessel of this line takes in crossing the Atlantic will prove of great benefit to his health, as it will mean (for him) drinking in so much the more ample supply of pure oceanic oxygen. By the same train the Emperor and Dawlish will also speed away on a flying expedition to the Land o' Cakes, to inspect the newly-acquired property to the north of Tweed. The Canon and Annie will return to their Canterbury home, the former to resume the thread of his ecclesiastical functions and the latter to busy herself with the complicated details of her wedding trousseau.

So our queen and her spouse, with Bella and I in attendance, will be left to do the honors of the camp till Wednesday, when the autos will return to their London stables and we shall take up our abode once more on the "Dora," which, on the return of the Emperor and his trusty secretary on Thursday, will wend her way back to Cowes.

Before leaving our present location we shall give on Tuesday next a gigantic reception in the camp, and expect some fifteen hundred or two thousand of the *élite* of society to put in an appearance.

Our unique train of autos and the model encampment has created a perfect furore. Every one seems eager to get a peep, so we expect to have a pleasant and a busy day.

We arrived at our destination yesterday evening in good time, and after a light supper and a brief symposium in the cool evening air, we sought our respective tents, as we had a hard day's work before us. Our camp is pitched in the park of a personal friend of the Canon's.

The day's proceedings were commenced by a grand lunch, at which we entertained in the camp the Dean and Chapter and the Mayor and Corporation of Canterbury, together with some of the big-wigs of the city and neighborhood, including the commanding officers of the various regimental depôts from the neighboring cavalry camp. The soldiers expressed in unmeasured terms their appreciation of the skill and thoughtfulness displayed in the conception and equipment of our camp. "What a commissary general you would have made, sir," observed a gallant colonel of a crack corps to the Emperor, as he set down with a sigh of deep content his emptied champagne glass on the table. "The government could certainly gather some excellent wrinkles from your camp kitchen and utility cars."

The Emperor was obviously gratified by the compliment paid him by the military expert, and it was not lost upon him, either, as certain cases of superb wine shortly after (so I learned) arrived at the colonel's quarters with a visiting card, on which was written, "With Mr. Clark's Compliments."

All the autos and our noble selves being in readiness, there was mounting in hot haste, and the procession wended its way towards Canterbury. Besides our ecclesiastical, military and lay guests, a strong contingent from the yacht, including all the ship's officers and a complement of bluejackets and engine-room artificers, were grouped on the various autos.

On each car waved the British battle flag and the Stars and Stripes, and each individual carried miniature replicas of the two national ensigns. On the auto coach, which, of course, led the way, were the members of our party and big-bugs among our visitors, the others being allotted seats on the succeeding autos, according to the relative importance of their respective social positions.

On entering the city limits, it was soon apparent that every one was bent on making this one of the most notable gala days the old town had ever witnessed. Thousands of persons of all classes had flocked to the center of attraction, and special after special train from the metropolis had come steaming into the modest depôt, whereby the ordinary and local railroad traffic of the place was entirely disorganized, and even in some cases actually suspended.

About a mile outside the city limits we were met by a column, consisting of a squadron each of Hussars and Lancers, which the commanding officer of the cavalry camp very handsomely, with pretty tact, without saying anything about it to the Emperor, had ordered to accompany our triumphal progress.

The Hussars fell in at the head of the procession, while the Lancers formed the rear guard. Each squadron was provided with its regimental band, and played alternately British and American national airs. We made a brave show, indeed, what with the troops, the churchmen and civic dignitaries in their official robes, the latter wearing their furred aldermanic gowns, trimmed with minever or catskin (probably the latter), with their gold chains of office round their necks. As we proceeded the crowds grew denser and the cheering became most vocifer-

ous and hearty. There was no claque here, it was all spontaneous applause and was evoked by the enthusiasm of true Britons.

On nearing the Dane John (a great mound, formerly a rough fort constructed to protect the city from the Viking invaders, but which is now devoted to the peaceful purpose of a public promenade, and which was on this occasion thronged with dense crowds of spectators) we halted, at the Mayor's desire. At this point the road was spanned by a floral arch, on the summit of which were two emblematic figures of Britannia and Columbia hand in hand, with a large inscription underneath in Gothic characters formed of roses and lilies of the valley, "United we stand, divided we fall." On the right hand pillar was a floral legend, "Welcome to Joshua Clark, our benefactor"; on the left pillar were similarly inscribed the words, "Welcome to our Dora and her heroic spouse."

Now advanced a bevy of young girls dressed in white, bearing baskets of flowers and bouquets. I never saw such sweet creatures, but then Kent is famous for the beauty of its women. The leader, a lovely blonde, apparently about sixteen years old (who almost rivaled our queen herself in comeliness, and who might have stood as an artist's model for the famous Rowena, who enslaved the affections of the Saxon Hengist), advanced, and with faltering accents, recited in tremulous, almost inaudible tones, a few lines of rather inflated poetry, obviously the work of some local rhymester. The poor girl had probably had them drummed into her fair but stupid head by her schoolmaster, but she was so overcome by the nervousness occasioned by her first public appearance that she required a good deal of prompting by the damsel behind her, who held openly in her hand a copy of the verses.

Well, she was through at last, and then presented with profound curtseys the bouquets to the ladies on the Coach, getting in return for herself and her coadjutors a lovely gold watch and chain apiece from the hands of our queen herself. How the girls' faces lighted up at receiving these valuable and pretty gifts, and how they will treasure them and be continually showing them with pardonable pride to their friends. This function being ended, our procession got once more under way and the bands struck up the "Star-Spangled Banner," and amid the ever-increasing cheers of the multitudes on either side we passed down the main street to the town hall. Every window and most of the roofs were crowded with occupants, who waved small English

and American flags. The streets were kept, and well kept, too, by close ranks of Kentish volunteers. Amid the cheering we could hear the booming sound of cannon, for a battery of Royal Horse Artillery on the cricket ground were discharging in rapid succession their quick-firing pieces. What a royal welcome it was. The air seemed to quiver with shouts and yells. Every woman in that vast assemblage seemed to be shouting Dora's name, for there was no use in denying it, that grateful as the people were to the Emperor for his splendid generosity, their first thought was that they were welcoming back to their midst a lady who had a short time ago lived amongst them unknown and neglected, and who had left them with almost a tarnish on her fair fame. No reigning princess ever had a more flattering home-coming. No wonder that I saw the tears gather in Dora's lovely eyes, and a little sob burst from time to time from her breast as she bowed in her innate, truly regal manner to right and left in acknowledgment of the plaudits of the populace.

At last we arrived at the town hall, where we alighted and entered the edifice, where, with all due solemnity, the Emperor was presented by the Mayor with the freedom of the city in a silver gilt casket, accompanied with an ornate, pompously-worded document written in blue and gold on a parchment, with the city seals attached, expressing in formal language the profound thanks of the municipality and citizens of Canterbury for his princely munificence.

Once more we mounted the autos and proceeded at a foot's pace to the Cathedral and made our way to the Chapter House, where the Dean, surrounded by the Canons, presented the Emperor with another highly decorative piece of parchment work, and the Dean, in the course of a short address, intimated to him that a window would be inserted in the Chapter House commemorative of the Emperor's benefaction in restoring and keeping restored the historic fane. We then adjourned to the Deanery, where a garden party was held, at which all the blue blood of Kent was present, and a deal of introductions and handshakings ensued. To Dora it must have seemed almost like a dream to be received like a veritable princess by people who, a short year ago, hardly had been aware of her existence, or if they had been would have considered it an act of real condescension to have recognized at all a poor orphan girl. I was (and I dare say all the others felt the same, including Dora herself) right glad when this function

petered out and the procession once more took the road to the cricket ground, where a stand had been erected and some special seats ornamented with purple cloths were allotted to us, and from these extemporized thrones we witnessed a display of athletic sports, at the conclusion of which Dora presented the prizes to the successful competitors.

CHAPTER XXI.

A LEGAL HERETIC.

WE all felt tired out when at length we arrived at our camp, and didn't I enjoy a good steam bath previous to dressing for dinner. Now I began to appreciate one of the chief inconveniences of the tiresome labors that fall to the lot of Royalties, as what we had just gone through would have only been an ordinary day's work for them. I am glad I wasn't born a king. I should be bored out of my life, having to live continually as in a glass house in the full glare of an unintermittent publicity. Of course we had a swell banquet, at which all the big-bugs who had taken part in the day's celebration were present. The Emperor was so intoxicated with the splendor of his reception that he became slightly incoherent before the close of the prolonged repast, and mixed up things pretty considerable, and reverted to the extraordinary idiomatic language of the woolly West.

When the company had departed, the Coach, Boudoir and Smoker being requisitioned to convey them to their respective homes, most of our party retired for the night, having had a pretty hard day of it. Just as I was about to do the same, I perceived the Canon and the Rector sitting together, engaged in a brisk argument outside the smoking tent. Now I had for some time been looking for an opportunity of catching the two clerics together, but somehow they had not hitherto shown any great disposition to fraternize in private, though they always evinced the greatest respect and regard for each other's opinions when in the company of the rest of the push. I knew that I should probably never get another chance, as our party broke up next day, so all immediate thoughts of repose were resolutely banished from my mind, and I lit a cigar and strolled towards the spot where the two ecclesiastics were comfortably seated in rockers, amply supplied with all necessary things smokable, as well as potable.

I approached the couple quite noiselessly, and somewhat startled them by my sudden Jack-in-the-box appearance.

"I am afraid I have, my reverend sirs," said I, "in a Mephistophelean manner interrupted your learned discussion. It may be on the obscure subjects of Predestination or the origin of evil. If I have done so, sooner than interrupt the thread of your arguments, I will withdraw."

Both clerics burst out into a loud guffaw of laughter, and when he had recovered himself, the Rector said:

"I guess, Canon, the Judge is most distinctly welcome. Take a chair and let me mix you some Scotch whisky and soda. After all Schwepp's soda takes the cake. There is nothing equal to it. But you made a bad guess," continued he. "We were deliberating on no less a subject than the comparative merits of English and American women."

"Oh, naughty, naughty," I replied, laughing, as I seated myself so as to form the apex of an equilateral triangle, the two clergymen severally occupying the other two angles. "After all you parsons are the best judges of women, wine and wit."

"Not when you are around, my most learned friend," said the Rector, "but I am afraid the Canon had the best of the argument, for by Jupiter the display of downright beauty at the Dean's 'At Home' this afternoon was away ahead of anything I have ever seen. But Kentish ladies are not fair samples. It is like judging a basket of peaches by a few big ripe ones the artful salesman has placed on the top in order to attract customers."

"But I maintain," replied the Canon, "that our average English girl beats the average American in looks, though the former is altogether outclassed by the latter when it comes to knowledge of dress and the little arts of making herself fascinating. To sum up, I will allow that the average American woman, inferior though she is to her English sister in the elements of sheer physical beauty, such as complexion, figure, hair and eyes, yet contrives to make her personality the more charming of the two."

"I am quite satisfied with this very candid admission," replied the Rector, laughing; "in fact, I confess that I agree with you perfectly. After all we do not live in the days of primitive innocence, and clothes and other frills are considered necessary. So we must take modern women as we find them. It is pretty much like the case of two athletes, the one a speedier runner than the

other, but who fails to improve on his natural advantages and gets beaten by his inferior, but more scientifically trained antagonist."

The clerics, having thus mutually arranged their differences, were now at liberty to turn their united forces upon the solitary layman. The Rector first opened fire by saying:

"By the way, Judge, that was a most extraordinary question you put to me and my holy brother just now. We parsons are as little given to talking shop out of school as you legalists."

"There you are off your base, Rector," said I. "I remember once sitting up the whole of a long winter night with an old friend of mine, a leader of the Washington bar, and since elevated to the bench as a Judge of the Supreme Court. My friend is a profound lawyer and jurist-consultist. We vainly endeavored to unravel the intricacies of certain debateable points concerning the joint and several liability of co-trustees, and after the consumption of much midnight oil, or rather of electricity, breath, Scotch whisky and tobacco, together with a moderate number of volts of brain power, we found ourselves pretty much where we started from. We had been arguing in a circle, and crawled rather shamefacedly up-stairs to bed as the daylight was beginning to steal through the casements."

"My dear brother," said the Canon, leaning from his chair and addressing the Rector in a suave, oily fashion, "I think we have got our learned friend into a tight place from which I cannot, for the life of me, see how he can wriggle. Let us hammer him, or rather leave me to do the hammering, while you shall remain in reserve, to be called into action in case your services are required, which I don't think they are likely to be. Then, turning to me, he continued:

"Now, my dear sir, I put it to you, if, according to your own confession, a pair of very able advocates can manage to wrangle a whole night through, with no definite results, over the Delphic meaning of the subsection of a slovenly-drawn statute or the significance of certain chains of judicial decisions bearing on the everyday mutual obligations existing between man and man, what earthly advantage then could accrue to a pair of professional divines by expending their carefully stored energies in vainly endeavoring to thresh out the most vague and indeterminate problems that learned pedants have ever cudgeled their brains with. Such speculations, however much they may have assisted half-

crazy recluses and indomitable book-worms to fill their vacant hours, are now as obsolete as the custom of burning witches at the stake or the system of Ptolemaic astronomy. No, sir, we modern ecclesiastics must before everything be practical men, since we are continually brought into direct contact with the bustle and struggle of a work-a-day world, and we have no time to waste pouring over the pious jargon of the early fathers or quarreling about the abstruse subtleties of medieval schoolmen who, to judge from the ponderous tomes wherein their opinions are crystallized and sepulchered in bewildering terminology, delighted, like St. Thomas Aquinas, in scaling with infinite labor the dizzy heights of exegetical synthesis only to fall from thence headlong into the bottomless abyss of tangled perplexity. No, sir, I candidly own up to you that I bar theology as a topic of conversation, and am of opinion that doctrinal hair-splitting should be placed in the same category with such cheerful but idiotic recreations as chopping blocks with razors, fighting wind-mills, pursuing will-o'-the-wisps or extracting substance out of shadows."

Pulverized (metaphorically speaking) by the steam roller of the Canon's verbose loquacity, I cried:

"I must throw up the sponge; you have certainly got one in on my moral solar plexus, Canon. But though I put my foot in it to start with, I trust this will not prevent our having a pleasant conversation. The Church and the Law have ever had much in common. They have both been upholders of peace and order. I confess that I should like to learn from you two gentlemen, if you consider that according to your several experiences in America and England, religion is holding its own in the hearts of the two peoples."

"If you mean by religion, churchgoing, then I am afraid I must answer in the negative, Judge," replied the Rector. "The falling off in church attendance is not so noticeable among the poorer as the wealthier classes. A spirit of passive agnosticism and consequently an entire indifference to all forms of religious worship is greatly on the increase among the educated classes in America, and along with this all kinds of ultra superstition have taken deep root among those who remain constant to the ancient belief. Such as that pernicious craze the wrongly called Christian Science, faith healing and other forms of religious hysteria. People no longer seem satisfied with the simple, robust faith of

their ancestors. Christianity is passing through the most crucial trial it has ever experienced, but I believe that it will come out triumphant in the end."

"I am quite of your opinion, Rector," said the Canon. "People are more conservative or less ingenuous in the old country, and church attendance keeps up to a fair standard, but nevertheless there is a terrible lot of empty formalism. Multitudes of people still attend Divine worship out of pure habit, as the result of their early training, and because it is still considered respectable to do so. But so far as actual sincerity of profession goes, I believe that the followers of Mahomet, Buddha, and Confucius put to shame the nominal disciples of Jesus."

I now perceived my opportunity, and remarked:

"Gentlemen, I am sorry to learn of the existence of what is certainly a melancholy state of things. But does it not occur to both of you that the churches are a good deal to blame in the matter? They do not seem to keep abreast with the times. There is a blind, stupid clinging to archaic ideas and methods. The Christian Church (including in this phrase the Roman, Greek and all denominations of Protestants) seems still inclined to make no real concession to science, and may be compared to an army furnished with flint-lock muskets and smooth-bore cannon, indifferently commanded, opposed to a small but highly organized force, provided with the latest species of deadly long-range weapons and generated by skilful strategists. There can be no question what would be the natural outcome of a conflict between such antagonists. Let the Church re-arm and adapt herself to her modern environments, and make an honorable treaty of peace with science, and gain the benefit of her weighty assistance, instead of incurring her veiled hostility."

"I am afraid such an alliance would be a fatal one for religion," said the Rector, with a sigh.

"How so?" I replied.

"Why science does not allow even intermittent interferences of a personal Deity. She maintains that the operations of nature are regulated entirely by immutable law. Prayer in such circumstances would degenerate into meaningless forms, Faith would wither like a gourd in the noonday sun. I do not see, also, how the Church could conveniently swallow, without discarding the inspiration of the Pentateuch (in fact of the whole Bible), the doctrine of the evolution of man from lower forms of animated

matter, or indeed of the extreme antiquity of man," said the Rector.

"But, nevertheless," replied I, pressing the attack, "no rational individual can deny not only the extreme probability, but the certainty of the truth of such theories. How can you, Rector, our saintly friend, the Canon, or your humble servant believe that Almighty God with His own fingers like a gigantic Nuremburg toy-maker (to use the pregnant expression of J. D. White) fashioned man and woman out of lumps of clay? Or that the whole world was drowned because of man's wickedness, or that the dispersion of the builders of Babel was the signal for the sudden formation of the various languages? There is no ostensible proof of a universal Deluge ever having taken place, and it would be going too far, surely, to say that God removed all traces of the big washout, in order to mislead geologists. Again, philologists have most clearly proved that Sanscrit, and perhaps Telegoo and Tamil, were probably the mother tongues, but they go further and allege that to find the origin of language, we must grope into the enormously remote epochs, when Neolithic and even Palæolithic man spoke in gutturals and scratched their pictorial ideas on shells and flints in the post-tertiary, and as some scientists now say the tertiary-periods. The fact is it is as clear as day that all mundane changes, geologic and otherwise, were brought about by the slow operation of law, during countless ages, and not by sudden cataclysms or by the arbitrary interventions of a capricious Deity."

"Admitting all you say, Judge," said the Canon, "taking up his parable, you must surely see that it would be an awful blunder to subvert our ancient religion by preaching such advanced ideas to the people. An appalling amount of harm would be wrought. We should be destroying the faith, the one consolation of millions of poor souls. That would be a devil's work. Let us be careful not to uproot the wheat along with the tares."

"Then," said I (seeing that I was getting the worthy ecclesiastic himself into a corner), "you don't think it wrong to teach to others what you don't believe in yourself?"

"That's putting it rather strong, Judge," replied the Canon, puffing hard at his cigar, "but you are partly right. Soft food for children, strong meat for men. In all religious systems there have been two classes, the esoteric and exoteric, or those who are in the know and those who are not, the learned and the unlearned

or, as you Americans would say, those who are on the inside and outside tracks. Druid, Buddhist, Catholic and Protestant priests, and Greek Church popes are birds of a feather. We are all tarred with the same brush, but the same may be said of school teachers who have to explain things to the young in a simple and (often to the adult mind) absurd way. We clergy have to deal with the ignorant and lowly, using a similar method. The parallel is perfect."

"By your frank confession I admit you have disarmed me, my dear Canon," said I. "I can see that you and I (and if he will allow me to include him, the Rector, which by the Jove-like nod of his head I perceive that he does) are on a common platform. I, myself, am an agnostic Unitarian. I consider that the doctrine of the Trinity is untenable, that this said doctrine is continually, in the opinion of the vulgar, degenerating into Tritheism as it did in the days of Mahomet. Even the creeds of the Catholic and Episcopal churches contain solecisms, like that one which, after having recited the fact that Jesus Christ is God, goes on naively to say that He ascended into Heaven, and sat down on the right hand of God. I simply ask how can God sit down on His own right hand, unless there are several entirely distinct persons of the same Deity, which is plainly Tritheism or Polytheism? I also reject the doctrine of the Atonement as a survival of an ancient form of devil worship, when our remote ancestors considered it necessary to propitiate a savage fetich. As for the incarnation, that is another old-time piece of anthropomorphism, which seems to have arisen in Egypt or India. The Blessed Virgin was enthroned as Queen of Heaven, by the semi-paganized Christians of the fourth century, and she took the place of the Egyptian Isis, with her incarnate son Horus, and of Ceres the Goddess of Fertility among the Romans. In fact, certain superstitions are common to all the great religions."

"It is lucky, Judge," said the Canon, laughing, "that we are not living in the days of the Inquisition and of religious intolerance, or you would be liable to be burnt at the stake, or broken on the wheel for holding such heretical opinions."

"Perhaps so," I replied. "But even in the highest man-made, religious system the Deity is invested with the property of sex," said I, "and when it comes to this, why should God be masculine any more than feminine? Certainly women as earthly rulers

have proved vastly more successful than men. Petticoat government is undoubtedly the best."

"Even in our own little circle, there is a most brilliant proof of the truth of this, for what crowned sovereign rules more wisely, or has ever possessed more faithful and devoted subjects, than our Queen Dora?" said the Rector, laughing.

"I see, however, what the Judge means," said the Canon, "but as formulæ are necessary for the expression of mathematical functions and equations, so, however anthropomorphic it may be, still it is necessary for human comprehension to attribute sex to the Supreme Being, and since the male is physically the stronger (and in ancient times physical strength and courage were the two grand essentials), it was natural to refer to a Deity as of the masculine gender. To have made a God sexless would have implied impotence, but directly a certain stage of civilization was reached, there commenced woman-worship, and in due course lady deities were associated with the gentleman ones (very ungentlemanly ones, too, sometimes), but the man-gods still remained nominal bosses of their respective shows, though as in the Egyptian, Greek and Roman theological systems, the female gods really seemed to possess the greater share of mentality, and therefore of directing power. How immensely superior to their clumsy, cruel and stupid male associates were Isis, Athena and Minerva. We find goddesses (but *not* gods) of wisdom worshiped in Athens, Alexandria and Rome."

"That leads up," said I, "to a question which it is surprising has not hitherto been better ventilated. One would suppose that it would be as difficult to start a new theological system as to invent a really sound chess opening. Though I cannot accept the doctrine of a Trinity, what is the matter with a duality? It is evident that everything animate in nature (and in this, of course, is included flowers, trees and possibly lower forms than we have any notion of) has the principle of sexuality inherent in it, and is composed of male and female entities. And if this is true of this world, why should it not also be true of the Universe? Therefore, surely it is conceivable that the Godhead itself should be dual, male and female, in an eternal infinite, unthinkable transcendent union from whence has ever proceeded, is proceeding, and ever will proceed, as from an inexhaustible source, all energy, spiritual, moral and physical, and all forms of potential matter. I feel I could believe in such a dual God. Our present system

assumes the existence of an evil essence or power, called the devil, apparently quite equal in puissance to God. The latter's plan of creation was spoiled by the devil, and God was compelled to sacrifice His Son and partner, in order to even things up, and then we are led to suppose that the devil will corral by far the greatest proportion of the human race, and burn them up, leaving the good God only an insignificant proportion as His share. This assumes a ghastly failure of the whole plan of salvation, and the ultimate triumph of evil, for Christ, Himself, has said, 'Many are called but few are chosen. Strait is the gate and narrow is the way that leadeth to life eternal, and few there be that walk in it.' Thereby foretelling His own failure to draw all men unto Him. In a word the Christian system is similar to the Persian, by which the good and evil principles are forever carrying on an indecisive scrap, first one, then the other being on top. All this is utterly derogatory to the Omnipotence of God.

"I firmly believe that we are on the eve of a grand, religious upheaval, the outcome of which will result in all the best and most useful features of Christianity (more especially the Life and Example of the Master Himself) being fused with other elements to form a cult—namely, the religion of universal human brotherhood. Christianity as is professed, has egregiously failed either in converting the majority of the human race, or of inducing men to love each other. The world is getting tired of our disgraceful Christianizing methods. It is time that that dreadful procession composed of the missionary, the rum-seller, the soldier and the merchant, in order named, should cease its spoliating, devastating course. It is not men's salvation that is the object that is sought after, but territorial plunder and the acquisition of fresh markets for manufactures. The extension of Christ's kingdom is the last thing thought of. Let us not throw rocks at the heathen for worshiping idols, when we are doing the same thing ourselves all the time, for are we not true Unitarians? We fall down and worship one god, the image of whom is made of the same metal as that one set up on the plains of Shinar long, long ago."

"You are nothing if not original, Judge," said the Canon. "But there is a terrible amount of truth in what you say. It is an awful thing to contemplate the fact, that Christianity seems to bring more curses than blessings in its wake, that savage tribes degenerate, wither, and die on contact with civilization. That

the natural accompaniment of the Bible is, if not always the sword, almost always the whisky bottle. He, too, is wilfully blind who refuses to acknowledge that the dollar is the one great power in the world. There is only one thing that men value as much, and that is health, which they recklessly squander in the eager scramble for the first. Men in a general sense have ceased to trouble themselves about an unseen world in which most of them disbelieve. They have ceased to believe in a Judgment to come, and consequently in retributory punishment. All we who still cling to our Faith are looking forward to a New Revelation, which may help to dispel this cloud of materialistic agnosticism, that like a dense fog seems overhanging the civilized world."

"I am afraid, my saintly brother, that you are a pessimist. But how little," said the Rector, "does acquiescence (I will not say belief) in any creed help a man. But the life and example of the Lord Jesus Christ is a living, tangible reality, and an undying immortal pattern, and it is by their lives that we judge men. In this we are all agreed, so, gentlemen, let us not wrangle about trifles, but let us all strive to observe the weightier matters of the law.

"We have but faith, we cannot know,
For knowledge is of things we see
And yet we trust it comes from Thee.
A beam in darkness let it grow
Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell
That mind and soul according well
May make one music as before
But vaster. . ."

"What profound depths of Christian philosophy we find in that master poet of the last century. What splendid lines those are, but then the 'In Memoriam' is incomparable," said the Canon.

"I wonder when we three will meet again to have another talk. I hope before any of us cross the Great Divide," said the Rector, "but I for one have enjoyed this tour as I never enjoyed an outing before. I shall never forget it, and its *personae dramatis*. I shall have a lot to tell the Mother Superior on my return. I say, Judge, I shall have to borrow your diary."

"With pleasure, but it strikes me, Rector," said I, "that you are pretty thick with that worthy lady."

"We have one common bond of union, Judge," replied the

Canon, " 'Dora.' Let us drink, gentlemen, to the health of our Queen."

We drained our glasses, and then gripped hands all round and sang "Auld Lang Syne," in subdued tones, in a triangular circle (to make a regular Irish bull), before seeking our couches.

With the completion of the tour terminates (at least temporarily) the regular keeping of my diary. It has given me pleasure in writing it up, and I hope it may be of service to some of my friends across the water.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE WEST WINDOW.

JULY 24, SUNDAY.

SOMEHOW I couldn't help jotting down some reflections on this days' doings, though I consider that our tour with all its incidents ended last night. Our little party broke up to-day, and the proceedings were of a valedictory order. We all attended a grand morning service in the Cathedral, and were accommodated with seats in the choir. Every place in the vast edifice was filled, and even standing room in the nave and transepts were at a premium. A procession was formed consisting of the church dignitaries, the Mayor and Aldermen of the city, and the full choir headed by the Dean and the Emperor. Before it started the organ pealed forth as a voluntary the strains of the magnificent March of the Priests, taken from the Oratorio of Athalie. Then as the procession marched round the great church, the choir burst forth with the noble hymn "Onward, Christian Soldiers," the whole of the vast congregation standing up and joining in. The effect was magnificent and even awe-inspiring. Seated as we were in the choir, and therefore separated from the rest of the Cathedral, we could not see the mass of the congregation, but if we could not see we could hear, and I shall never forget the effect to my dying day. I confess I was fairly carried away by religious enthusiasm. I felt that my soul was for the moment exalted and purified in a way I hadn't conceived possible. It is one thing to callously argue from the depths of one's armchair about the futility of creeds, and of the delusions of a childish faith, and another to be in one of these glorious Gothic cathedrals imbued with the thrilling solemnity of the place, with its countless traditions of generations of men who have lived and died in the faith of their forefathers, uniting your voice to thousands of others in one grand pæan of praise and thanksgiving. For it was a service of thanksgiving. When the procession had passed into

the choir, and the various persons comprising it had taken their seats, I could see that the Emperor himself, practical man of the world as he is, was deeply affected, and when the Dean opened the service by a beautiful prayer he had specially composed for the occasion, the grand but simple words seemed to find an echo in my heart as I know they did in the Emperor's, as we knelt side by side, and I felt that I was praying almost involuntarily with, to me, incomprehensible earnestness to the one Eternal Father of us all. There was no formalism here. Those tears that I could see trickling between the fingers of the old man kneeling by my side, with his face buried in his clasped hands, told their own tale, and we rose from that brief communing with the unseen, better men than when we had knelt down. The service was short and hearty. The Rector read the first lesson, the Canon the second, and both did full justice to the terse, noble language of Holy Writ. The choir sang exquisitely the anthem "How beautiful are the feet of those who publish the Gospel of peace," and the Dean preached a most impressive sermon from the text "And Solomon built him a house," in which he referred in most eloquent terms to the Emperor's grand benefactions, the holy nature of such gifts, and of the blessings which fall to the share of those who show that they are righteous stewards of the wealth that has been entrusted to them. And then as a finale, rang out from the choir, Handel's masterpiece, the Hallelujah Chorus. The Canon entertained us to lunch, with the Dean and Chapter and the Mayor and Corporation in his Rectory, and afterwards showed us round the Cathedral. Time was growing short when we were through, as three of the members of our party were soon to board the train for London. We were grouped together gazing at the glorious west window, the sun's rays were illuminating the painted glass, casting a radiance over the members of our little party. Dora and her husband were standing hand in hand, and so were the two fiancés, Annie and Dawlish, when Jim observed:

"This is the very spot, my darling Dora, where you introduced your sweet self to me. What a different man I feel to what I was then, and it is all your doing."

"You were an awful heathen then, I confess, my darling," replied our queen, "you hadn't even read the Bible, and my uncle and cousins were dreadfully shocked when I told them of it, but you have been a very industrious scholar in my Sunday-

school since, and can tell the Canon the names of those saints who are pictured in that window, can't you?"

Jim answered quite pat off, rather to the Canon's wonder, I think, though I shrewdly suspect that Jim had been privately coached for the occasion by his fair wife.

"Dora, dear," said the Emperor, "you have indeed been my son's guardian angel, and mine too," he added with a half sigh, which seemed to imply that he (the old man) would have preferred to have had the ministrations of the said guardian angel all to himself, "but, Jim," he continued, addressing his son, "you lie altogether over me now. For I'm darned if I knew who any of those cranks in long coats and bare feet, and with electric light fakements round their heads might be." (The good gentleman referred to the saints' halos.)

"You will have to join my Sunday-school class, too, Daddy," said Dora, affectionately. "Jim is getting on famously."

"I am a bit past that I am afraid, my dear," replied the old man. "I fear I am an awful old pagan. I know nothing of the Bible."

"They are not always the best Christians who are most deeply versed in the Scriptures," observed the Rector.

"I quite agree with you," said the Canon, solemnly. "What does it benefit a man though he may have committed every sentence of the Bible to memory, if his heart remains untouched by the spirit of Christ's teaching? Indeed, his knowledge may, and often does, have a hardening effect on him, so that though he may shine as a zealous upholder of the Church, versed in every form of polemical controversy, an astute theologian, and outwardly a man of pure morals, he may be utterly wanting in that spirit of true charity and self-denying humility, that form the very essence of Christianity, without which he is in the sight of God mere sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal."

I could see the Canon's face light up as he spoke with earnest fervor, and as I gazed on it I felt that he, too, had learned his lesson as we were all learning ours, from the lips and example of a good, true-hearted woman. For I felt sure that his words just spoken referred emphatically to himself, to what he had been, and to what he is now. For a moment there was silence, which was broken by Dora observing:

"So, Mr. Dean, you are going to put Daddy in a painted window in the Chapter house. Will Mr. Clark be depicted in a frock

coat, tall silk hat, shepherd's plaid trousers, and patent leather shoes? How funny he will look alongside the ancient saints in their simple attire."

"I don't know about that," replied the Dean. "I had the same opinion as you, when I first saw the stained glass picture of our great modern national saint, General Charles Gordon, in Manchester Cathedral, dressed in a plain Norfolk jacket, with a fez on his head, a cane in his hand and accoutered with belt and revolver. I have seen it again lately, and the figure did not seem at all incongruous. There is an air of reality and purpose about it which the others seem to somewhat lack."

"That is so," said I. "The popular impression of Bible saints seems to be that they were a kind of supernatural beings, half human, half angelic, not work-a-day people like ourselves, with the same passions, and subject to the same temptations, and who, too, appeared to the outside world as ordinary mortals, mostly common artisans, for instance like St. Paul the tentmaker, or St. Peter the fisherman. Though the former, a man of immense intellectual power, of fine education and a Roman citizen to boot, as a leading Jewish lawyer, the pet pupil of Gamaliel, would have been sure to have made his mark, if he had not been converted to Christianity."

"I suppose the idea has occurred to all of us at times," said my wife, "that one cannot imagine the saints going about, performing the ordinary duties and functions of life, and I attribute this mistaken idea (for mistaken it undoubtedly is) to the fact of our being in the habit, from our earliest childhood, of seeing them depicted by the old masters in costumes that we are not accustomed to, and standing or sitting in ecstatic attitudes of wonder and adoration."

"What strikes me hardest," said Jim, "judging from my Bible studies in Dora's school, is that these holy persons never seemed capable of having a good time. I often wonder if any of them by themselves were ever jolly, or amusing together when they had climbed off their perches."

"They doubtless," said the Rector, "had their faults and failings. For instance, St. Peter was hot-headed, obstinate and passionate and St. Paul would seem to have been inclined to be harsh and censorious, especially where women were concerned, though he certainly never spared himself, but they were, nevertheless, valiant men and women, standing up fearlessly in defence of the

truth, denying themselves every pleasure, and living and dying according to the example that their master had set them. It would be well for the world if they had in these luxurious and money-loving days a more numerous body of imitators."

"That's very nobly put," said the Dean, gently. And we all, men and women of kindred races, stood there for a moment or two in silence, gazing up at the pictured saints in that glorious window, through which streamed the effulgent rays of the western sun, lighting up the upturned reverent faces of our little crowd, and here I will lay down my pen. I know not what the future may have in store for any of us; all I know is, that I bless a kind Providence that has thrown Bella and me into the intimate society of noble-hearted men and women. We both of us are coming to the knowledge that life is not entirely made up of business, pleasure and social duties as we used to esteem it. That there are paths marked out for all of us for doing good in our generation to our fellow men and women, if we will only find them out, and so acting, we shall dematerialize our lives and make ourselves worthy of a happy immortality. But we both of us see clearly that we all owe this happy change to the subtle influence of a woman, Dora Clark. She is insensibly moulding the lives of not only the old man and his son, her husband, but of her uncle and his daughters (for Annie says that the rough edges are being worn off the characters of her sisters, owing to the influence Dora has over them), Dawlish, Bella, my wife, and in fact of all who come into contact with her firm and beautiful character. God knows what future influence such a woman, with her immense wealth and social position may not have over the society of two hemispheres, a society that is becoming satiated with pleasure, and enervated with corruption and impurity. We cannot foresee what is in store for us, but as for Bella and I, we shall be proud and content to humbly assist her and the two noble men who love her so dearly, in their works of beneficence and philanthropy, taking our share of the good things of this life, and of dispensing them to others, and of gladly bearing with them any of the rubs of fate that may be in store for all of us, however fortunate and prosperous, and with them when God pleases, pass to where (using the words of a great poet) "beyond these voices there is peace." Perhaps some day I may have occasion to reopen the pages of this diary again, for the purpose of making other than fugitive entries; if

I do so, I trust that the new record will be a chronicle of a time equally pleasurable to all concerned as the one we have just experienced.

L'ENVOI.

I have judged this to be an appropriate time to terminate this book, which I fear is already too long, both for my publishers and for the public. Some excuse is necessary, and I now make it. A novelist is apt to get too fond of his characters and parts with them with regret. But after all, I have only carried out my original plan, which was, on the termination of my heroine's adventures in the States, that I should bring her back to her own country, and finish up by a triumphal entry into the city where she had passed so incomplete and obscure an existence, trodden down and despised by her relatives. I had to find Captain Dawlish a bride, and I have done so, and I wished to show the bright side of the Canon's character, which improves as we go on. I wished my readers to see more of the worthy Rector, and also to give a sample of a tour under modern conditions through a part of old England I know and love so well. So it will be seen, that though with all these objects in view the work has grown upon my hands, I am not conscious of any effort of spinning it out, quite the reverse, and so I beg leave to crave the indulgence of the reader. Some day perhaps I may find another mass of closely written pages of the Judge's diary, as he himself hints, treating of events in the after lives of my characters. Till then I must bid farewell to them and to the reader.



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